



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

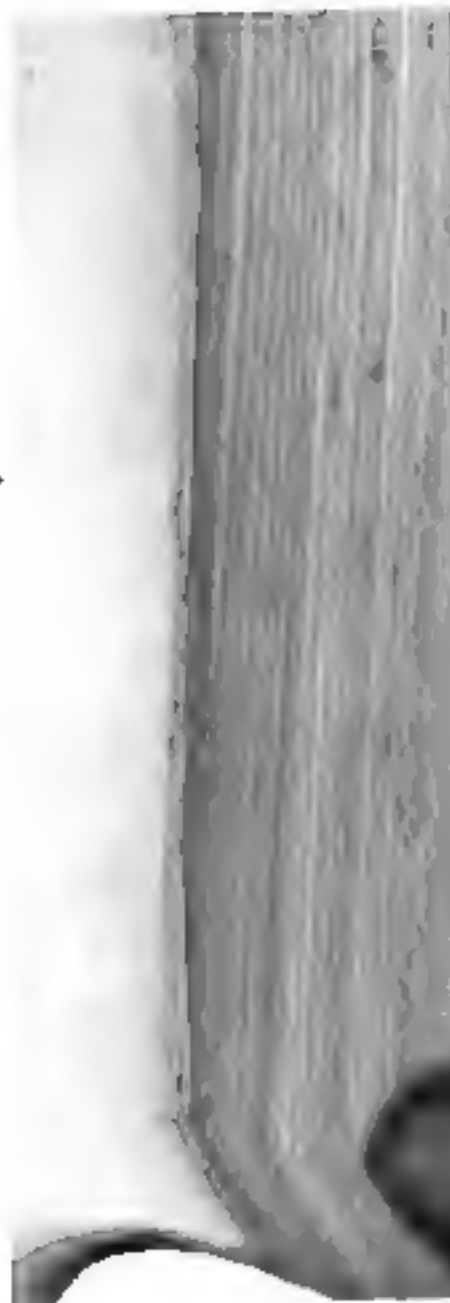
HARVARD DIVINITY SCHOOL
HARVARD THEOLOGICAL
LIBRARY



From the collection
of the
JOURNALIST HISTORICAL
SOCIETY



REALIST COLLECTION



UNIVERSALIST SOCIETIES AND FAMILIES.

BY HOSEA BALLOU, 2d.

*Speaking to yourselves in Psalms and Hymns and Spiritual
Songs.....Eph. v. 19.*

FIFTH EDITION.

BOSTON:

BENJAMIN B. MUSSEY.

1844.

BV
450
'B33
1844

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1837,
BY B. B. MUSSEY,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

STEREOTYPED AT THE
BOSTON TYPE AND STEREOTYPE FOUNDRY.

P R E F A C E.

THE following Collection contains a greater number of hymns, and probably a greater variety of topics, than any compilation hitherto made for the use of Universalist churches in this country. I will not say that it excels also in the character of the selections. It is hoped, however, that in this respect it will be found equal to other works of the kind, justly approved among us.

It has been my aim to furnish, 1. a good supply of hymns for exercises purely devotional ; 2. hymns adapted to every special occasion that may be observed in our churches, or occur in the labors of the ministry ; 3. hymns on all the subjects commonly urged from our pulpits, so far as they are compatible with the spirit of sacred song ; and, 4. hymns for private and domestic use.

In selecting for these purposes, I have paid particular attention to what I deemed correctness of sentiment on all of the important points ; allowing, however, free scope to poetic figure and imagery, in the form of expression. With regard to character, style, &c., it has been my wish to exclude, on the one hand, all effeminate, insipid nicety — every thing in which cordiality and fervor are sacrificed to formal correctness ; and, on the other, all downright awkwardness, fondling endearments, puerile sentimentality, and rant. It should be observed that not *every species even of good poetry, and of the religious kind, is suitable for hymns.* They should be

as plain as possible, easy in their versification, and yet full of vigorous or moving spirit. On very impressive subjects, the austere simplicity is doubtless preferable to the more brilliant style, which is too often sought after. I cannot say that I have not, at times, erred in some of these respects. There may be a few pieces too wild and sparkling for hymns; and others, again, that sink down towards prosaic flatness.

The names of the authors, so far as I have been able to ascertain them, are prefixed. I had wished to insert the hymns just as their authors left them, only omitting such stanzas as were superfluous or objectionable. But after spending a considerable time in tracing them back to their original state, and finding that many, which were excellent on the whole, did absolutely require some changes, I concluded to take them in the best form in which I could find them, and sometimes to venture my own hand at their improvement. But in every case of known alteration, (*except bare omission*,) I have been scrupulous to signify the fact by prefixing a star [*] to the author's name. As for the anonymous hymns, I could seldom determine what was their original state; and in them, changes have been admitted or made, without notice. The alterations, after all, will be found, I think, to be much less, than in some compilations which make greater professions of adhering to the originals.

The book is now humbly submitted, with an earnest prayer that it may prove an efficient aid to the spirit of devotion both in public and in private.

HOSEA BALLOU, 2d.

ROXBURY. February, 1837.

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

	Hymn.
ABIDE with us,—the evening shades	233
Absurd and vain attempt, to bind.....	601
Affliction is a stormy deep.....	587
Again our ears have heard the voice	44
Again the Lord of life and light.....	21
Ah , wretched souls that strive in vain.....	413
A King shall reign in righteousness	216
All-hail the power of Jesus' name.....	236
All nature dies and lives again.....	480
All-powerful , self-existent God.....	111
All-seeing God, 'tis thine to know.....	602
All ye nations , praise the Lord	70
Almighty Father , gracious Lord.....	155
Almighty God , in humble prayer.....	401
Almighty God , thy wondrous works.....	123
Almighty Lord , before thy throne.....	513
Almighty Maker , Lord of all.....	378
Almighty Maker of my frame.....	460
Aloud we sing the wondrous grace	278
Am I an Israelite indeed.....	415
Amidst unsatisfied desires.....	412
And can my heart aspire so high.....	391
And is the gospel peace and love.....	275
Angels , roll the rock away.....	232
Another six days' work is done.....	19
As parched in the barren sands.....	596
As showers on meadows newly mown.....	288
As the sweet flower, which scents the morn	586
A voice from the desert comes awful and shrill....	212
<i>Awake, and sing the song.....</i>	238
<i>Awake, my soul, in joyful lays.....</i>	237
<i>Awake, my soul, lift up thine eyes.....</i>	414
<i>Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve.....</i>	415

ne, eternal King.....	
, th' exalted lay	10
, the lofty strain.....	83
ue, some heavenly theme.....	301
vant ; see him rise	198
se, that perfect law.....	631
ind their sight receive.....	220
fty sky.....	181
avior on the cross.....	228
re foundation-stone.....	258
oman's promised seed	197
t condescending love.....	541
t wondrous grace.....	632
re, breathing love divine.....	223
re, in a mortal form.....	216
God, all ye lands of the earth.....	2
d's terrors doomed to groan.....	555
r feet, and o'er our head.....	464
, Lord, where'er I go.....	377
ye servants that attend.....	37
the meek,' he said.....	438
re men of broken heart.....	405
re souls that hear and know	283
verlasting God.....	477
.....	382
	579

Come, thou long-expected Jesus	251
Come to the house of prayer.....	16
Come, ye that love the Lord.....	454
Come, ye who know the Savior's love.....	256
 DAUGHTER of Zion, from the dust.....	 625
Dear Lord, behold thy servants here.....	549
Dismiss us with thy blessing, Lord	45
 EARLY, my God, without delay.....	 32
Ere mountains reared their forms sublime.....	110
Eternal and immortal King.....	99
Eternal God, almighty Cause.....	89
Eternal Power, almighty God.....	109
Eternal Power, whose high abode.....	101
Eternal Source of every joy.....	499
Eternal Spirit, source of light	372
Eternal Spirit, 'twas thy breath.....	193
Eternal Wisdom, thee we praise	170
Exalted Prince of Life, — we own.....	243
Exalt the Lord our God.....	123
 FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss.....	 423
Faith, hope, and love now dwell on earth.. ..	424
Fallen is thy throne, O Israel,.....	624
Far as thy name is known.....	315
Far from my thoughts, vain world, be gone.....	419
Far from these scenes of night.....	486
Father adored in worlds above.....	355
Father divine, thy piercing eye	577
Father, how wide thy glory shines.....	32
Father, is not thy promise pledged	30
Father of all, omniscient Mind	1
Father of all, whose powerful voice.....	1

	<i>Hymn.</i>
Father of angels and of men	85
Father of light, conduct my feet.....	385
Father of lights, we sing thy name.....	494
Father of mercies, God of love.....	383
Father of mercies, in thy word	188
Father of mercies, send thy grace.....	553
Father of our feeble race.....	349
Father, thy paternal care.....	580
Father, whate'er of earthly bliss	380
Forgiveness ! 'tis a joyful sound	333
Forgive us, for thy mercy's sake.....	386
Frequent the day of God returns.....	25
Friend after friend departs.....	473
From all that dwell below the skies.....	71
From Greenland's icy mountains.....	627
From North and South, from East and West.....	322
From the table now retiring.....	534
From worship now thy church dismiss.....	42
 GIVE to our God immortal praise.....	 153
Give to the winds thy fears.....	452
Glorious things of thee are spoken	316
Glory be to God on high.....	64
Glory to God on high	244
God, in the gospel of his Son.....	191
God is a name my soul adores	91
God is a spirit just and wise.....	346
God is my strong salvation	426
God is our Refuge in distress.....	142
God is the Refuge of his saints.....	143
God moves in a mysterious way.....	130
God, my supporter and my hope.....	366
God of eternity, from thee.....	457
God of mercy and of wisdom.....	548
God of mercy, God of love.....	338
God of my childhood and my youth	403
God of my life, through all its days	51
God of my life, whose gracious power.....	146
God of our fathers, 'tis thy hand.....	554
<i>God of our salvation, hear us.....</i>	<i>48</i>
<i>God of the morning, at whose voice.....</i>	<i>574</i>
<i>God of the year, with songs of praise.....</i>	<i>496</i>
<i>God reigns ; events in order flow.....</i>	<i>127</i>
<i>God, to correct the world,.....</i>	<i>135</i>

Great sovereign of the earth and sky.....	397
Guide me, O thou great Jehovah.....	398
HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews.....	432
Hail, all-hail the joyful morn.....	205
Hail to the Lord's Anointed	306
Happy beyond description he.....	425
Happy is he that fears the Lord.....	430
Happy is he whose early years	618
Happy the heart where graces reign	433
Happy the man who finds the grace.....	448
Happy the man whose cautious steps	439
Hark, the glad sound! the Savior comes.....	208
Hark, the herald-angels sing	201
Hark, the song of Jubilee.....	326
Hark, the voice of love and mercy.....	230
Hark, <i>what celestial notes</i>	199
Hark, <i>what mean those holy voices</i>	203
Hear what God, the Lord, hath spoken.....	320

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

	Hymn.
How what the Lord in vision send,	312
He dies, — the friend of sinners dead,	321
Here in this temple, Lord, we meet,	343
High in the heavens, eternal God,	35
High on the mountain a towering head,	422
Holy and reverend is the name	190
Holy without O Lord, to none	191
Holy be thou, holy Land	30
How are thy servants blest, O Lord,	267
How beauteous are their feet	310
How beautiful the sight	423
How blest the man, how more than blest	635
How blest the creature is, O God,	600
How bright these glorious spirits shine,	600
How call my heart to praise to hear,	9
How gracious and how wise	120
How glorious the promise, how soothing the word	630
How great is our Father God	107
How great is the love of truth	410
How large the promise, how divine	245
How long shall death the tyrant, reign	470
How long shall we the alluring love	420
How oft alas! is wretched heart	344
How swift how divinely fast,	11
How sweet and blest we are	10
How pleasing Lord, to see	373
How precious is the book divine	190
How precious Lord, thy holy word	100
How shall the young see in their hearts	100
How shall we praise thee, Lord of light,	35
How sweetly flowed the psalm's sound,	214
How swift the torrent rolls	420
How various and how new	424
 If all our hopes, and all our fears,	410
If high or low our station be	447
If Providence, to try my heart,	127
I'll praise my Maker, while I've breath,	100
Impetuous streams from light,	437
In all my vast concerns with thee	116
Indulgent God, whose boundless love,	579
In distress and in suffering too,	104
In glad amazement, Lord, I stand	101

Hymns.

ty.....	325
some pronounces his praise.....	54
ern, when sprightly youth.....	619
ancient seers.....	194
id strains.....	516
ll-sufficient God.....	375
ly world inquirer.....	600
sh out our lives.....	290
the prophet's eye.....	307
r me.....	514
our Savior's hand.....	465
ple within.....	289
mind.....	384
e, Lord, on high.....	584
s always, I ask not to stay.....	489
ce, and he has name.....	145
t thou condescend.....	918
own by mighty won.....	224
er divine.....	255
lar on high.....	254
e shall extend.....	311
rove the skies.....	535
y matchless grace.....	961
y my way.....	249
f my soul.....	257
n where'er the sun.....	305
nd of man.....	537
of constant grief.....	630
rophet of the Lord.....	213
ious names.....	945
d t the Lord is come.....	209

th century tunes..... 104

Pharisees of high esteem.....	431
the whole race of creatures lie.....	105
us with a joyful mind.....	59
up your joyful eyes, and see	324
ft your voice, and joyful sing	62
ght of those whose dreary dwelling.....	266
o, God is here ! let us adore.....	17
o, my shepherd's hand divine.....	165
o, what a glorious Corner-stone.....	257
o, what a glorious sight appears.....	323
Lo, what an entertaining sight.....	436
Lo, what a speaking lustre shines.....	178
Look through creation and behold.....	481
Look, ye saints, the sight how glorious.....	242
Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing	47
Lord, I have made thy word my choice.....	195
Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear.....	30
Lord, in thy service I would spend.....	583
Lord, must we die ! O let us die.....	468
Lord of hosts, how lovely fair	14
Lord of hosts, to thee we raise.....	517
Lord of the Sabbath, hear our vows.....	22
Lord of the sea, thy potent sway.....	570
Lord of the wide-extended main.....	569
Lord of the worlds above.....	12
Lord, send thy word, and let it run.....	303
Lord, thou art good ! all nature shows.....	150
Lord, we adore thy wondrous grace.....	529
Lord, we have wandered from thy way	341
Lord, what a feeble piece.....	462
Lord, when iniquities abound.....	597
Lord, when we bend before thy throne.....	395
Lord, who's the happy man that may.....	407
Loud let the tuneful trumpet sound.....	286
Love divine, all love excelling.....	369
 MARK the soft-falling snow.....	 289
Mighty God, while angels bless thee.....	56
Millions of souls in glory now.....	536
<i>Mistaken souls that dream of heaven.....</i>	<i>420</i>
<i>Mortals, awake, with angels join.....</i>	<i>204</i>
<i>My dear Redeemer, and my Lord.....</i>	<i>273</i>
<i>My Father ! cheering name.....</i>	<i>363</i>

NOT by the terrors of a slave.....	634
Not to the terrors of the Lord.....	281
Now let our drooping hearts revive.....	562
Now , Lord, the heavenly seed is sown.....	39
Now may he, who from the dead.....	49
Now to the Lord a noble song.....	239
O BLESSED souls are they.....	340
O bless the Lord, my soul (<i>Watts.</i>)	160
O bless the Lord, my soul (<i>Montg.</i>).....	161
O bow thine ear, eternal One.....	518
O charity, thou heavenly grace.....	418
O come, loud anthems let us sing.....	3
O'er mountain tops, the mount of God.....	309
O'er the gloomy hills of darkness.....	304
O'er the realms of pagan darkness.....	628
O Father, draw us after thee.....	368
Oft have I turned my eye within.....	589
O God, accept the sacred hour.....	539
O God, my sins are manifold.....	620
O God of love, with cheering ray.	469
O God of Zion, from thy throne.....	52
O God, thou art my God alone..	35

ords, with equal warmth.....	210
ling voices rise.....	392
st desires fulfill.....	511
hers oft have told.....	154
avenly King.....	367
ercy, my sure hope.....	370
fathomless abyss.....	593
ul heart.....	390
ave, all prayers in one.....	266
above all others.....	491
tormy banks I stand.....	576
morning, O my God.....	318
h, O Power divine.....	40
now been sown.....	285
most holy mount.....	66
he Lord, prepare a new song.....	67
he Lord, prepare your glad voice.....	65
Lord a new song.....	357
heart was right with thee.....	381
ord would guide my ways.....	350
hroned in worlds above.....	404
om whom all goodness flows.....	521
r fathers' God.....	337
t hear'st when sinners cry.....	336

Hymns.

Our God, where'er thy people meet	229
Our heavenly Father calls	230
Our heavenly Father, hear	232
Our Lord is risen from the dead	234
Our Lord shall be our hiding-place	235
Our sins, alas! how strong they be	240
Out of the depths of sad distress	242
O, who shall see the glorious day	255

PATIENCE. — O what a grace divine	449
Pence! 'tis the Lord Jehovah's hand	474
Permit thy supplicants, gracious Lord	54
Placed on the verge of youth, my mind	415
Praise, everlasting praise be paid	300
Praise, O praise the name divine	74
Praise the Lord, his glory bless	75
Praise the Lord who reigns above	76
Praise the Lord — ye heavens, adore him	84
Praise to God, immortal praise	435
Praise to thee, thou great Creator	73
Praise ye Jehovah's name	56
Praise ye the Lord, around whose throne	57
Praise ye the Lord, exalt his name	83

RELIGION is the chief concern	463
Remark, my soul, the narrow bounds	308
Thou, crowned with light, imperial Salem, thou	319
Rise, every heart and every tongue	234
Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings	480

HAPPILY enough another week	26
For	27

	Hymn.
Since Jesus freely did appear	558
Since o'er thy footstool, here below.....	94
Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands.....	211
Sing we the song of those who stand	608
Sinners, the voice of God regard.....	594
So let our lips and lives express.....	428
Songs of immortal praise belong	118
Songs of praise the angels sang.....	68
Sons of men, behold from far.....	271
Sovereign of all the worlds on high	362
Sovereign Ruler of the skies.....	126
Stretched on the cross, the Savior dies	227
Sweet is the memory of thy grace	152
Sweet is the scene when virtue dies.....	471
Sweet is the work, my God, my King	24
 TEACH me the measure of my days.....	 461
Teach us to feel as Jesus prayed.....	277
Thanks for mercies, Lord, receive.....	46
The Christian warrior — see him stand.....	413
The earth is thine, Jehovah — thine.....	409
The first almighty Cause.....	90
The God of glory walks his round.....	621
The God of love will sure indulge.....	563
The God of nature and of grace.....	171
The God who once to Israel spoke	282
The God who reigns alone.....	95
The heavenly spheres to thee, O God.....	88
The heavens declare thy glory, Lord.....	179
The joyful morn, my God, is come.....	28
The King of saints, how fair his face.....	317
The law by Moses came.....	280
The little cloud increases fast.....	611
The Lord descended from above.....	100
The Lord in Zion placed his name.....	15
The Lord is my shepherd, no want shall I know...	166
The Lord is our shepherd, our guardian, and guide.	164
The Lord my pasture shall prepare.....	162
<i>The Lord my shepherd is.....</i>	<i>163</i>
<i>The Lord our God is full of might</i>	<i>106</i>
<i>The mighty God from Teman came.....</i>	<i>6</i>
<i>The morning dawns upon the place.....</i>	<i>2</i>
<i>The morn of life, how fair and gay</i>	<i>1</i>

ng day.....	500
hose above.....	321
ery ear.....	296
.....	544
n high.....	173
.....	202
i can give.....	509
ed knee.....	347
oting wind.....	591
r Friend.....	531
oth choose.....	509
we lay.....	515
f all.....	92
ture.....	98
and light.....	168
ie who sighs.....	218
alone.....	247
d worn away.....	585
and good.....	175
east understood.....	376
s unseen.....	283
arch least known.....	115
r changing scene.....	140
y heart.....	365
ned above.....	21



	Hymn.
Thus saith the Lord who built the heavens.....	268
Thus spake the Savior, when he sent.....	524
Thus we commemorate the day.....	533
Thy glory, Lord, the heavens declare.....	180
Thy gracious aid, great God, impart.....	38
Thy law is perfect, Lord of light.....	605
Thy life I read, my dearest Lord.....	564
Thy name, almighty Lord	72
Thy name we extol, Jehovah our King.	119
Thy presence, ever-living God.....	565
Thy presence, gracious God, afford.....	36
Thy way, O God, is in the sea.....	132
Thy ways, O Lord, with wise design.....	128
Thy works of glory, mighty Lord	571
Time, by moments, steals away.....	504
'Tis by the faith of joys to come	421
'Tis by thy strength the mountains stand.....	501
'Tis finished — so the Savior cried.....	229
'Tis Wisdom's earnest cry	595
To heaven I lift my waiting eyes.....	147
To praise the Lord be our delight.....	86
To thee our wants are known.....	50
To us a child of hope is born	250
Triumphant Lord, thy goodness reigns.....	151
'Twas by an order from the Lord.....	185
'Twas on that dark, that doleful night.....	530
UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb.....	561
Up to the hills I lift mine eyes.....	144
Upward we lift our eyes.....	148
WAIT, O my soul, thy Maker's will.....	134
Welcome, delightful morn.....	27
Welcome, sweet day of rest.....	26
We praise thee, — if one rescued soul.....	556
We're in a world of hopes and fears.....	373
What are those soul-reviving strains.....	222
What glory gilds the sacred page.....	183
<i>What heavenly light is that which shines.....</i>	<i>272</i>
<i>What shall we ask of God in prayer.....</i>	<i>374</i>
<i>What works of wisdom, power and love.....</i>	<i>219</i>
<i>When all thy mercies, O my God.....</i>	<i>158</i>
<i>When, as returns this solemn day.....</i>	<i>12</i>

While with remorse and woe oppressed.....	32
While yet the youthful spirit bears.....	54
Whilst thee I seek, protecting Power.....	35
Who has believed thy word.....	31
Who shall towards thy chosen seat.....	40
Why does your face, ye humble souls.....	32
Why do we mourn departing friends.....	47
Why should we start and fear to die.....	40
Why sinks my weak, desponding mind.....	59
With all our hearts, with all our powers.....	6
With cheerful voices rise and sing.....	55
With glory clad, with strength arrayed.....	10
With heavenly power, O Lord, defend.....	52
With humble heart and tongue.....	61
With joy we meditate the grace.....	20
With mines of wealth are sinners poor.....	41
With reverence let the saints appear.....	10
With <i>sacred joy we lift our eyes</i>	
<i>With songs and honors sounding loud</i>	
<i>With stately towers and bulwarks strong</i>	
<i>With transport, Lord, our souls proclaim</i>	

FIRST LINES.

	Hymn.
ateful joy.....	215
dless sway.....	241
cks of God.....	568
oy.....	82
sus know.....	416
ce of Peace.....	532
ven, farewell.....	489
it.....	526
ose streaming tears.....	475
kies.....	87
joy record.....	63
oach the spring.....	295
dismiss your fears.....	451
if David's race.....	633
hat roll so near.....	270
y, starving poor.....	293
ght! I see.....	226
and heavenly flame.....	450

ARRANGEMENT OF SUBJECTS.

I. OPENING AND CLOSE OF PUBLIC WORSHIP.

	Hymns.
Attendance and worship in the sanctuary..	1 to 17
On the Lord's day.....	18—30
Morning and evening devotions.....	31—37
At close of service.....	38—50

II. GENERAL PRAISE.

Praise to God.....	51—69
————— from all nations	70—72
————— creatures	73—77
————— nature.....	78—88

III. BEING, PERFECTIONS, AND PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

The being, glory, and unity of God.....	89—95
God incomprehensible, spiritual, invisible	96—99
His majesty, dominion, power, and conde-	
scension	100—109
His mercy, goodness, and love.....	110—117

24 ARRANGEMENT OF SUBJECTS.

V. THE SCRIPTURES.

	Hymns.
The scriptures compared with nature.....	179—182
Their excellence, inspiration, instruction, and use	183—196

VI. CHRIST. HIS LIFE, MINISTRY, CHARACTER, &c.

Christ foretold.....	197, 198
His birth.....	199—207
His coming.....	208—211
John the Baptist his herald.....	212, 213
Christ's teaching, character, miracles, life, &c.....	214—224
His crucifixion.....	225—231
His resurrection, reappearance, and as- cension	231—235
Praise to Christ.....	236—244
His various names, offices, characters, &c.....	245—254
His names and characters (<i>in alphabetical order</i>).....	255—272
His example to be imitated	273—279

VII. THE GOSPEL.

The gospel compared with the law	280—282
Its blessedness ; its provisions ; efficacy..	283—289
Its invitations : its promises sure.....	290—301
Its universal diffusion	302—304

VIII. THE REIGN OF CHRIST.

Its universal blessings.....	305—311
Its stability and success foretold.....	312, 313

IX. THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH..... 314—321

X. THE SALVATION OF ALL..... 322—326

XI. REDEMPTION, GRACE, AND PAR- DON..... 327—334

XII CONFESSIO AND PENITENCE.. 335—345

III. PRAYER AND DEVOUT EXERCISES.

True and false worship contrasted.....	340—349
The Lord's prayer.....	350—364
Beseeching God	365—370
Communing with God... ..	361—370
Invocation, to divine love, the holy Spirit 369—372	
<i>Various petitions.</i> —for the graces of the Spirit, 373.—for all spiritual good, 374.—for all ages and classes, 375. The universal prayer, 376.—for the divine influence at all times, 377 —for various blessings, 378.—for holy affections, 379—381 —for salvation from error and guilt, 382.—for a thankful and submissive heart, 383, 385, 386.—for a right spirit, 384.—for prudence and wisdom, 385.—for forgiveness and renewal of mind, 386, 387 —for freedom from secret sin, 388 —for tenderness of conscience, 389.—for a life devoted to God's glory, 391.—for resignation and confidence in God, 392, 394, 400 —for anxiety in worship, 395.—for the understanding and guidance of God's word, 396.—for divine light and support, 397 —for divine guidance and sustenance, 398.—for guidance to the Promised Land, 400. Solomon's prayer for wisdom, 401. Agur's prayer, 402. Agur Christian's prayer, 403. "Lord, remember me," 404.	

XIV. THE CHRISTIAN CHARACTER, GRACES, &c.

The beatitudes, 405. God dwells with the	
poor, 406. "God dwells with the	

Christians, 434—436. A candid and inquiring mind, 437. Meekness and moderation, 438, 439. Patience, 440. Prudence and peace-making, 441. Importance of religion, 442. Holy resolve, 443. Self-knowledge, 444. Self-examination, 445. Walking with God, 446. Uprightness and justice, 447. Wisdom, 448, 449. True and false zeal, 450. "Fear not," 451. The Christian encouraged, 452. The joy of conversion, 453. Heavenly joys on earth, 454.

IV. LIFE, DEATH, RESURRECTION, AND ETERNITY.

	Hymns.
God eternal, and man mortal.....	455, 456
Shortness of time, and frailty of man....	457—462
Death.....	463—475
Resurrection.....	476—481
The world to come.....	482—493

V. OCCASIONAL.

The seasons, annual thanksgivings, &c..	494—501
Beginning and end of the year.....	502—505
Christmas. (<i>See VI.</i>)	
National celebrations.....	506—508
Public fasts. (<i>See also XII.</i>).....	509—514
Laying of corner-stone; and dedication of churches.....	515—521
Ordinations.....	522—526
Formation of churches, and receiving members.....	527—529
Communion. (<i>See also VI.</i>).....	530—540
Baptism and dedication of children....	541—545
Sunday schools.....	546—548
Associations.....	549, 550
Charity lectures.....	551—553
Temperance lectures.....	554—556
Peace society.....	557
Weddings.....	558, 559
Funerals. (<i>See also XV.</i>).....	560—564
Parting and return of travellers and seamen	565—571

IV. OCCASIONS IN PRIVATE AND FAMILY DEVOTIONS..... 310—327

XVII. MISCELLANEOUS.

Power of sin broken at death, 328. Praise, 328, 329. Lamentary, 331. Despondency and want of faith removed, 332, 333. Sinners admonished, 334. Wisdom's voice to sinners, 335. Views of the wicked and righteous, 336, 338. Providence of sin, 337. "Shall man be more just than God?" 338. Secular and spiritual blessings, 339. Variety of the world, 340. Providence, and unchangeable judgment, 341. 342. "Joy is heaven over any sinners that repenteth," 343, 344. "The law of the Lord is perfect," &c. 345. Followers of the Sun of Righteousness, 346. "A heart is opened," 347. Song of the church universal 348. The martyrs in glory 349. The river of life 350. A time of refreshing, 351. "A hiding place from the wind," &c. 352. Preparation for old age 353. Old age anticipated 354. Dangers of youth, 355. God's Word a guide for youth 356, 357. Advantages of early piety 358, 359. "Flee, and thou shalt be forgiven" 360. "Why stand ye idle here?" 361, 362. Terrible appearing of God in judgments, 363. The fall of Israel, 364. Restoration of Israel, 365, 366. Missionary hymns, 367, 368. "Shall we sit in human grace abiding?" 369. The gospel preached to heathen, 370. The perfect law of liberty, 371. God's grace in our adoption 372. Praise-

INDEX OF PSALMS.

Psalm.	Hymn.	Psalm.	Hymn.
iv.....	402, 568	xvii.....	34
v.....	30	xviii.....	99
vii.....	144	xix.....	3, 4
xv.....	397, 398	xvi.....	70
xviii.....	90	xviii.....	199
xix. { 163, 164, 168, 169,		xcix.....	313
{ 170, 171, 594		x.....	1, 2
xxiii..... { 152, 153, 154,		xi.....	455
{ 155, 156, 258		xii.....	149, 150, 151
xxiv.....	224, 300	xiii.....	558, 561
xxvii.....	417	xiv.....	108
xxix.....	374	xv.....	421
xxxii.....	330	xvi.....	60, 61, 62
xxxiv.....	131	xviii.....	247, 248, 249
xxxv.....	357	xxix. 174, 185, 186, 371, 606	
xxxvi.....	401	xxxi.....	134, 137, 138
xxxviii.....	458	xxxii.....	8, 9, 10, 28
xxxix.....	450, 451, 452	xxxvi.....	443
xliv.....	501	xxxviii.....	582
xlv.....	307	xxxix.....	320
xlv.....	132, 133	xl.....	15
xlviii.....	304, 305	xlxi.....	425, 426, 563
l.....	325, 327	xlxiiv.....	37
li.....	422	xlxiiv.....	42

1

2

KNOW THAT THE LORD IS GOD ALONE :

He can create, and he destroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men ;
And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We are his people, we his care,—
Our souls and all our mortal frame :
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name ?

4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs ;
High as the heavens our voices raise ;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love ;
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand
When rolling years shall cease to move.

4, 3.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

2.

11s & 8s M.

Montgomery.

Public Praise. Ps. 100.

- 1 Be joyful in God, all ye lands of the earth;
O serve him with gladness and fear;
Exult in his presence with music and mirth;
With love and devotion draw near.
- 2 Jehovah is God, and Jehovah alone —
Creator and Ruler o'er all;
And we are his people — his sceptre we own —
His sheep, and we follow his call.
- 3 O enter his gates with thanksgiving and song;
Your vows in his temple proclaim;
His praise with melodious accordance prolong;
And bless his adorable name.
- 4 For good is the Lord, inexpressibly good,
And we are the work of his hand;
His mercy and truth from eternity stood,
And shall to eternity stand.

3.

L. M.

Watts & Brady

Public Worship. Ps. 65.

- 1 O come, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks, to our almighty King;
For we our voices high should raise
When our salvation's Rock we praise.
- 2 Into his presence let us haste
To thank him for his favors past;
To him address, in joyful songs,
The praise that to his name belongs.
- 3 For God, the Lord, enthroned in state
Is with unvalled glory great —
The King eternal over all
Whom by the title gods we call.

Of earth are in his hand —
 wealth at his command ;
 length of hills that threat the skies
 ected to his empire lies.

The rolling ocean's vast abyss
 By the same sovereign right is his ;
 'Tis moved by his almighty hand,
 That formed and fixed the solid land.

6 O let us to his courts repair,
 And bow in adoration there —
 With joy and fear, devoutly, all
 Before the Lord, our Maker, fall.

4.

S. M.

WATTS.

Public Worship. Ps. 95.

1 COME, sound his praise abroad,
 And hymns of glory sing :
 Jehovah is the sovereign God,
 The universal King.

2 He formed the deeps unknown ;
 He gave the seas their bound ;
 The watery worlds are all his own,
 And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne ;
 Come, bow before the Lord.
 We are his works, and not our own :
 He formed us by his word.

4 To-day attend his voice,
 Nor dare provoke his rod ;
 Come, like the people of his choice,
 And own your gracious God.

5.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

5.

6s, 6s & 4s M. ANONYMOUS.

Invocation.

- 1 COME, thou almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing—
Help us to praise.
Father all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of days.
- 2 Come, thou eternal Lord,
By heaven and earth adored,
Our prayer attend.
Come, and thy people bless;
Give thy good word success;
Make thine own holiness
On us descend.
- 3 Be thou our comforter;
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour.
Omnipotent thou art:
O, rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power!
- 4 O Holy One! to thee
Eternal praises be
Hence, evermore.
Thy sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

... we kneel,
with awe and holy fear,
Teach us, O our God, to feel
All thy sacred presence near.

2 Check each proud and wandering thought
When on thy great name we call;
Man is nought — is less than nought :
Thou, our God, art all in all.

3 Weak, imperfect creatures, we
In this vale of darkness dwell ;
Yet presume to look to thee
Midst thy light ineffable.

4 O, receive the praise that dares
Seek thy heaven-exalted throne ;
Bless our offerings, hear our prayers,
Infinite and Holy One !

7.

C. M.

JERVIS.

Homage and Devotion.

WITH METRICAL ...

8.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 4 While in thy house of prayer we kneel
With trust and holy fear,
Thy mercy and thy truth reveal,
And lend a gracious ear.
- 5 With fervor teach our hearts to pray,
And tune our lips to sing;
Nor from thy presence cast away
The sacrifice we bring.

*TATE.

8.

C. M. Going to Church. Ps. 133.

- 1 O 'TWAS a joyful sound to hear
Our tribes devoutly say,
Up, Israel, to the temple haste,
And keep your festal day.
- 2 At Salem's courts we must appear
With our assembled powers,
In strong and beauteous order ranged
Like her united towers.
- 3 'Tis thither, by divine command,
The tribes of God repair,
Before his ark to celebrate
His name with praise and prayer.
- 4 O, ever pray for Salem's peace;
For they shall prosperous be,
Thou holy city of our God,
Who bear true love to thee.
- 5 May peace within thy sacred walls
A constant guest be found—
With plenty and prosperity
Thy palaces be crowned.
- 6 For my dear brethren's sake, and
No less than brethren dear,
I'll pray, 'May peace in Salem's
A constant guest appear.'

C. M.

WATTS.

ing to Church. Ps. 122.

- my heart rejoice to hear
 Friends devoutly say,
 In Zion let us all appear,
 And keep the solemn day!'
- 1 I love her gates — I love the road;
 The church, adorned with grace,
 Stands like a palace built for God,
 To show his milder face.
- 3 Up to her courts, with joys unknown,
 The holy tribes repair:
 The Son of David holds his throne,
 And sits in judgment, there.
- 4 Peace be within this sacred place,
 And joy a constant guest;
 With holy gifts and heavenly grace
 Be her attendants blest.
- 5 My soul shall pray for Zion still
 While life or breath remains;
 There my best friends, my kindred, dwell;
 There God, my Savior, reigns.

10.

S. P. M.

WATTS

Going to Church. Ps. 122.

- 1 How pleased and blest was I
 To hear the people cry,
 'Come, let us seek our God to-day!'
 Yes, with a cheerful zeal,
 We haste to Zion's hill,
 And there our vows and honors pay.
- 2 Zion, thrice happy place,
 Adorned with wondrous grace,

And walls of strength embrace thee round
 In thee our tribes appear
 To pray, and praise, and hear
 The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

3 There David's greater Son
 Has fixed his royal throne ;
 He sits for grace and judgment there :
 He bids the saint be glad,
 He makes the sinner sad,
 And humble souls rejoice with fear.

4 May peace attend thy gate,
 And joy within thee wait,
 To bless the soul of every guest.
 The man that seeks thy peace,
 And wishes thine increase,
 A thousand blessings on him rest.

5 My tongue repeats her vows —
 'Peace to this sacred house,
 For here my friends and kindred dwell :
 And since my glorious God
 Makes thee his blest abode,
 My soul shall ever love thee well.'

Blessedness of Public Worship. Ps. 84.

1 How pleasant, how divinely fair,
 O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are !
 With long desire my spirit faints
 To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.

2 My flesh would rest in thine abode ;
 My panting heart cries out for God :
 My God ! my King ! why should I be
So far from all my joys and thee ?

3 *Blest are the saints who sit on high
 Around thy throne of majesty :*

Blessedness of Public Worship. Ps. 84.

- 1 LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thine earthly temples, are!
To thine abode
My heart aspires, with warm desires
To see my God.
- 2 The sparrow for her young
With pleasure seeks a nest,
And wandering swallows long
To find their wonted rest :
My spirit faints
With equal zeal to rise and dwell
Among thy saints.
- 3 To spend one sacred day
Where God and saints abide,
Affords diviner joy
Than thousand days beside.

Where God resorts,
I love it more to keep the door
Than shine in courts.

4 O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still;
And happy they that love the way
To Zion's hill!

5 They go from strength to strength
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length —
Till each in heaven appears.
O glorious seat,
When God, our King, shall thither bring
Our willing feet.

13.

L. M.

*WATTS.

Delight in Public Worship. Ps. 84.

1 GREAT God, attend, while Zion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs.
To spend one day with thee on earth
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

3 God is our sun — he makes our day;
God is our shield — he guards our way
From all th' assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without and foes within.

• All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too.

3 Here we supplicate thy throne ;
Here thou mak'st thy glories known ;
Here we learn thy righteous ways,
Taste thy love, and sing thy praise.

4 Thus, with festive songs of joy,
We our happy lives employ —
Love, and long to love thee more,
Till from earth to heaven we soar.

15.

C. M.

WATTS.

The Jewish Temple and Christian Church. Ps. 134.

1 THE Lord in Zion placed his name :
His ark was settled there :
To Zion the whole nation came
To worship thrice a year.

- 2 But we have no such lengths to go,
Nor wander far abroad :
Where'er thy saints assemble now
There is a house for God.
- 3 Arise, O King of grace, arise,
And enter to thy rest :
Lo, thy church waits with longing eyes
Thus to be owned and blessed.
- 4 Enter with all thy glorious train, —
Thy Spirit and thy word ;
All that the ark did once contain
Could no such grace afford.
- 5 Here, mighty God, accept our vows ;
Here let thy praise be spread ;
Bless the provisions of thy house,
And fill thy poor with bread.
- 6 Here let the Son of David reign —
Let God's Anointed shine ;
Justice and truth his court maintain,
With love and power divine.

16.

S. M.

*E. TAYLOR.

Call to the House of Prayer.

- 1 COME to the house of prayer,
O ye afflicted, come :
The God of peace shall meet you there —
He makes that house his home.
- 2 Come to the house of praise,
Ye who are happy now ;
In sweet accord your voices raise,
In kindred homage bow.
- 3 *Ye aged, hither come,
For ye have felt his love :*

Soon shall your trembling tongues be dumb,
Your lips forget to move.

4 Ye young, before his throne,
Come, bow ; your voices raise ;
Let not your hearts his praise disown
Who gives the power to praise.

5 Thou, whose benignant eye
In mercy looks on all —
Who see'st the tear of misery,
And hear'st the mourner's call —

6 Up to thy dwelling-place
Bear our frail spirits on,
Till they outstrip time's tardy pace,
And heaven on earth be won.

17.

L. M.

ANONYMOUS

House of God.

1 Lo, God is here ! Let us adore,
And humbly bow before his face ;
Let all within us feel his power ;
Let all within us seek his grace.

2 Lo, God is here ! Him, day and night,
United choirs of angels sing :
To him enthroned above all height,
Hallelujahs ever ceaseless ring.

18, 19.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

18.

L. M.

MRS. BARBAULD.

Offering of the Heart.

- 1 **WHEN**, as returns this solemn day,
Man comes to meet his Maker, God,
What rites, what honors, shall he pay ?
How spread his Sovereign's praise abroad ?
- 2 From marble domes and gilded spires
Shall curling clouds of incense rise ?
And gems and gold and garlands deck
The costly pomp of sacrifice ?
- 3 Vain, sinful man ! creation's Lord
Thy golden offerings well may spare ;
But give thy heart, and thou shalt find
Here dwells a God who heareth prayer.

19.

L. M.

*STENNETT.

The Lord's Day.

- 1 **ANOTHER** six-days' work is done —
Another sabbath is begun.
Enjoy, my soul, the sacred rest ;
Improve the day that God has blest.
- 2 Come, praise the Lord, whose love assigns
So sweet a rest to weary minds —
Provides an antepast of heaven,
And gives, this day, the food of seven.
- 3 This day may our devotions rise
As grateful incense to the skies ;
May heaven that peace divine bestow
Which none but they who feel it know.
- 4 *This holy calm within the breast
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the sons of God remains —
The end of cares, the end of pains.*

Emblem of eternal rest.

- 2 Mercies multiplied each hour**
Through the week our praise demand ;
Guarded by almighty power,
Fed and guided by thy hand,
May we not forgetful be,
Nor ungrateful, Lord, to thee.
- 3 While we seek supplies of grace**
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciling face,
Take away our sin and shame.
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in thee.
- 4 Here we come thy name to praise :**
Let us feel thy presence near ;
May thy glory meet our eyes
While we in thy house appear ;
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

- 5 May the gospel's joyful sound
 Conquer sinners, comfort saints ;
 Make the fruits of grace abound ;
 Bring relief from all complaints.
 Thus let all our sabbaths prove,
 Till we join the church above.

21.

C. M.

*MRS. BARBAULI

The Lord's Day Morning.

- 1 AGAIN the Lord of life and light
 Awakes the kindling ray,
 Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
 And pours increasing day.
- 2 O, what a night was that which wrapped
 The heathen world in gloom !
 O, what a sun which broke, this day,
 Triumphant from the tomb !
- 3 This day be grateful homage paid,
 And loud hosannas sung ;
 Let gladness dwell in every heart,
 And praise on every tongue.
- 4 Ten thousand differing lips shall join
 To hail this welcome morn,
 Which scatters blessings from its wings
 To nations yet unborn.
- 5 Jesus, the friend of human kind,
 Was crucified and slain :
 Behold, the tomb its prey restores ;
 Behold, he lives again.
- 6 And while his conquering chariot wheels
 Ascend the lofty skies,
 Broken beneath his powerful cross
 Death's iron sceptre lies.

22.

L. M.

*DODDRIEGE

The Heavenly Sabbath.

- 1 LORD of the sabbath, hear our vows,
On this thy day, in this thy house ;
And let our songs and worship rise,
Like grateful incense, to the skies.
- 2 Thine earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love :
But there's a nobler rest above :
To that our laboring souls aspire
With ardent hope and strong desire.
- 3 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor death, shall reach the place ;
No groans shall mingle with the songs
That warble from immortal tongues.
- 4 No rude alarms, no raging foes,
To interrupt the long repose ;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
To veil the bright, eternal noon.
- 5 O, long-expected day, begin ;
Dawn on these realms of death and sin.
Fain would we quit this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

23.

L. M. 6l.

MRS. STERLIE.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

Omniscient God, thy piercing eye
Can every secret thought explore :
O may thy grace our hearts refine,
And fix our thoughts on things divine.

The word of life dispensed to-day
Invites us to a heavenly feast.
May every ear the call obey ;
Be every heart a humble guest ;
O bid the wretched sons of need
On soul-reviving dainties feed.

Thy Spirit's powerful aid impart ;
O may thy word, with life divine,
Engage the ear, and warm the heart ;
Then shall the day indeed be thine ;
Then shall our souls adoring own
The grace which calls us to thy throne.

eyes and ears no more ;
we shall all be slain,
ask my peace again.

see, and hear, and know,
I or wished below ;
lower find sweet employ
all world of joy.

C. M.

Anonymous.

On Earth, and in Heaven.

BT the day of God returns
and its quickening beams ;
how slow devotion burns !
anguid are its flames !

our faint attempts to love ;
pities, Lord, forgive ;
d be like thy saints above,

26.

S. M.

*WATTS.

Rejoicing in the Lord's Day.

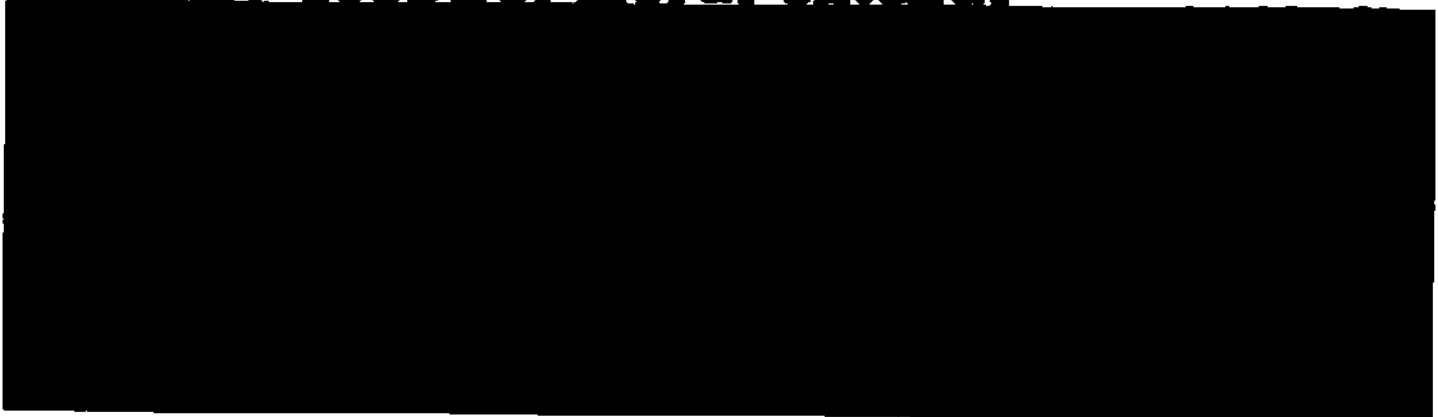
- 1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise ;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.
- 2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day :
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day amidst the place
Where my dear Lord hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of folly and of sin.
- 4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
Till called to leave this house of clay
For everlasting bliss.

27.

H. M.

*HAYWARD.

Invocation, for Lord's Day Morning.

- 1 WELCOME, delightful morn,
Thou day of sacred rest !
We hail thy glad return :
Lord, make these moments blest.
From low delights and mortal toys
We soar to reach immortal joys.
 - 2 Now may the King descend,
And fill his throne of grace ;
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend.
- 

3 Descend, celestial Dove,
 With all thy quickening powers;
 Disclose a Savior's love,
 And bless these sacred hours.
 Then shall our souls new life obtain,
 Nor sabbaths be enjoyed in vain.

28.

C. P. M.

MERRICK.

The Lord's Day Morning. Ps. 122.

- 1 THE joyful morn, my God, is come,
 That calls me to thy honored dome,
 Thy presence to adore.
 My feet the summons shall attend,
 With willing steps thy courts ascend,
 And tread the hallowed floor.
- 2 Hither from Judah's utmost end
 The heaven-protected tribes ascend —
 Their offerings hither bring;
 Here, eager to attest their joy,
 In hymns of praise their tongues employ,
 And hail th' immortal King.
- 3 Be peace implored by each on thee,
 O Zion, while with bended knee
 To Jacob's God we pray.
 How blest, who calls himself thy friend!
 Success his labors shall attend,
 And safety guard his way.
- 4 O mayst thou, free from hostile fear,
 Nor the loud voice of tumult hear,
 Nor war's wild wastes deplore;
 May plenty nigh thee take her stand,
 And in thy courts, with lavish hand,

To bless thy loved abode ?
 How cease the zeal that in me glows
 Thy good to seek, whose walls inclose
 The mansions of my God ?

29.

H. M.

ANONYMOUS.

The Lord's Day Morning.

- 1 **AWAKE**, our drowsy souls !
 Shake off each slothful band :
 The wonders of this day
 Our noblest songs demand.
 Auspicious morn, thy blissful rays
 Bright seraphs hail in songs of praise.
- 2 At thy approaching dawn
 Reluctant death resigned
 The glorious Prince of life,
 In the dark tomb confined.
 Th' angelic host around him bends,
 And, 'midst their shouts, the Lord ascends.
- 3 All hail, triumphant Lord !
 Heaven with hosanna rings,
 Whilst earth, in humbler strains,
 Thy praise responsive sings.
 Worthy art thou, who once wast slain,
 Through endless years to live and reign.
- 4 Gird on, great King, thy sword,
 Ascend thy conquering car,
 Whilst justice, truth, and love,
 Maintain the glorious war.
 Victorious thou thy foes shalt tread,
 And sin and death in triumph lead.
- 5 *Make bare thy potent arm,
 And wing th' unerring dart,
 With salutary pangs,
 To each rebellious heart.*

Ag souls for life shall sue,
as as drops of morning dew.

1.

C. M.

WATTS

Devotion in the Lord's Day Morning. Ps. 5.

LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high :
To thee will I direct my prayer.
To thee lift up mine eye —

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand ;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4 But to thy house will I resort
To taste thy mercies there ;
I will frequent thine holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

5 O may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness ;
Make every path of duty straight
And plain before my face.

6 The men who love and fear thy name
Shall see their hopes fulfilled :
The mighty God will compass them
With favor as a shield.

31.

L. M.

WATTS.

Communion with God. Ps. 63.

- 1 GREAT God, indulge my humble claim ;
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest ;
The glories that compose thy name
Stand all engaged to make me blest.
- 2 Thou great and good ! thou just and wise !
Thou art my Father and my God :
And I am thine by sacred ties —
Thy son, thy servant, bought with blood.
- 3 With heart, and eyes, and lifted hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look,
As travellers, in thirsty lands,
Pant for the cooling water-brook.
- 4 With early feet I love t' appear
Among thy saints, and seek thy face ;
Oft have I seen thy glory here,
And felt the power of sovereign grace.
- 5 My life itself, without thy love,
No taste of pleasure could afford :
'Twould but a tiresome burden prove,
If I were banished from the Lord.
- 6 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise.
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And spend the remnant of my days.

32.

C. M.

WATTS.

Communing with God. Ps. 63.

- I EARLY, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face :
My thirsty spirit faints away
Without thy cheering grace.*

And in thy presence dwell.

5 Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.

6 Thus, till my last expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my heart to sing.

33.

L. M.

WARR.

Watchfulness and Brotherly Reproof. Ps. 141

1 My God, accept my early vows,
Like morning incense, in thy house;
And let my nightly worship rise
Sweet as the evening sacrifice.

2 Watch o'er my lips, and guard them, Lord,
From every rash and heedless word;
Nor let my feet incline to tread
The guilty path where sinners lead.

3 O may the righteous, when I stray,
Smite and reprove my wandering way:

34, 35.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

Their gentle words, like ointment shed,
Shall never bruise, but cheer, my head.

- 4 When I behold them prest with grief,
I'll cry to heaven for their relief;
And by my warm petitions prove
How much I prize their faithful love.

34.

L. M.

***RICHARD**

Prayer for Divine Manifestations.

- 1 PERMIT thy suppliants, gracious Lord,
Again to bend th' adoring knee,
And yield their grateful hearts, O God,
In fervent, solemn prayer to thee.
- 2 Thyself, the way, reveal to all
Of Adam's race the globe around;
And be thy love, in Jesus Christ,
Adored to nature's utmost bound.
- 3 For nothing less than light and truth
The reign of sin and death can bound;
And life and love alone can flood
The world with peace and joy around.
- 4 Hear, thou in heaven! and grant these prayers
Then all thy churches, filled with light,
And full of truth, and love, and peace,
Shall come with songs to Zion's height,
- 5 Where light and truth forever shine;
Where life and love eternal reign;
And angels, men, in rapture cry,
'So be it, Lord, amen! amen!'

35.

L. M.

***BOWMAN**

Evening Hymn.

- 1 How shall we praise thee, Lord of light
How shall we all thy love declare!

The earth is veiled in shades of night,
But heaven is open to our prayer, —
That heaven, so bright with stars and suns —
That glorious heaven which has no bound,
Where the full tide of being runs,
And life and beauty glow around.

1 We would adore thee, God sublime!
Whose power and wisdom, love and grace,
Are greater than the round of time,
And wider than the bounds of space.
O how shall thought expression find,
All lost in thine immensity!
How shall we seek thee, glorious Mind,
Amid thy dread infinity!

2 But thou art present with us here,
As in thy glittering high domes;
And grateful hearts and humble fear
Can never seek thy face in vain.
Help us to praise thee, Lord of light!
Help us thy boundless love declare;
And, while we crowd thy courts to-night,
Aid us, and hearken to our prayer.

26.

L. M. G.

Anonymous.

For Opening or Close of Service.

1 Thy presence, gracious God, afford,
Presence is the word.

Thus, Lord, &c.

ather, in us thy Son reveal;
each us to know and do thy will;
hy saving power and love display,
nd guide us to the realms of day.

Thus, Lord, &c.

7.

C. M.

TATE.

Bless God in the Sanctuary. Ps. 134.

ess God, ye servants that attend
Jpon his solemn state —
at in his temple's hallowed courts
Vith humble reverence wait.

thin his house lift up your hands,
nd bless his holy name:
m Zion bless thy Israel, Lord,
Who earth and heaven didst frame.

C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

The Same.

1 **Lord, the heavenly seed is sown,
Be it thy servant's care
To send heavenly blessing to bring down
By humble, fervent prayer.**

2 **In vain we plant without thine aid,
And water, too, in vain :
Lord of the harvest, God of grace,
Send down thy heavenly rain.**

3 **Then shall our cheerful hearts and tongues
Begin this song divine —
'Thou, Lord, hast given the rich increase,
And be the glory thine.'**

40.

H. M.

J. NEWTON.

The Same.

1 **ON what has now been sown,
Thy blessing, Lord, bestow :
The power is thine alone
To make it spring and grow.
Do thou the gracious harvest raise,
And thou alone shalt have the praise.**

41.

H. M.

E. TURNER

Thanks at the Close of Service.

1 **KIND Lord, before thy face
Again with joy we bow,
For all the gifts and grace
Thou dost on us bestow.
Our tongues would all thy love proclaim,
And chant the honors of thy name.**

2 Here, in thine earthly house,
 Our joyful souls have met ;
 Here paid our solemn vows,
 And felt our union sweet.
 For this our tongues thy love proclaim,
 And chant the honors of thy name.

3 Thy truth, like ointment shed,
 Hath breathed a choice perfume ;
 Thy light, divinely spread,
 Hath broke the darksome gloom.
 For this our tongues thy love proclaim,
 And chant the honors of thy name.

4 Now may we dwell in peace
 Till here again we come ;
 And may our love increase
 Till thou shalt bring us home.
 Then shall our tongues thy love proclaim,
 And chant the honors of thy name.

Dismission.

1 FROM worship, now, thy church dismiss —
 But not without thy blessing, Lord ;
 O grant a taste of heavenly bliss,
 And seal instruction from thy word.

2 Oft may these pleasant scenes return,
 When we shall meet to worship thee ;
 Oft may our hearts within us burn
 To hear thy word, thy goodness see.

3 And when these pleasant scenes are past,
 To thee, our God, O may we come,
 And meet th' assembled world at last,
 In Zion, our eternal home.

PUBLIC WORSHIP. 43, 44, 45

43. To M. KELLEY.

The Same.

- 1 SAVIOR, bless thy word to all;
Quick and powerful let it prove;
O may sinners hear thy call;
Let thy people grow in love.
- 2 Thine own gracious message bless;
Follow it with power divine;
Give the gospel full success;—
Thine the work, the glory thine.
- 3 Savior, bid the world rejoice;
Send, O send thy truth abroad;
Let the nations hear thy voice—
Hear it, and return to God.

44. C. M. MORTON.

Hearing and keeping the Word.

- 1 AGAIN our ears have heard the voice
At which the dead shall live;
O may the sound our hearts rejoice,
And strength immortal give.
- 2 And have we heard the word with joy?
And have we felt its power?—
To keep it be our best employ

The Same.

- 1 THANKS for mercies, Lord, receive ;
Pardon of our sins renew ;
Teach us henceforth how to live
With eternity in view.
- 2 Bless thy word to old and young ;
Grant us, Lord, thy peace and love ;
And, when life's short race is run,
Take us to thy house above.

The Same.

- 1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing ;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace ;
O refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness.
- 2 Thanks we give and adoration
For thy gospel's joyful sound ;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound ;
May thy presence
Evermore with us be found.

*And when dying
May thy presence cheer the gloom.*

49.

7s M.

COWPER.

The Same.

- 1** Now may he who from the dead
Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,
Jesus Christ, our king and head,
All our souls in safety keep.
- 2** May he teach us to fulfil
What is pleasing in his sight ;
Perfect us in all his will,
And preserve us day and night.

50.

H. M.

COWPER

The Same.

- 1** To thee our wants are known ;
*From thee are all our powers ;—
Accept what is thine own,
And pardon what is ours.*

may meet together thus

When thou and thine appear —
and follow thee to heaven, our home:
even so, amen — Lord Jesus, come.

GENERAL PRAISE.

51.

L. M.

DODDRIEDGE.

Unceasing Praise.

- ! God of my life, through all its days
My grateful tongue shall sound thy praise ;
The song shall wake with dawning light,
And warble to the silent night.
- ! When anxious cares would break my rest,
And grief would tear my throbbing breast,
Thy tuneful praises, raised on high,
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.
- ! When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all my powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean those thanks I cannot speak.

- 6 This cheerful tribute will I give
 Long as a deathless soul can live :
 A work so vast, a theme so high,
 Demands a whole eternity.

52.

L. M.

WAL

The Same. Ps. 145.

- 1 My God, my King, thy various praise
 Shall fill the remnant of my days ;
 Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
 Till death and glory raise the song.
- 2 The wings of every hour shall bear
 Some thankful tribute to thine ear ;
 And every setting sun shall see
 New works of duty done for thee.
- 3 Thy truth and justice I'll proclaim ;
 Thy bounty flows an endless stream ;
 Thy mercy swift, thine anger slow,
 But dreadful to the stubborn foe.
- 4 Thy works with sovereign glory shine,
 And speak thy majesty divine.
 Let every realm with joy proclaim
 The sound and honor of thy name.
- 5 Let distant times and nations raise
 The long succession of thy praise,
 And unborn ages make my song
 The joy and labor of their tongue.
- 6 But who can speak thy wondrous deeds
 Thy greatness all our thoughts exceed
 Vast and unsearchable thy ways :
 Vast and immortal be thy praise.

53.

L. M.

WATTS.

Praise in the Sanctuary. Ps. 135.

- 1 PRAISE ye the Lord—exalt his name,
While in his holy courts ye wait,
Ye saints that to his house belong,
Or stand attending at his gate.
- 2 Praise ye the Lord; the Lord is good;—
To praise his name is sweet employ:
Israel he chose of old, and still
His church is his peculiar joy.
- 3 The Lord himself will judge his saints;
He treats his servants as his friends;
And when he hears their sore complaints,
Repents the sorrows that he sends.
- 4 Through every age the Lord declares
His name, and breaks th' oppressor's rod;
He gives his suffering servants rest,
And will be known 'th' almighty God.'
- 5 Bless ye the Lord who taste his love;
People and priests, exalt his name.
Among his saints he ever dwells.
His church is his Jerusalem.

54.

C. M.

WATTS.

Praise for Sunday. Long. Ps. 150.

55.

6s 6s & 4s M.

ANONYMOUS

The Same. Ps. 150.

1 PRAISE ye Jehovah's name ;
Praise through his courts proclaim ;
Rise and adore ;—

High o'er the heavens above
Sound his great acts of love,
While his rich grace we prove,
Vast as his power.

2 Now let the trumpet raise
Sounds of triumphant praise,
Wide as his fame ;
There let the harp be found ;
Organs, with solemn sound,
Roll your deep notes around,
Filled with his name.

3 While his high praise ye sing,
Shake every sounding string :
Sweet the accord ! —

— with hector's.

57.

L. M.

H. BALLOU, 2D

The Same.

- 1** PRAISE ye the Lord, around whose throne
All heaven in ceaseless worship waits,
Whose glory fills the worlds unknown —
Praise ye the Lord from Zion's gates.
- 2** With mingling souls and voices join ;
To him the swelling anthem raise ;
Repeat his name with joy divine,
And fill the temple with his praise.
- 3** All-gracious God, to thee we owe
Each joy and blessing time affords, —
Light, life, and health, and all below,
Spring from thy presence, Lord of lords.

4 Thine be the praise, for thine the love
That freely all our sins forgave,
Pointed our dying eyes above,
And showed us life beyond the grave.

5 And, Jesus, let thy deathless name
In concert with the Father's rise;
For thou hast borne for us the shame,
And wilt exalt us to the skies.

6 Thy name be praised, for worthy thou
Unbounded honors to receive:
To thee shall every creature bow,
And everlasting glory give.

58.

10s & 11s M.

PARK.

Praise for Providence and Grace.

1 My soul, praise the Lord, speak good of his
name:

His mercies record, his bounties proclaim;—
To God, their Creator, let all creatures raise
The song of thanksgiving, the chorus of praise!

2 Though hid from man's sight, God sits on his
throne,

Yet here by his works their author is known:
The world shines a mirror its Maker to show,
And heaven views its image reflected below.

3 Those agents of power—fire, water, earth,
sky—

Attest the dread might of God, the Most High,
Who rides on the whirlwind, while clouds veil
his form,

Who smiles in the sunbeam, or frowns in the
storm.

4 *By knowledge supreme, by wisdom divine,
God governs this earth with gracious design:*

O'er beast, bird, and insect his providence
 reigns,
 Whose will first created, whose love still sus-
 tains.

- 5 And man, his last work, with reason endued,
 Who, falling through sin, by grace is renewed—
 To God, his Creator, let man ever raise
 The song of thanksgiving, the chorus of praise.

59.

7s M.

*MILTON.

Praise to the God of Nature. Ps. 136.

- 1 LET us with a joyful mind
 Praise the Lord, for he is kind—
 For his mercies shall endure
 Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 2 Let us sound his name abroad,
 For of gods he is the God :
 He by wisdom did create
 Heaven's expanse, and all its state ;
- 3 Did the solid earth ordain
 How to rise above the main ;
 Did by his commanding might
 Fill the new-made world with light ;
- 4 Caused the golden-tressed sun
 All the day his course to run ;
 And the moon to shine by night

60.

L. M.

ANONYMOUS.

Praise for Providence and Grace. Ps. 138.

- 1 WITH all our hearts, with all our powers,
We praise the Lord, whose bounteous hand
Unnumbered gifts profusely showers
On every nation, every land.
- 2 We praise him in his sacred fane ;
We praise him midst the assembled throng ; —
Nor will a gracious God disdain
The tribute of our earthly song.
- 3 We praise him for his faithful love ;
We praise him for his blessed Son,
Who died for man, who reigns above
With God, the high and holy One.

61.

7s M.

SANDYS.

Delight in Praise.

- 1 THOU, who reign'st enthroned above !
Thou, in whom we live and move !
Thou, who art most great, most high !
God, from all eternity !
- 2 O, how sweet, how excellent
'Tis, when hearts and tongues consent —
Grateful hearts and joyful tongues —
Hymning thee in tuneful songs !
- 3 When the morning paints the skies,
When the stars of evening rise,
We thy praises will record,
Sovereign Ruler ! mighty Lord !
- 4 Decks the spring with flowers the field ?
Harvest rich doth autumn yield ? —
Giver of all good below !
Lord ! from thee these blessings flow.

- Praise him, all of human birth —
- 3 Him whose wisdom, throned on high,
Built the mansions of the sky,
And the orbs that gild the pole
Bade through boundless ether roll —
- 4 Him who o'er this earthly ball
Looks with equal eye on all,
And to every thing which lives
Rich supplies of blessings gives.
- 5 To the great, eternal King,
Raise your voice, and joyful sing ;
For his mercies wide extend,
And his bounty knows no end.

63.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Praise to the God of Nature and Grace.

- 1 YE sons of men, with joy record
The various wonders of the Lord,
And let his power and goodness sound
Through all your tribes the earth around.

64.

GENERAL PRAISE.

- 2 Let the high heavens your songs invite, —
Those spacious fields of brilliant light,
Where sun, and moon, and planets roll,
And stars, that glow from pole to pole.
- 3 Sing, earth, in verdant robes arrayed,
Its herbs and flowers, its fruits and shade ; —
Peopled with life of various forms,
Of fish, and fowl, and beasts, and worms.
- 4 View the broad sea's majestic plains,
And think how wide its Maker reigns :
That band remotest nations joins,
And on each wave his goodness shines.
- 5 But, O, that brighter world above,
Where lives and reigns incarnate love, —
God's only Son, in flesh arrayed,
For man a bleeding victim made !
- 6 Thither, my soul, with rapture, soar :
There, in the land of praise, adore.
The theme demands an angel's lay —
Demands an everlasting day.

64.

7s M.

ANONYMOUS.

Praise for Providence and Grace.

- 1 GLORY be to God on high, —
God, whose glory fills the sky ;
Lift your voice, ye people all —
Praise the God on whom ye call.
- 2 God his sovereign sway maintains ;
King o'er all the earth he reigns ;
All to him lift up their eye ;
Every want his hands supply.
- 3 Sons of earth, the triumph join ;
*Praise him with the host divine ;
Emulate the heavenly powers :
Their all-gracious God is ours.*

How great is the God we adore !
How rich are the blessings he sends !

- 2 In beauty of holiness bow ;
O worship with fear and with love.
How solemn his temples below !
How glorious his presence above !
Proclaim to the nations around
That God, the Omnipotent, reigns,
Whose righteousness space cannot bound,
Whose purpose unaltered remains.
- 3 O let the wide heavens rejoice —
The earth with her myriads be glad ;
The ocean shall join his loud voice —
The woods in rich verdure be clad.
Rejoice, for the Lord is at hand ;
Prepare, for his judgments are nigh ; —
Before him all nations shall stand ;
No guilt from his justice can fly.

66.

10s & 11s M.

DODDRIDGE.

A Call to Praise.

- 1 O PRAISE ye the Lord — prepare a new song,
And let all his saints in full concert join;
With voices united the anthem prolong,
And show forth his praises with music divine.
- 2 Let praise to the Lord, who made us, ascend;
Let each grateful heart be glad in its King:
The God whom we worship our songs will
attend,
And view with complacence the offering we
bring.
- 3 Be joyful, ye saints sustained by his might,
And let your glad songs awake with each morn;
For those who obey him are still his delight —
His hand with salvation the meek will adorn.
- 4 Then praise ye the Lord — prepare a glad song,
And let all his saints in full concert join;
With voices united the anthem prolong,
And show forth his praises with music divine.

67.

10s & 11s M.

*TATE & BRADY.

The Same. Ps. 149.

- 1 O PRAISE ye the Lord — prepare your glad
voice
His praise in the great assembly to sing;
In their great Creator let all men rejoice,
And heirs of salvation be glad in their King.
- 2 Let them his great name devoutly adore,
In loud-swelling strains his praises express,
Who graciously opens his bountiful store,
Their wants to relieve, and his children to bless.

- 3 With glory adorned, his people shall sing
 To God, who defence and plenty supplies ;
 Their loud acclamations to him, their great King,
 Through earth shall be sounded, and reach to
 the skies.
- 4 Ye angels above, his glories who've sung,
 In loftiest notes now publish his praise ;
 We mortals, delighted, would borrow your
 tongue,
 Would join in your numbers, and chant to your
 lays.

68.

7s M.

MONTGOMERY.

Praise through Time and Eternity.

- 1 Songs of praise the angels sang,
 Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
 When Jehovah's work begun—
 When he spake, and it was done.
- 2 Songs of praise awoke the morn
 When the Prince of peace was born ;
 Songs of praise arose when he
 Captive led captivity.
- 3 Heaven and earth must pass away :
 Songs of praise shall crown that day.
 God will make new heavens and earth
 Songs of praise shall have their birth.

The Same.

- 1 HOLY, holy, holy, Lord !
Be thy glorious name adored.
Lord, thy mercies never fail :
Hail, celestial goodness, hail !
- 2 Though unworthy, Lord, thine ear,
Deign our humble songs to hear ;
Purer praise we hope to bring
When around thy throne we sing.
- 3 While on earth ordained to stay,
Guide our footsteps in thy way ;
Then on high we'll joyful raise
Songs of everlasting praise.
- 4 There no tongue shall silent be ;
All shall join in harmony,
That through heaven's capacious rou
Praise to thee may ever sound.

For his truth and mercy stand,
Past, and present, and to be,
Like the years of his right hand —
Like his own eternity.

- 3 Praise him, ye who know his love ;
Praise him from the depths beneath ;
Praise him in the heights above ;
Praise your Maker, all that breathe.

71.

L. M.

WATTS.

The Same. Ps. 117.

- 1 From all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise ;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.
- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord ;
Eternal truth attends thy word ; —
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

72.

S. M.

WATTS.

The Same. Ps. 117.

73, 74, 75. GENERAL PRAISE.

73. 8s & 7s M. FAWCETT.

Praise from all Creatures.

- 1 PRAISE to thee, thou great Creator !
Praise to thee from every tongue ;
Join, my soul, with every creature —
Join the universal song.
- 2 For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy,
Sound his praise through earth and heaven —
Sound Jehovah's praise on high.

74. 7s M. MERRICK.

The Same. Ps. 150.

- 1 PRAISE, O praise the name divine ;
Praise him at the hallowed shrine ; —
Let the firmament on high
To its Maker's praise reply ; —
- 2 All who vital breath enjoy,
In his praise that breath employ,
And in one great chorus join :
Praise, O praise the name divine.

75. 7s M. WRANGHAM.

The Same. Ps. 150.

- 1 PRAISE the Lord — his glory bless ;
Praise him in his holiness ;
Praise him as the theme inspires ;
Praise him as his fame requires.
- 2 Let the trumpet's lofty sound
Spread its loudest notes around ;
Let the harp unite in praise
With the sacred minstrel's lays.

organ join to bless
 the Lord our righteousness ;
 your voice to spread the fame
 the great Jehovah's name.

And who dwell beneath his light,
 in his praise your hearts unite :
 While the stream of song is poured,
 Praise and magnify the Lord.

76.

7s & 6s M.

ANONYMOUS.

The Same.

- 1 PRAISE the Lord, who reigns above,
 And keeps his court below ;
 Praise the holy God of love,
 And all his greatness show ;
 Praise him for his noble deeds ;
 Praise him for his matchless power ; —
 Him from whom all good proceeds
 Let heaven and earth adore.
- 2 Publish, spread to all around
 The great Jehovah's name ;
 Let the trumpet's martial sound
 The Lord of hosts proclaim ; —
 Praise him, every tuneful string ;
 All the reach of heavenly art,
 All the powers of music, bring —
 The music of the heart.
- 3 Him in whom they move and live
 Let every creature sing —
 Glory to their Maker give,
 And homage to their King.
 Hallowed be his name beneath —
 As in heaven on earth adored ;
 Praise the Lord in every breath ;
 Let all things praise the Lord.

77.

C. M.

PATRICK.

To Death.

- 1 O God, we praise thee, and confess
That thou the only Lord
And everlasting Father art,
By all the earth adored.
- 2 To thee all angels cry aloud —
To thee the powers on high,
Both cherubim and seraphim,
Continually do cry —
- 3 'O holy, holy, holy Lord,
Whom heavenly hosts obey,
The world is with the glory filled
Of thy majestic sway.'
- 4 Th' apostles' glorious company,
And prophets crowned with light,
With all the martyrs' noble host,
Thy constant praise recite.
- 5 The holy church throughout the world,
O Lord, confesses thee —
That thou eternal Father art
Of boundless majesty.

78.

C. P. M.

*OGILVIE

Praise from all Nature. Ps. 148.

- 1 BEGIN, my soul, th' exalted lay ;
Let each enraptured thought obey,
And praise th' Almighty's name,
Lo, heaven and earth and seas and skies
In one melodious concert rise
To swell th' inspiring theme.
- 2 Thou heaven of heavens, his vast abode —
Ye clouds, proclaim your Maker, God ;

GENERAL PRAISE.

Thunders speak his power.
 On the lightning's rapid wings
 Triumph rides the King of kings :
 'H' astonished worlds adore.

Deep, with roaring billows rise
 Join the thunders of the skies —
 Praise him who bids you roll.
 His praise in softer notes declare,
 As whispering breeze of yielding air,
 And breathe it to the soul.

Wake, all ye soaring throngs, and sing ;
 Ye cheerful warblers of the spring,
 Harmonious anthems raise
 To him who shaped your finer mould,
 Who tipped your glittering wings with gold,
 And tuned your voice to praise.

Let man, by nobler passions swayed,
 The feeling heart, the reasoning head,
 In heavenly praise employ ;
 Spread the Creator's name around,
 Till heaven's wide arch repeat the sound —
 The general burst of joy.

L. M.

ANONYMOUS.

- 3 Ye starry lamps, to whom 'tis given
Night's sable horrors to illumine !
Praise him who hung you high in heaven,
With vivid fires to gild the gloom.
- 4 Lightnings, that round th' Eternal play !
Thunders, that from his arm are hurled !
The grandeur of your God convey,
Blazing or bursting on the world.
- 5 From clime to clime, from shore to shore,
Be the almighty God adored :
He made the nations by his power,
And rules them with his sovereign word.
- 6 At once let nature's ample round
To God the vast thanksgiving raise .
His high perfection knows no bound,
But fills immensity of space.

80.

L. P. M. *TATE & WATTS.

The Same. Ps. 96.

- 1 LET all the earth their voices raise
To sing a lofty song of praise,
And bless the great Jehovah's name ;—
His glory let the heathen know ;
His wonders to the nations show ;
And all his works of grace proclaim.
- 2 Great is the Lord — his praise be great
Who sits on high enthroned in state :
To him alone let praise be given.
Those gods the heathen world adore
In vain pretend to sovereign power :
He only rules who made the heaven.
- 3 *He framed the globe, he spread the sky,
And all the shining worlds on high ;
He reigns complete in glory there ;—*

an lift its roaring voice,
 claiming loud 'Jehovah reigns ;'
 Joy let fertile valleys sing,
 Timeful groves their tribute bring
 To him whose power the world sustains.
 Come, the great day, the glorious hour,
 When earth shall own his sovereign power,
 And barbarous nations fear his name :
 Then shall the universe confess
 The beauty of his holiness,
 And in his courts his grace proclaim.

81.

S. M.

Watts

The Same. Ps. 148

- 1 LET every creature join
 To praise th' eternal God ;
 Ye heavenly hosts, the song begin,
 And sound his name abroad.
- 2 Thou sun, with golden beams,
 And moon with paler rays,
 Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames,
 Shine to your Maker's praise.
- 3 He built those worlds above,
 And fixed their wondrous frame :
 By his command they stand or move,
 And ever speak his name.
- 4 Ye vapors, when ye rise,
 Or fall in showers of snow,
 Ye thunders, murmuring round the skies,
 His power and glory show.

To execute his word.
By all his works above
His honors be expressed ;
But saints, who taste his saving love,
Should sing his praises best.

82.

H. M.

TATE & WATTS.

The Same. Ps. 148.

- 1 YE boundless realms of joy,
Exalt your Maker's fame ;
His praise your song employ
Above the starry frame ;
Your voices raise,
Ye cherubim and seraphim,
'To sing his praise.
- 2 Thou moon, that rul'st the night,
And sun, that guid'st the day,
Ye glittering stars of light,
To him your homage pay ;
His praise declare,
Ye heavens above, and clouds that move

While earth and sky
Attempt his praise, his saints shall raise
His honours high.

83.

C. M.

Mrs. ROWE.

The Same.

- 1 BEGIN, my soul, the lofty strain ;
In solemn accents sing
A sacred hymn of grateful praise
To heaven's almighty King.**
- 2 Ye curling fountains, as ye roll
Your silver waves along,
Whisper to all your verdant shores
The subject of my song.**
- 3 Bear it, ye winds, on all your wings
To distant climes away,
And round the wide-extended world
The lofty theme convey.**
- 4 Take the glad burden of his name,
Ye clouds, as you arise,
Whether to deck the golden morn,
Or shade the evening skies.**

1 PRAISE the Lord — ye heavens, adore him ;
Praise him, angels in the height ;
Sun and moon, rejoice before him ;
Praise him, all ye stars of light.
Hallelujah, amen.

2 Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken :
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed ;
Laws which never can be broken,
For their guidance he hath made.
Hallelujah, amen.

3 Praise the Lord, for he is glorious :
Never shall his promise fail.
God hath made his saints victorious :
Sin and death shall not prevail.
Hallelujah, amen.

4 Praise the God of our salvation ;
Hosts on high, his power proclaim ;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Praise and magnify his name.
Hallelujah, amen.

GENERAL PRAISE.

L. M.

Ric

The Same.

of angels and of men,
re and of grace the Lord,
n, in one eternal strain,
d thy various works adored.

m heaven to earth, from earth to he
rough worlds above and worlds belo
thy boundless mercies, freely given,
In tides of bliss forever flow.

- 3 Sing, O ye heavens — burst into praise
Thou earth, and let the anthem roll
Till rocks and tombs shall hear the lay
And light and life embrace the whole.

86.

L. M.

*THI

The Same. Ps. 148.

- 1 To praise the Lord be our delight;
O praise him in the arched height;
Let hosts and angels of his own
All warble praise to him alone.
- 2 Ye sun and moon, the eyes of day
And dewy night, his praise display;
Ye stars, and thou, O light, awake
Loud-voiced music for his sake.
- 3 Ye boundless heavens, spread out on hi
Ring with the golden melody;
And all ye waters laid in store
Above the heavens, in song adore.
- 4 Let them in grateful concert praise
The Lord, and magnify his ways;
Be his eternal love displayed
Who spake the word, and they were

£

- 5 And on the earth — O praise the Lord ;
 Ye monstrous deeps, your praise afford ;
 Thou burning fire, and hail, and snow,
 And vapors, your great Author know.
- 6 Praise him, and in his name rejoice,
 Ye sons of men, with heart and voice,
 O let them sing his holy worth,
 Whose praise is over heaven and earth.

87.

H. M.

H. BALLOU, 2D.

The Same.

- 1 YE realms below the skies,
 Your Maker's praises sing ;
 Let boundless honors rise
 To heaven's eternal King :
 O bless his name, whose love extends
 Salvation to the world's far ends.
- 2 Give glory to the Lord,
 Ye kindreds of the earth ;
 His sovereign power record,
 And show his wonders forth,
 Till heathen tongues his grace proclaim,
 And every heart adores his name.
- 3 'Tis he the mountains crowns
 With forests waving wide ;
 'Tis he old ocean bounds,
 And heaves her roaring tide ;
 He swells the tempests on the main,
 Or breathes the zephyr o'er the plain,
- 4 Still let the waters roar,
 As round the earth they roll :
 His praise for evermore
They sound from pole to pole.
'Tis nature's wild, unconscious song
O'er thousand waves that floats along.

RAISE.

raise the Lord;
their praise afford;
hail, and snow,
the Author know.

We rejoice,
in art and voice,
worth,
even and earth.

H. BALLOU, Esq.

GENERAL F

His praise, ye work
Display with all
Amid the darkness
When silent night
O, let his words dwell
Through all the universe

88.

Nature's I

1 THE heavenly
Attune their
All-wise, all-be
In song of
Unnumbered
Unite to w
While thy m
Space, the

2 Nature -- a
That bear
Whose flow
Whose s
Whose alt
That ri
Whose m
Of stor

To life, to liberty.

92

The Only God.

- 1 **ETERNAL** God! almighty Cause
Of earth, and sea, and worlds unknown!
All things are subject to thy laws—
All things depend on thee alone.
- 2 Thy glorious being singly stands,
Of all within itself possessed;
Controlled by none are thy commands;
Thou from thyself alone art blest.
- 3 To thee alone ourselves we owe—
To thee alone our homage pay;
All other gods we disavow,
Deny their claims, renounce their sway.
- 4 In thee, O Lord, our hope shall rest,
Fountain of peace, and joy, and love!
Thy favor only makes us blest;
Without thee all would nothing prove.
- 5 Worship to thee alone belongs—
Worship to thee alone we give;
Thine be our hearts, and thine our songs,
And to thy glory we would live.

EING, PERFECTIONS, AND

thy great name through heathen lands,
I deities dethrone;
The world to thy commands,
In, as thou art, God alone.

H. M.

S. BALLOU.

The Great First Cause.

First almighty Cause,
Who did all things create,
Nature all her laws,
Changeable as fate,
Source of life, the spring of springs —
Which all heaven and nature sings.

When we cast our eyes,
In raptures we behold,
Or in the skies,
Wonders that can't be told:
Thy book, in every line,
Power and perfections shine.

All worlds depend;
To him all bend the knee;
None can comprehend
Boundless Deity.
All space, lives everywhere,
The whole, makes all his care.

L. M.

*WATTS.

God.

A name my soul adores.



3-
 d reathe
 rom cha
 thy being
 And all thy
 4 Thrones an
 And worshi
 Thy presen
 This humble
 5 Who can be
 Who can spy
 Thy wisdom
 Thy word alo

92.

1 Thou art, al
 From everlas
 Before thee d
 And veil their
 To see such bi
 Such floods of
 2 What mortal hu
 A semblance of
 The brightest re
 The brightest st
 But dim effusion
 Of light that rou
 3 The sun himself
 A transient meteor
 And every frail sun

here,
 his care.

WATTS.

al adores,
 ernal One!
 with all their powers
 a Unknown.

But though thy brightness may create
All worship from the hosts above,
What most thy name must elevate
Is, that thou art a God of love ;
And mercy is the central sun
Of all thy glories joined in one.

93.

L. M.

WATTS.

The Divine Being and Perfections. Ps. 36.

HIGH in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines ;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That veils and darkens thy designs.

Forever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep ;
Wise are the wonders of thy hands ;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

Thy providence is kind and large ;

- 6 Life, like a fountain full and free,
Springs from the presence of my Lord;
And in thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in thy word.

94.

P. M.

ANONYMOUS.

The surpassing Glory of God

- 1 SINCE o'er thy footstool here below
Such radiant gems are strown,
O what magnificence must glow,
Great God, about thy throne!
So brilliant here these drops of light—
There the full ocean rolls—how bright!
- 2 If night's blue curtain of the sky—
With thousand stars inwrought,
Hung like a royal canopy
With glittering diamonds fraught—
Be, Lord, thy temple's outer veil,
What splendor at the shrine must dwell
- 3 The dazzling sun, at noon-day hour—
Forth from his flaming vase
Flinging o'er earth the golden shower,
Till night and darkness reign—

95.

6s M.

DRUMMOND.

The Unity of God.

- 1 THE God who reigns alone
O'er earth and sea and sky,
Let man with praises own,
And sound his honors high.
- 2 Him all in heaven above,
Him all on earth below,
Th' exhaustless source of love,
The great Creator, know.
- 3 He formed the living flame,
He gave the reasoning mind:
Then only He may claim
The worship of mankind.
- 4 So taught his only Son,
Blest messenger of grace! —
Th' Eternal is but one:
No second holds his place.

96.

L. M.

KIPPIS.

God Incomprehensible.

- 1 GREAT God! in vain man's narrow view
Attempts to look thy nature through;
Our laboring powers with reverence own
Thy glories never can be known.
- 2 Not the high seraph's mighty thought,
Who countless years his God has sought,
Such wondrous height or depth can find,
Or fully trace thy boundless mind.
- 3 And yet thy kindness deigns to show

L. M.

WATTS.

Comprehensible and Sovereign.

to perfection find
created Mind ?
best stretch of thought
reach his nature out ?

even — 'tis deep as hell ;
mortals know or tell ?
is beyond the sky,
ing worlds on high.

power unknown ;
ers of his throne ;
o dare oppose,
or what he does ?

art, and he makes whole ;
rest of the soul ; —
in long despair,
re heavy bar ?

98, 99. BEING, PERFECTIONS, AND

98.

L. M.

ANONYMOUS.

The Spirituality of God.

- 1 THOU art, O God, a spirit pure,
Invisible to mortal eyes —
Th' immortal and th' eternal King,
The great, the good, the only wise.
- 2 Whilst nature changes, and her works
Corrupt, decay, dissolve, and die,
Thy essence pure no change shall see,
Secure of immortality.
- 3 Thou great Invisible! what hand
Can draw thy image, spotless, fair?
To what in heaven, to what on earth,
Can men th' immortal King compare?
- 4 Let stupid heathens frame their gods
Of gold and silver, wood and stone:
Ours is the God that made the heavens —
Jehovah he, and God alone.
- 5 My soul, the purest homage pay;
In truth and spirit him adore;
More shall this please than sacrifice —
Than outward forms delight him more.

99.

L. M.

***DODDRIDGE**

Seeing the Invisible.

- 1 ETERNAL and immortal King!
Thy peerless splendors none can bear;
But darkness veils seraphic eyes
When God with all his glory's there.
- 2 Yet faith can pierce the awful gloom,
The great Invisible can see,
And with its tremblings mingle joy
In fixed regard, great God! to th

PROVIDENCE OF GOD. 100, 101.

- 3 Then every tempting form of sin,
Awed by thy presence, disappears;
And all the glowing, raptured soul
The likeness it contemplates wears.
- 4 O ever conscious to my heart —
Witness to its supreme desire!
Behold it presseth on to thee,
For it hath caught the heavenly fire.
- 5 This one petition would we urge, —
To bear thee ever in our sight,
In life, in death, in worlds unknown,
Our only portion and delight.

100.

C. M.

*STERNHOLD.

Majesty of God. Ps. 18.

- 1 THE Lord descended from above,
And bowed the heavens most high,
And underneath his feet he cast
The darkness of the sky.
- 2 On cherubim and seraphim
Full royally he rode,
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad.
- 3 He sat serene upon the floods
Their fury to restrain,
And he as sovereign Lord and King,
Forevermore shall reign.

102. BEING, PERFECTIONS, AND

- 2 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do ?
We would adore our Maker too ;
From sin and dust to thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High !
- 3 Earth from afar has heard thy fame,
And worms have learnt to lisp thy name ;
But O, the glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.
- 4 God is in heaven, but man below :
Be short our tunes — our words be few.
A sacred reverence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

102.

L. M.

TATE.

The Majesty and Dominion of God. Ps. 93.

- 1 WITH glory clad, with strength arrayed,
The Lord, that o'er all nature reigns,
The world's foundations firmly laid,
And the vast fabric still sustains.
- 2 How surely 'stablished is thy throne,
Which shall no change or period see !
For thou, O Lord, and thou alone,
Art God from all eternity.
- 3 The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
And toss their troubled waves on high ;
But God above can still their noise,
And make the angry sea comply.
- 4 Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure ;
And they that in thy house would dwell
That happy station to secure,
Must still in holiness excel.

C. M.

*WATTS.

God's Infinite and Eternal Dominion.

- WEEP God, how infinite art thou!
How weak and frail are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.
- 2 Thy throne eternal ages stood
Ere seas or stars were made;
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.
- 3 Nature and time all open lie
To thine immense survey,
From the formation of the sky
To the great burning day.
- 4 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in thy view;
To thee there's nothing old appears—
Great God! there's nothing new.
- 5 Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares,
While thine eternal thoughts move on
Thine undisturbed affairs.
- 6 Great God, how infinite art thou!
How weak and frail are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

104.

C. M.

*WATTS.

Dignity and Dominion of God.

- 1 KEEP silence, all created things,
And wait your Maker's nod;—
My soul stands trembling while she sings
The honors of her God.

Here, he can
To sceptres and a crown
And there, the following page in
And treads the monarch down.

4 No creature asks the reason why,
Nor God the reason gives;
No fav'rite angel dares to pry
Between the folded leaves.

5 My God, I would not long to see
My fate with curious eyes—
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright scenes may rise.

6 In thy fair book of life and grace
O may I find my name
Recorded, in some humble place,
Beneath my Lord, the Lamb.

105.

C. M.

— Providence of God

ight attend the course we go,
 'Tis he provides the rays ;
 And 'tis his hand that hides the sun
 If darkness cloud our days.

6 Trusting thy wisdom, God of love,
 We would not wish to know
 What, in the book of thy decrees,
 Awaits us here below.

6 Be this alone our fervent prayer, —
 Whate'er our lot shall be,
 Or joys, or sorrows, may they form
 Our souls for heaven and thee.

106.

C. M.

H. K. WHITE.

God's Power over his Works.

1 THE Lord our God is full of might :
 The winds obey his will :
 He speaks, and in his heavenly height
 The rolling sun stands still.

2 Rebel, ye waves ! and o'er the land
 With threatening aspect roar :
 The Lord uplifts his awful hand,
 And chains you to the shore.

3 Howl, winds of night ! your force combine :
 Without his high behest,
 Ye shall not in the mountain pine
 Disturb the sparrow's nest.

4 Ye nations ! bend, in reverence bend,
 Ye monarchs ! wait his nod,
 And bid the choral song ascend
 To celebrate our God.

107.

L. M.

*WALLACE.

Greatness and Grandeur of God.

- 1 How great is our Creator, God,
In wisdom, majesty, and might,
When he displays his power abroad,
And brings his wonders forth to light!
- 2 Behold what cloudy columns rise,
Terrific as the shades of night!
What peals of thunder rend the skies!
The lightning, how sublimely bright!
- 3 How dreadful is the threatening hail!
Th' approaching tempest, O how grand!
What terror doth the mind assail
When deep convulsions shake the land!
- 4 The seas with hollow murmurs groan;
The bowels of the mountains flame;
The elements, affrighted, own
The awful greatness of thy name.
- 5 Almighty God! thy chariot wheels
In solemn pomp and grandeur roll;
Thy presence trembling nature feels,
And humble reverence fills the soul.

108.

C. M.

WATTS.

The Power and Majesty of God. Ps. 89.

- 1 WITH reverence let the saints appear,
And bow before the Lord;
His high commands with reverence hear,
And tremble at his word.
- 2 How terrible thy glories be!
How bright thine armies shine!—
Where is the power that vies with thee
Or truth, compared with thine?

- northern pole and southern rest
 In thy supporting hand ;
 Darkness and day from east to west
 Move round at thy command.
 Thy words the raging winds control,
 And rule the boisterous deep ;
 Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll —
 The rolling billows sleep.
- 5 Justice and judgment are thy throne,
 Yet wondrous is thy grace,
 While truth and mercy, joined in one,
 Invite us near thy face.

109.

C. M.

MRS. STEELE

The Majesty and Condescension of God.

- 1 ETERNAL Power ! almighty God !
 Who can approach thy throne ?
 Accessless light is thy abode,
 To angel-eyes unknown.
- 2 Before the radiance of thine eye
 The heavens no longer shine,
 And all the glories of the sky
 Are but the shade of thine.
- 3 Great God ! and wilt thou condescend
 To cast a look below —
 To this vile world thy notice bend,
 These seats of sin and woe ?
- 4 But O, to show thy smiling face,
 To bring thy glories near —
 Amazing and transporting grace
 To dwell with mortals here !
- 5 How strange, how awful, is thy love ! —
 With trembling we adore.
 Not all th' exalted minds above
 Its wonders can explore.

ousand ages in
a thee are as a fleeting -
t, present, future, to thy sight
once their various scenes display.
at our brief life's a shadowy dream,
passing thought, that soon is o'er,
That fades with morning's earliest beam,
And fills the musing mind no more.
To us, O Lord, the wisdom give
So every precious hour to spend
That we at length with thee may live
Where life and bliss shall never end.

III.

L. M.

Anonymous.

God Eternal and Unchangeable.

- 1 ALL-POWERFUL, self-existent God,
Who all creation dost sustain!
Thou wast, and art, and art to come,
And everlasting is thy reign.
- 2 Fixed and eternal as thy days,
Each glorious attribute divine
Through ages infinite shall still
Un diminished lustre shine.

- 3 Fountain of being! Source of good!
Immutable thou dost remain;
Nor can the shadow of a change
Obscure the glories of thy reign.
- 4 Yon shining orbs may leave their course,
The sun his destined path forsake,
And burning desolation mark
Amid the worlds his devious track;
- 5 Earth may with all her powers dissolve,
If such the great Creator's will;
But thou forever art the same —
I AM is thy memorial still.

112.

C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

God Omnipresent.

- 1 THERE'S not a place in earth's vast round,
In ocean deep, or air,
Where skill and wisdom are not found,
For God is everywhere.
- 2 Around, within, below, above,
Wherever space extends,
There Heaven displays its boundless love,
And power with mercy blends

113.

L. M.

BLACKLOCK.

The Same.

- 1 **FATHER** of all ! omniscient Mind !
Thy wisdom who can comprehend ?
Its highest point what eye can find,
Or to its lowest depths descend ?
- 2 What cavern deep, what hill sublime,
Beyond thy reach shall I pursue ?
What dark recess, what distant clime,
Shall hide me from thy boundless view ?
- 3 If up to heaven's ethereal height,
Thy prospect to elude, I rise,
In splendor there, supremely bright,
Thy presence shall my sight surprise.
- 4 Thee, mighty God ! my wond'ring soul,
Thee, all her conscious powers adore,
Whose being circumscribes the whole,
Whose eyes the universe explore.
- 5 Thine essence fills this breathing frame ;
It glows in every vital part,
Lights up my soul with livelier flame,
And feeds with life my beating heart.
- 6 To thee, from whom my being came,
Whose smile is all the heaven I know,
Inspired with this exalted theme,
To thee my grateful strains shall flow.

114.

L. M. 6l.

MONTGOMERY.

God Omnipresent and Omniscient. Ps. 139.

- 1 **SEARCHER** of hearts ! to thee are known
The inmost secrets of my breast ;
At home, abroad, in crowds, alone,
Thou mark'st my rising and my rest—

I feel thine all-controlling will,
And thy right hand upholds me still.

5 How precious are thy thoughts of peace,
O God, to me! — how great the sum! —
New every morn, they never cease:
They were, they are, and yet shall come
In number and in compass more
Than ocean's sand, or ocean's shore.

6 Search me, O God, and know my heart;
Try me, my secret soul survey,
And warn thy servant to depart
From every false and evil way:
So shall thy truth my guidance be
To life and immortality.

neath the sable wings of night,
The glance from thee, one piercing ray,
Could kindle darkness into day.

Search, try, O God, my thoughts and heart,
If mischief lurks in any part;
Correct me where I go astray,
And guide me in thy perfect way.

116.

C. M.

WATTS.

The Same. Ps. 139.

Not all my vast concerns with thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye.

112

The Same.

- 1 My heart, and all my ways, O God,
By thee are searched and seen ;
My outward acts thine eye observes —
My secret thoughts within.
- 2 Attendant on my steps, all day
Thy providence I see,
And in the solitude of night
I'm present still with thee.
- 3 No spot the boundless realms of space,
Whence thou art absent, know :
In heaven thou reign'st a glorious king —
An awful judge below.
- 4 Lord ! if within my thoughtless heart
Thou *sight* should'st disapprove,
The *secret* evil bring to light,
And by thy grace remove.

Recall my steps
And form my life anew.

118.

C. M.

***WATTS.**

God's Wisdom in his Works. Ps. 111.

- . SONGS of immortal praise belong
To our almighty God ;
He has my heart, and he my tongue,
To spread his name abroad.
- 2 How great the works his hand hath wrought !
How glorious in our sight !
And men in every age have sought
His wonders with delight.
- 3 How most exact is nature's frame !
How wise th' eternal Mind !
His counsels never change the scheme
That his first thoughts designed.
- 4 Nature, and time, and earth, and skies,
Thy heavenly skill proclaim :
How we do to make us wise,
How we do to make us wise,

The infinite God ; eternal his throne ;
And great be his praises ; by all be they given,
By men and by angels, on earth and in heaven.

3 The works of his hand declare his vast might ;
His terrible acts are holy and right ;
His truth and his justice are seen in his ways,
And his mighty wonders demand highest praise.

4 His goodness and truth, how rich do they prove !
No anger he bears — his nature is love ;
To all he is tender, and good doth impart ;
To him will we render the praise of the heart.

120.

L. P. M.

WATTS.

God's enduring Goodness and Truth. Ps. 146.

1 I'LL praise my Maker while I've breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers ; —
My days of praise shall ne'er be past
While life and thought and being last,
Or immortality endures.

2 Why should I make a man my trust ?
Princes must die and turn to dust ;
Vain is the help of flesh and blood ;
Their breath departs ; their pomp and power,
And thoughts all vanish in an hour ;
Nor can they make their promise good.

3 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God ; — he made the sky

He Lord hath eyes to give the blind ;
He Lord supports the sinking mind ;
He sends the laboring conscience peace ;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.

I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
And, when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers ;—
My days of praise shall ne'er be past
While life and thought and being last,
Or immortality endures.

121.

L. M.

ANONYMOUS.

Holiness of God.

1 HOLY as thou, O Lord, is none ;
Thy holiness is all thine own ;

2.

C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

The Same.

- 1** HOLY and reverend is the name
Of our eternal King :
'Thrice holy Lord,' the angels cry —
'Thrice holy,' let us sing.
- 2** Heaven's brightest lamps with him compared,
How mean they look and dim !
The fairest angels have their spots
When once compared with him.
- 3** Holy is he in all his works,
And truth is his delight ;
But sinners and their wicked ways
Shall perish from his sight.
- 4** The deepest reverence of the mind,
Pay, O my soul, to God ;
Lift, with thy hands, a holy heart
To his sublime abode.
- 5** With sacred awe pronounce His name
Whom words nor thoughts can reach :
A broken heart shall please him more
Than the best forms of speech.
- 6** Thou holy God, preserve my soul
From all pollution free ;
The pure in heart are thy delight,
And they thy face shall see.

123.

S. M.

WATTS.

The Same. Ps. 99.

- 1** EXALT the Lord, our God,
And worship at his feet ;
His nature is all holiness,
And mercy is his seat.

When Moses
He gave his people rest.

3 Oft he forgave their sins,
Nor would destroy their race;
And oft he made his vengeance known
When they abused his grace.

4 Exalt the Lord our God,
Whose grace is still the same;—
Still he's a God of holiness,
And jealous for his name.

124.

L. M.

ANONYMOUS.

Providence and Perfections of God.

1 FATHER of all, whose powerful voice
Called forth this universal frame,
Whose mercies over all rejoice,
Through endless ages still the same!

2 Thou, by thy word, upholdest all;
Thy bounteous love to all is showed;
— hear'st thine every creature's call,
— with good.

God's Care over All.

- 1 **GREATEST** of beings! Source of life!
Sovereign of air, of earth, and sea!
All nature feels thy power — but man
A grateful tribute pays to thee.
- 2 Children whose little minds, unformed,
Ne'er raised a tender thought to heaven;
And men, whom reason lifts to God,
Though oft by passion downward driven;
- 3 Those, too, who bend with age and care,
And faint and tremble near the tomb —
Who, sickening at the present scene,
Sigh for that better state to come;
- 4 All great Creator! all are thine;
All feel thy providential care;
And through each varying scene of life,
Alike thy constant pity share.
- 5 And whether grief oppress the heart,
Or whether joy elate the breast,
Or life still keep its little course,
Or death invite the heart to rest,
- 6 All are thy messengers, and all
Thy sacred pleasure, Lord, obey;
*And all are training man to dwell
Nearer to bliss, and nearer thee.*

126, 127. BEING, PERFECTIONS, AND

126.

7s M.

***RYLAND.**

All our Times in God's Hand.

- 1 SOVEREIGN Ruler of the skies,
Ever gracious, ever wise !
All my times are in thy hand,
All events at thy command.**
- 2 Thou didst form me by thy power ;
Thou wilt guide me hour by hour ;
All my times shall ever be
Ordered by thy wise decree.**
- 3 Times of sickness — times of health ;
Times of penury and wealth ;
Times of trial and of grief ;
Times of triumph and relief ;**
- 4 Times temptation's power to prove ;
Times to taste a Savior's love ; —
All is fixed, the means and end,
As shall please my heavenly Friend.**
- 5 O thou gracious, wise, and just !
In thy hands my life I trust.
Have I aught that's dearer still ?
I resign it to thy will.**

127.

C. M.

SCOTT.

Divine Providence.

- 1 GOD reigns ; — events in order flow
Man's industry to guide ;
But in a different channel go
To humble human pride.**
- 2 The swift not always in the race
Shall win the crowning prize ;
Not always wealth and honor grace
The labors of the wise.**

And mortals do themselves beguile
When on themselves they rest;
Blind is their wisdom, vain their toil,
By thee, O Lord, unblest.

4 'Tis ours the furrows to prepare,
And sow the precious grain;
'Tis thine to give the sun and air,
And to command the rain.

5 Evil and good before thee stand
Their mission to perform;
The sun shines bright at thy command;
Thy hand directs the storm.

6 In all thy ways we humbly own
Thy providential power;
Entrusted to thy care alone,
The lot of every hour.

128.

L. M.

ANONYMOUS.

Providence Mysterious.

1 THY ways, O Lord, with wise design,
Are framed upon thy throne above,
And every dark or bending line
Meets in the centre of thy love.

2 With feeble light, and half obscure,
Poor mortals thine arrangements view,
Not knowing that the least are sure,
And the mysterious just and true.

3 Thy flock, thine own peculiar care,
Though now they seem to roam uneyed,
Are led or driven only where
They best and safest may abide.

4 They neither know nor trace the way;
But, trusting to thy piercing eye,

My favored soul shall meet,
To lay her reason at thy throne;
Too weak thy secrets to discern,
I'll trust thee for my guide alone.

129.

C. M.

BEDDOME.

The Same.

- 1 GREAT God of providence! thy ways
Are hid from mortal sight—
Wrapt in impenetrable shades,
Or clothed with dazzling light.
- 2 The wondrous methods of thy grace
Evade the human eye;
The nearer we attempt t' approach,
The farther off they fly.
- 3 But in the world of bliss above,
Where thou dost ever reign,
These myst'ries shall be all unveiled,
And not a doubt remain.
—— shall there

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take :
The clouds ye so much dread,
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace :
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour ;—
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain :
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

131.

L. M.

ANONYMOUS.

Providence Kind and Sure.

1 THROUGH all the various passing scene
Of life's mistaken ill or good,
Thy hand, O God! conducts unseen
The beautiful vicissitude.

2 Thou givest, with paternal care,
Howe'er unjustly we complain,
To each their necessary share
Of joy and sorrow, health and pain.

3 When lowest sunk with grief and shame,
Filled with affliction's bitter cup,
Lost to relations, friends, and fame,
Thy powerful hand can raise us up.

130.

BRING, PERFECTIONS, AND

- 4 Thy powerful consolations cheer,
Thy smiles suppress the deep-fetched sigh,
Thy hand can dry the trickling tear
That silent dims the widow's eye.
- 5 All things on earth, and all in heaven,
On thy eternal will depend ;
And all for greater good were given,
And all shall in thy glory end.
- 6 This be my care — to all beside
Indifferent let my wishes be, —
'Passion be calm, and dumb be pride,
And fixed, O God, my soul on thee.'

FAWC

131.

C. M.

Providences Unsearchable.

- 1 THY way, O God! is in the sea ;
Thy paths I cannot trace,
Nor comprehend the mystery
Of thy unbounded grace.
- 2 Here the dark veils of flesh and
My captive soul surround ;
Mysterious deeps of providence
My wandering thoughts confound.
- 3 When I behold thy awful hand
My earthly hopes destroy,
In deep astonishment I stand,
And ask the reason why.
- 4 As through a glass, I dimly
The wonders of thy love
How little do I know of th
Or of the joys above!
- 5 'Tis but in part I know thy
I bless thee for the sight
When will thy love the r
In glory's clearer light

PROVIDENCE OF GOD. 133, 134.

With rapture shall I then survey
Thy providence and grace,
And spend an everlasting day
In wonder, love, and praise.

133. C. M. **BEDDOME.**

Providence and Grace Unsearchable.

- 1 **ALMIGHTY** God, thy wondrous works
Of providence and grace,
An angel's perfect mind exceed,
And all our pride abase.
- 2 Stupendous heights ! amazing depths !
Creatures in vain explore ;
Or if a transient glimpse we gain,
'Tis faint, and quickly o'er.
- 3 Though all the mysteries lie concealed
Beyond what we can see,
Grant us the knowledge of ourselves,
The knowledge, Lord, of thee.

134. L. M. ***BEDDOME.**

Providence Unsearchable.

- 1 **WAIT**, O my soul, thy Maker's will ;
Tumultuous passions, all be still ;—
Nor let a murmuring thought arise ;—
His ways are just — his counsels wise.
- 2 Thick darkness round his throne he draws ;
His work performs — conceals the cause ;
But though his methods are unknown,
Judgment and truth support his throne.
- 3 In heaven, and earth, and air, and seas,
He executes his firm decrees ;
And age to age has still confessed
That what he does is ever best.

God's Providence in National Overturns.

- 1 GOD, to correct the world,
In wrath is slow to rise,
But comes at length in thunder clothed,
And darkness veils the skies.
- 2 His banners, lifted high,
The nations' God declare,
And, stained with blood, with terrors marked,
Spread wonder and despair.
- 3 All earthly pomp and pride
Are in his presence lost —
Empires o'erturned — thrones, sceptres, crowns
In wild confusion tost.
- 4 While war and wo prevail,
And desolation wide,

PROVIDENCE OF GOD. 136, 137.

136.

C. M.

HERVEY.

God's Providence always Kind.

- 1 **THROUGH** all the downward tracts of time
God's watchful eye surveys :
O, who so wise to choose our lot,
And regulate our ways ?
- 2 I cannot doubt his bounteous love,
Immeasurably kind :
To his unerring, gracious will
Be every wish resigned.
- 3 Good when he gives, supremely good,
Nor less when he denies ;
Even crosses from his sovereign hand
Are blessings in disguise.

137.

C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

God Just and Wise in Afflictions.

- 1 **IF** Providence, to try my heart,
Afflictions should prepare,
To God submissive may I bend,
And keep me from despair.
- 2 Whate'er he orders must be just ;
Then let me kiss the rod,
Nor, poorly sunk, at all distrust
The goodness of my God.
- 3 The mind to which I owe my own
To guide this mind is wise,
And he to whom my faults are known
The fittest to chastise.
- 4 Then, till life's latest sands are run,
O teach me, Power Divine,
Still to reply, ' Thy will be done,
Whate'er becomes of mine.'

138, 139. BEING, PERFECTIONS, AND

138. S. M. DODDRIDGE.

God Wise and Merciful in Chastisements.

- 1 How gracious and how wise .
Is our chastising God !
And O how rich the blessings are
That blossom from his rod !
- 2 He lifts it up on high
With pity in his heart,
That every stroke his children feel
May grace and peace impart.
- 3 Instructed thus, they bow,
And own his sovereign sway ;
They turn their erring footsteps back
To his forsaken way.
- 4 His covenant love they seek,
And seek the happy bands
That closer still engage their hearts
To honor his commands.
- 5 Our Father ! we consent
To discipline divine,
And bless the pains that make our souls
Still more completely thine.

139. L. M. WATTS.

God's Protection, Grace, and Truth. Ps. 57.

- 1 My God, in whom are all the springs
Of boundless love and grace unknown !
Hide me beneath thy spreading wings
Till the dark cloud is overblown.
- 2 Up to the heavens I send my cry ;
The Lord will my desires perform ;
He sends his angels from the sky,
And saves me from the threatening storm

Be thou exalted, O my God !
 Above the heavens where angels dwell ;
 Thy power on earth be known abroad,
 And land to land thy wonders tell.

4 My heart is fixed — my song shall raise
 Immortal honors to thy name :
 Awake, my tongue, to sound his praise —
 My tongue, the glory of my frame.

5 High o'er the earth his mercy reigns,
 And reaches to the utmost sky ;
 His truth to endless years remains
 When lower worlds dissolve and die.

6 Be thou exalted, O my God !
 Above the heavens where angels dwell ;
 Thy power on earth be known abroad,
 And land to land thy wonders tell.

140.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

God our Refuge and Home. Ps. 90.

1 THOU, Lord, through every changing scene,
 Hast to thy saints a refuge been —
 Through every age, eternal God,
 Their pleasing home, their safe abode.

2 In thee our fathers sought their rest :
 In thee our fathers still are blest ;
 And while the tomb confines their dust,
 In thee their souls abide and trust

3 Lo, we are risen, a feeble race,
 Awhile to fill our fathers' place ,
 Our helpless state with pity view,
 And let us share their refuge too.

4 Through all the thorny paths we trace
 In this uncertain wilderness,

And we must dwell in rest.
To thee our separate souls shall come,
And find in thee a surer home.

- 6 To thee our infant race we leave ;
Them may their fathers' God receive,
That voices yet unformed may raise
Succeeding hymns of humble praise.

141.

C. M.

TATE & BRADY.

God our Deliverer and Comforter. Ps. 34.

- 1 THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.
- 2 Of his deliverance I will boast
Till all that are distrest
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.
- 3 Their drooping hearts were soon refreshed
By his aid :

PROVIDENCE OF GOD. 142, 143.

142. L. P. M. TATE & BRADY.

God our Refuge. Ps. 46.

- 1 GOD is our refuge in distress—
A present help when dangers press :
In him, undaunted, we'll confide,
Though earth were from her centre tossed,
And mountains in the ocean lost,
Torn piece-meal by the roaring tide.
- 2 A gentler stream with gladness still
The city of our Lord shall fill—
The royal seat of God most high :
God dwells in Zion, whose fair towers
Shall mock th' assaults of earthly powers,
While his almighty aid is nigh.

143. L. M. WATTS.

God the Refuge of his Saints. Ps. 46.

- 1 GOD is the refuge of his saints
When storms of sharp distress invade ;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.
- 2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep, and buried there—
Convulsions shake the solid world :
Our faith shall never yield to fear.
- 3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar :
In sacred peace our souls abide,
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles and dreads the swelling tide.
- 4 There is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God—
Life, love, and joy stil' gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.

144, 145. BEING, PERFECTIONS, AND

- 5 That sacred stream, thine holy word,
That all our raging fear controls ; —
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.
- 6 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour ;
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on his truth, and armed with power.

144.

L. M.

WATTS.

God our Protector and Guide. Ps. 121.

- 1 UP to the hills I lift mine eyes,
Th' eternal hills beyond the skies :
Thence all her help my soul derives ;
There my almighty Refuge lives.
- 2 He lives, — the everlasting God,
That built the world, that spread the flood ;
The heavens with all their hosts he made,
And the dark regions of the dead.
- 3 He guides our feet — he guards our way ;
His morning smiles bless all the day ;
He spreads the evening vail, and keeps
The silent hours while Israel sleeps.
- 4 Israel (a name divinely blest)
May rise secure, securely rest :
Thy holy Guardian's wakeful eyes
Admit no slumber nor surprise.

145.

C. M.

*PROUD.

God our Protector and Savior.

- 1 JEHOVAH lives, and be his name
By every heart adored ;
From age to age he is the same,
The only God and Lord.

- 2 He is our rock when troubles rise,
And storms and tempests lower;
He rides triumphant in the skies,
And saves us by his power.
- 3 Salvation to the Lord belongs:
We give Jchovah praise —
Lift up our hearts, and holy songs
To our Deliverer raise.
- 4 He saves from danger, death, and hell,
From fear, distress, and harm;
He makes our souls in safety dwell,
And mighty is his arm.
- 5 Great is the mercy we have found,
And great shall be our praise;
We'll spread his power and mercy round,
And songs of honor raise.

146.

L. M.

ANONYMOUS.

God our Protector and Guide.

- 1 GOD of my life, whose gracious power
Through varied deaths my soul hath led,
Or turned aside the fatal hour,
Or lifted up my sinking head!
- 2 In all my ways thy hand I own,
Thy ruling providence I see;
Assist me still my course to run,
And still direct my paths to thee.
- 3 Whither, O whither, should I fly
But to my loving Father's breast,
Secure within thine arms to lie,
And safe beneath thy wings to rest?
- 4 *I have no skill the snare to shun,
But thou, O God, my wisdom art;*

147. BEING, PERFECTIONS, AND

I ever into ruin run,
But thou art greater than my heart.

5 Foolish, and impotent, and blind,
Lead me a way I have not known;
Bring me where I my heaven may find,—
'The heaven of loving thee alone.

147. C. M. WATTS.

God our Preserver in Times of Sickness. Ps. 121.

- 1 To heaven I lift my waiting eyes;
 There all my hopes are laid;—
 The Lord that built the earth and skies
 Is my perpetual aid.
- 2 Their feet shall never slide nor fall
 Whom he designs to keep;
His ear attends the softest call;
 His eyes can never sleep.
- 3 He will sustain our weakest powers
 With his almighty arm,
And watch our most unguarded hours
 Against surprising harm.
- 4 Israel! rejoice, and rest secure—
 Thy keeper is the Lord;
His wakeful eyes employ his power
 For thine eternal guard.
- 5 Nor scorching sun, nor sickly moon,
 Shall have his leave to smite;
He shields thy head from burning noon—
 From blasting damps at night.
- 6 He guards thy soul, he keeps thy breath,
 Where thickest dangers come;—
Go, and return, secure from death,
 Till God commands thee home.

PROVIDENCE OF GOD. 148, 149.

148.

H. M.

***WATTS.**

The Same. Ps. 121.

UPWARD we lift our eyes :
From God is all our aid, —
The God that built the skies,
And earth and nature made.
God is the tower
To which we fly ; his grace is nigh
In every hour.

2 Our feet shall never slide,
And fall in fatal snares,
Since God, our guard and guide,
Defends us from our fears.

Those wakeful eyes,
Which never sleep, shall Israel keep
When dangers rise.

3 No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of evening air,
Shall take our health away,
If God be with us there.

Thou art our sun,
And thou our shade, to guard our head
By night or noon.

4 Hast thou not given thy word
To save our souls from death ?
And we can trust thee, Lord,
To keep our mortal breath.

We'll go and come,
Nor fear to die, till, from on high,
Thou call us home.

149.

C. P. M.

H. MOORE.

God's Love seen in Nature.

1 *My God ! thy boundless love I praise :
How bright on high its glories blaze —*

Through heaven its joy -

And o'er the earth they flow.

'Tis love that paints the purple morn,
And bids the clouds, in air upborne,
 Their genial drops distil ;
In every vernal beam it glows,
It breathes in every gale that blows,
 And glides in every rill.

3 It robes in cheerful green the ground,
And pours its flowery beauties round,
Whose sweets perfume the gale ;
Its bounties richly spread the plain —
The blushing fruit, the golden grain —
And smile on every vale.

4 But in thy word I see it shine
With grace and glories more divine,
Proclaiming sins forgiven ;
There faith, bright cherub, points the way
To realms of everlasting day,
And opens all her heaven.

the love that makes me blest,
— thro' my heart

he whole in every part proclaims
 Thy infinite good-will ;
 shines in stars, and flows in streams,
 And bursts from every hill.

We view it o'er the spreading main,
 And heavens which spread more wide ;
 It drops in gentle showers of rain,
 And rolls in every tide.

4 Long hath it been diffused abroad,
 Through ages past and gone,
 Nor ever can exhausted be,
 But still keeps flowing on.

5 Through the whole earth it pours supplies —
 Spreads joy through every part.
 O may such love attract my eyes,
 And captivate my heart ;

6 My highest admiration raise ;
 My best affections move ;
 Employ my tongue in songs of praise,
 And fill my heart with love.

151.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Universal Love of God.

1 TRIUMPHANT, Lord, thy goodness reigns
 Through all the wide celestial plains,
 And its full streams redundant flow
 Down to th' abodes of men below.

2 Through nature's works its glories shine ;
 The cares of providence are thine ;
 And grace erects our mortal frame
 The fairest temple to thy name.

3 O give to every human heart
 To taste and feel how good thou art —
 With grateful love, and reverend fear,
 To know how blest thy children are.

152, 153. BEING, PERFECTIONS, AND

152.

C. M.

WATTS.

The Same. Ps. 145.

- 1 SWEET is the memory of thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King!
Let age to age thy righteousness
In songs of glory sing.
- 2 God reigns on high, but ne'er confines
His goodness to the skies :
Through the whole earth his bounty shine
And every want supplies.
- 3 With longing eyes thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food :
Thy liberal hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouths with good.
- 4 How kind are thy compassions, Lord !
How slow thine anger moves !
But soon he sends his pardoning word
To cheer the souls he loves.
- 5 Creatures, with all their endless race,
'Thy power and praise proclaim ;
But saints, that taste thy richer grace,
Delight to bless thy name.

153.

L. M.

WATTS.

God's Mercy to the Human Race. Ps. 136.

- 1 GIVE to our God immortal praise :
Mercy and truth are all his ways :
Wonders of grace to God belong :
Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 2 Give to the Lord of lords renown ;
The King of kings with glory crown.
His mercies ever shall endure,
When lords and kings are known no more

he Jews he freed from Pharaoh's hand,
And brought them to the promised land :
Wonders of grace to God belong —
Repeat his mercies in your song.

He saw the Gentiles dead in sin,
And felt his pity work within :
His mercies ever shall endure,
When death and sin shall reign no more.

5 He sent his Son with power to save
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave :
Wonders of grace to God belong —
Repeat his mercies in your song.

6 Through this vain world he guides our feet,
And leads us to his heavenly seat :
His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.

154.

S. M.

*WATTS.

God's Condescension and Goodness to Man. Ps. 8.

1 O LORD, our heavenly King !
Thy name is all divine ;
Thy glories round the earth are spread,
And o'er the heavens they shine.

2 When to thy works on high
I raise my wondering eyes,
And see the moon, complete in light,
Adorn the darksome skies —

3 When I survey the stars,
And all their shining forms —
Lord, what is man, that feeble thing,
Akin to dust and worms ?

4 Lord, what is feeble man,
That thou shouldst love him so !

155. BEING, PERFECTIONS, AND

Next to thine angels is he placed,
And lord of all below.

5 How rich thy bounties are !
How wondrous are thy ways !
Of dust and worms thy power can frame
A monument of praise.

6 O Lord, our heavenly King !
Thy name is all divine ;
Thy glories round the earth are spread,
And o'er the heavens they shine.

155. C. M. MRS. STEELE.

God's constant Mercy.

1 ALMIGHTY Father ! gracious Lord !
Kind guardian of my days !
Thy mercies let my heart record
In songs of grateful praise.

2 In life's first dawn, my tender frame
Was thy indulgent care,
Long ere I could pronounce thy name,
Or breathe the infant prayer.

3 How many blessings round me shone,
Where'er I turned my eye !
How many passed almost unknown
Or unregarded by !

4 Each rolling year new favors brought
From thy exhaustless store ;
But ah ! in vain my laboring thought
Would count thy mercies o'er.

5 While sweet reflection through my days
Thy bounteous hand would trace,
Still dearer blessings claim thy praise,—
The blessings of thy grace.

**Yes, I adore thee, gracious Lord !
For favors more divine, —
That I have known thy sacred word,
Where all thy glories shine.**

156.

C. M.

· ADDISON.

The Same.

- 1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God !
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.**
- 2 Unnumbered comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.**
- 3 When, in the slippery paths of youth,
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.**
- 4 When worn by sickness, oft hast thou
With health renewed my face,
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.**
- 5 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
Which tastes those gifts with joy.**
- 6 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue,
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.**

157, 158. BEING, PERFECTIONS, AND

157.

L. M.

DODDIDGE.

God's Mercies above all Return.

- 1 In glad amazement, Lord, I stand,
Amidst the bounties of thy hand
How numberless those bounties are!
How rich, how various, and how fair!
- 2 But O, what poor returns I make -
What lifeless thanks I pay thee back!
Lord, I confess, with humble shame,
My offerings scarce deserve the name.
- 3 Fain would my laboring heart devise
To bring some nobler sacrifice; -
It sinks beneath the mighty load,
'What shall I render to my God?'
- 4 To him I consecrate my praise,
And vow the remnant of my days;
Yet what, at best, can I pretend
Worthy such gifts from such a friend!
- 5 In deep abasement, Lord, I see
My emptiness and poverty -
Enrich my soul with grace divine,
And make me worthier to be thine.
- 6 Give me at length an angel's tongue,
That heaven may echo with my song -
The theme, too great for time, shall be
The joy of long eternity.

158.

S. M.

Mrs. BRAD.

God our constant Benefactor.

- 1 My Maker, and my King!
To thee my all I owe:
Thy sovereign bounty is the spring
Whence all my blessings flow.

- 2 **Thou** ever good and kind !
A thousand reasons move,
A thousand obligations bind
My heart to grateful love.
- 3 **The** creature of thy hand,
On thee alone I live :
My God ! thy benefits demand
More praise than tongue can give.
- 4 **O** what can I impart
When all is thine before ?
Thy love demands a thankful heart, —
The gift, alas, how poor !
- 5 **Shall** I withhold thy due ?
And shall my passions rove ?
Lord, form this wretched heart anew,
And fill it with thy love.
- 6 **O** let thy grace inspire
My soul with strength divine ;
Let all my powers to thee aspire,
And all my days be thine.

159.

S. M.

Watts.

God's abounding Compassion. Ps. 103.

- 1 **My** soul, repeat his praise
Whose mercies are so great —
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.
- 2 **High** as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.
- 3 **His** power subdues our sins ;
And his forgiving love,

160.

BEING, PERFECTIONS, AND

Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

4 The pity of the Lord,
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

5 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower:
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

6 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

160.

S. M.

WATTS.

Bless the Lord for his Mercies. Ps. 103.

1 O BLESS the Lord, my soul;
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name
Whose favors are divine.

2 O bless the Lord, my soul;
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

3 'Tis he forgives thy sins;
'Tis he relieves thy pain;
'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.

4 He crowns thy life with love
When ransomed from the grave;
He that redeemed my soul from
Hath sovereign power to save.

- 5 He fills the poor with good ;
 He gives the sufferers rest ; —
 'The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
 And justice for th' oppressed.
- 6 His wondrous works and ways
 He made by Moses known ;
 But sent the world his truth and grace
 By his beloved Son.

161.

S. M.

MONTGOMERY.

The Same. Ps. 103.

- 1 O BLESS the Lord, my soul ;
 His grace to thee proclaim ;
 And all that is within me join
 To bless his holy name.
- 2 O bless the Lord, my soul ;
 His mercies bear in mind ;
 Forget not all his benefits :
 'The Lord to thee is kind.
- 3 He will not always chide —
 He will with patience wait :
 His wrath is ever slow to rise,
 And ready to abate.
- 4 He pardons all thy sins —
 Prolongs thy feeble breath ;
 He healeth thine infirmities,
 And rescues thee from death.

Where
Amid the vale.

3 Though in the paths of
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill.
For thou, O Lord, art with me still.
Thy friendly staff shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

4 Though, in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,—
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

Warn.

163.

S. M.

The Same. Ps. 92.

1 THE Lord my shepherd is:
I shall be well supplied;
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside?

146

- 2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.
- 3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in his own right way,
For his most holy name.
- 4 Whilst he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear ;
Though I should walk through death's dark shade,
My shepherd 's with me there.
- 5 In sight of all my foes
Thou dost my table spread ;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.
- 6 The bounties of thy love
Shall crown my following days ;
Nor from thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

164.

11s M.

*BYRON.

The Same. Ps. 23.

- 1 THE Lord is our shepherd, our guardian, and
guide ;
Whatever we want he will kindly provide ;

4 The Lord is become our salvation and song,
His blessings have followed us all our life long;—
His name will we praise while he lends to us
 breath,
Be joyful through life, and resigned in our death.

165.

7s M.

MERRICK.

The Same. Ps. 23.

1 Lo, my Shepherd's hand divine!
Want shall never more be mine:
In a pasture fair and large,
He shall feed his happy charge.

2 When I faint with summer's heat,
He shall lead my weary feet
To the streams that, still and slow,
Through the verdant meadows flow.

3 He my soul anew shall frame,
And his mercy to proclaim,

—The T. of the

PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

166.

166.

11s M.

•MONTGOMERY.

The Same. Ps. 93.

- 1 THE Lord is my shepherd — no want shall I know ;
I feed in green pastures — safe folded I rest ;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow ;
Restores me when wandering — redeems when oppressed.
- 2 Through valley and shadow of death though I stray,
Since thou art my guardian, no evil I fear ;
Thy rod shall defend me — thy staff be my stay ;
No harm can befall with my Comforter near.
- 3 In midst of affliction my table is spread ;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er,
With perfume and oil thou anointest my head ; —
O what shall I ask of thy providence more ?
- 4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
Still follow my steps till I meet thee above ;
I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod
In days of their sojourn, thy kingdom of love.

GOD MANIFEST IN NATURE.

167.

L. M.

***MRS. STEELE.**

Nature proclaiming God.

- 1** **THERE** is a God all nature speaks
Through earth, and air, and seas, and skies :
See, from the clouds his glory breaks
When the first beams of morning rise.
- 2** The rising sun, serenely bright,
O'er the wide world's extended frame,
Inscribes, in characters of light,
His mighty Maker's glorious name
- 3** Diffusing life, his influence spreads,
And health and plenty smile around :
The fruitful fields and verdant meads
Blessings crowned.

GOD MANIFEST IN NATURE. 168, 169.

O let us here confess our God,
And bow before him, and adore.

168. L. M. 6l. T. MOORE.

God the Life and Light of the World. Ps. 84.

- 1 THOU art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee.
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.
- 2 When day, with farewell beam delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven,
Those hues that make the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.
- 3 When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes,
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord, are thine.
- 4 When youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And every flower the s purer wreaths

To thee we owe her song,
And when she pours her choral song,
Her melodies to thee belong.

2 Or when, in paler tints arrayed,
The evening slowly spreads her shade,
That soothing shade, that grateful gloom,
Can, more than day's enlivening bloom,
Still every fond and vain desire,
And calmer, purer thoughts inspire —
From earth the pensive spirit free,
And lead the softened heart to thee.

3 As o'er thy work the seasons roll,
And soothe, with change of bliss, the soul,
O never may their smiling train
Pass o'er the human sense in vain ;
But oft, as on their charms we gaze,
Attune the wondering soul to praise ;
And be the joys that most we prize,
The joys that from thy favor rise.

1770.

C. M.

WATTS

and others

ough skies, and seas, and solid ground,
With terror and delight.

finite strength and equal skill
Shine through the worlds abroad,
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder, God.

- 6 But still the wonders of thy grace
Our softer passions move :
Pity divine in Jesus' face
We see, adore, and love.

171.

C. M.

MONTGOMERY.

God seen in his Works.

- 1 THE God of nature and of grace
In all his works appears ;
His goodness through the earth we trace,
His grandeur in the spheres.
- 2 Behold this fair and fertile globe,
By him in wisdom planned :
'Twas he who girded, like a robe,
The ocean round the land.
- 3 Lift to the firmament your eye —
Thither his path pursue —
His glory, boundless as the sky,
Overwhelms the wondering view.
- 4 He bows the heavens ; — the mountains stand
A highway for their God ;
He walks amidst the desert land —
'Tis Eden where he trod.
- 5 The forests in his strength rejoice :
Hark ! on the evening breeze,
As once of old, the Lord God's voice
Is heard among the trees.

72. GOD MANIFEST IN NATURE.

6 If God hath made this world so fair,
Where sin and death abound,
How beautiful, beyond compare,
Will paradise be found !

172. L. M. *DYN.

All Things speak of God.

1 GREAT Cause of all things ! Source of life !
Sovereign of air, and earth, and sea !
All nature feels thy power, and all
A silent homage pay to thee.

2 Waked by thy hand, the morning sun
Pours forth to thee its earlier rays,
And spreads thy glories as it climbs,
While raptured worlds look up and praise.

3 The moon to the deep shades of night
Speaks the mild lustre of thy name ;
While all the stars that cheer the scene
Thee, the great Lord of light, proclaim.

4 And groves, and vales, and rocks, and hills,
And every flower, and every tree —
Ten thousand creatures, warm with life,
Have each a grateful song for thee.

5 But man was formed to rise to heaven ;
And, blessed with reason's clearer light,
He views his Maker through his works,
And glows with rapture at the sight.

6 Nor can the thousand songs that rise,
Whether from air, or earth, or sea,
So well repeat Jehovah's praise,
Or raise such sacred harmony.

3.

L. M.

ADDISON.

as Heavens declare the Glory of God. Ps. 19.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue, ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

2 Th' unwearied sun from day to day
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth ;

4 While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets, in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

5 What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round this dark, terrestrial ball —
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found —

6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
Forever singing, as they shine,
'The hand that made us is divine.'

174.

L. P. M.

***WATTS.**

The Same. Ps. 19.

GREAT God, the heaven's well-ordered frame
Declares the glory of thy name :

There thy rich works of wonder shine —

175.

GOD MANIFEST IN NATURE.

- A thousand starry beauties there,
A thousand radiant marks appear,
Of boundless power and skill divine.
- 2 From night to day, from day to night,
The dawning and the dying light
Lectures of heavenly wisdom read ;
With silent eloquence they raise
Our thoughts to our Creator's praise,
And neither sound nor language need.
- 3 Yet their divine instructions run
Far as the journeys of the sun,
And every nation knows their voice ;
The sun, in robes of splendor drest,
Breaks from the chambers of the east,
Rolls round, and makes the earth rejoice.
- 4 Where'er he spreads his beams abroad,
He smiles, and speaks his maker, God ;
All nature joins him in the praise.
Thus God in every creature shines ;
Fair is the book of nature's lines,
But fairer is the book of grace.

175.

C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

Nature inviting to praise God.

- 1 THOU great Creator, wise and good !
To thee our songs we raise :
Nature, through all her various scenes,
Invites us to thy praise.
- 2 At morning, noon, and evening mild,
Fresh wonders strike our view ;
And while we gaze, our hearts exult
With transports ever new.
- 3 Thy glory beams in every star
Which gilds the gloom of night ;

acks the smiling face of morn
With rays of cheerful light.

The lofty hill, the humble vale,
With countless beauties shine ;
The silent grove, the awful shade,
Proclaim thy power divine.

5 Great nature's God ! still may these scenes
Our serious hours engage ;
Still may our grateful hearts consult
Thy works' instructive page.

6 And while, in all thy wondrous works,
Thy varied love we see,
Still may the contemplation lead
Our hearts, O God, to thee.

176.

L. M.

ENFIELD.

Praise to the Lord of Nature.

1 O THOU, through all thy works adored !
Great power supreme ! almighty Lord !
Author of life, whose sovereign sway
Creatures of every tribe obey !

2 To thee, Most High, to thee belong
The suppliant prayer, the joyful song ;
To thee we will attune our voice,
And in thy wondrous works rejoice.

3 Planets, those wandering worlds above,
Guided by thee, incessant move ;
Suns, kindled by a ray divine,
In honor of their Maker shine.

4 From thee proceed heaven's varied store,—
The changing wind, the fruitful shower,
The flying cloud, the colored bow,
The moulded hail, the feathered snow.

177. GOD MANIFEST IN NATURE.

- 5** Tempests obey thy mighty will :
Thine awful mandate to fulfil,
The forked lightnings dart around,
And rive the oak, and blast the ground.
- 6** Yet, pleased to bless, kind to supply,
Thy hand supports thy family,
And fosters, with a parent's care,
The tribes of earth and sea and air.

177. L. M. MISS OTTE

Uniting with Nature in God's Praise.

- 1** **THERE** seems a voice in every gale,
A tongue in every opening flower,
Which tells, O Lord, the wondrous tale
Of thine indulgence, love and power.
The birds that rise on quivering wing
Appear to hymn their Maker's praise,
And all the mingling sounds of Spring
To thee a general pean raise.
- 2** And shall my voice, great God, alone
Be mute 'mid Nature's loud acclaim !
No ! let my heart, with answering tone,
Breathe forth in praise thy holy name.
And Nature's debt is small to mine —
Thou had'st her being bounded be ;
But (matchless proof of love divine !)
Thou gav'st immortal life to me.
- 3** The Savior left his heavenly throne
A ransom for our souls to give ;
Man's suffering state he made his own,
And deigned to die that we might live.
But thanks and praise for love so great
No mortal tongue can e'er express ;
Then let me, bowed before thy feet,
In silence love thee, Lord, and bless.
158

78.

C. M.

*E. TURNER.

Works and Law show forth his Glory. Ps. 19.

LO, what a speaking lustre shines
In all the works of God!
His wisdom writ in fairest lines —
His power declared abroad.

2 The heavens, adorned with moon and stars,
Express his glorious skill;
The day his strong impression bears;
The night attends his will.

3 Their language through the earth is heard:
One all-extending voice
Proclaims abroad the cheering word,
And bids the world rejoice.

4 Behold yon glowing, radiant sun,
Great source of blissful light!
Rejoicing in his course to run,
And shed effulgence bright.

5 Such is thy law, O God of grace!
Which renovates the soul, —
A law of love, and truth, and peace,
That makes the sinner whole.

6 Nor shall its moral light grow dim
Or ever fade away;
The present gentle, rising beam
Shall shed a boundless day.

THE SCRIPTURES.

179.

L. M.

WATTS.

Nature and Scripture. Ps. 19.

- 1 THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord;
In every star thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.
- 2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days thy power confess;
But the blest volume thou hast writ
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.
- 3 Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So when thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.
- 4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest
Till through the world thy truth has run —
Till Christ hath all the nations blest
That see the light or feel the sun.
- 5 Great Sun of righteousness! arise;
Bless the dark world with heavenly light;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise;
Thy laws are pure — thy judgments right

/ noblest wonders here we view
 souls renewed and sins forgiven :
 ord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
 And make thy word my guide to heaven.

180.

L. M. 61.

MONTGOMERY

The Same. Ps. 19.

- 1 **THY** glory, Lord, the heavens declare ;
 The firmament displays thy skill ;
 The changing cloud, the viewless air,
 Tempest and calm, thy word fulfil ;
 Day unto day doth utter speech,
 And night to night thy knowledge teach.
- 2 Though voice nor sound inform the ear,
 Well known the language of their song
 When, one by one, the stars appear,
 Led by the silent moon along ;
 Till round the earth, from all the sky,
 Thy beauty beams on every eye.
- 3 Waked by thy touch, the morning sun
 Comes like a bridegroom from his bower,
 And, like a giant, glad to run
 His bright career with speed and power—
 Thy flaming messenger, to dart
 Life through the depth of Nature's heart.
- 4 While these transporting visions shine
 Along the path of providence,
 Glory eternal, joy divine,
 Thy word reveals, transcending sense :
My soul thy goodness longs to see,—
Thy love to man, thy love to me.

- 1 BEHOLD, the lofty sky
Declares its maker, God,
And all his starry works on high
Proclaim his power abroad.
- 2 The darkness and the light
Still keep their course the same,
While night to day, and day to night,
Divinely teach his name.
- 3 In every different land
Their general voice is known;
They show the wonders of his hand,
And orders of his throne.
- 4 Ye Christian lands, rejoice!
Here he reveals his word:
We are not left to nature's voice
To bid us know the Lord.
- 5 His statutes and commands
Are set before your eyes;
He puts his gospel in our hands,
Where our salvation lies.
- sweet and pure;

a fields provide me food, and show
The goodness of the Lord ;
But fruits of life and glory grow
In thy most holy word.

3 Here are my choicest treasures hid ;
Here my best comfort lies ;
Here my desires are satisfied,
And here my hopes arise.

4 Lord, make me understand thy law,
Show what my faults have been,
And from thy gospel let me draw
Pardon for all my sin.

5 O let me love my Bible more,
And take a fresh delight
By day to read these wonders o'er,
And meditate by night.

183.

C. M.

*Cowper.

Glory of the Sacred Page.

1 WHAT glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun !
It gives a light to every age —
It gives, but borrows none.

2 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat ;
Its truths upon the nations rise —
They rise, but never set.

3 Let everlasting thanks be thine
For such a bright display :
It makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

4 My soul rejoices to pursue
The paths of truth and love, 163

the works and wonders which they wrought
 confirmed the messages they brought ;
 Their pens the sacred truth record,
 That distant times may read the word.

3 Great God ! mine eyes with pleasure look
 On the blest volume of thy book :
 There my Redeemer's face I see,
 And read his name who died for me.

4 Let the false raptures of the mind
 Be lost, and vanish in the wind :
 Here I can fix my hope secure —
 This is thy word, and must endure.

186.

C. M.

WATTS.

Instruction from the Scriptures. Ps. 119.

1 How shall the young secure their hearts
 And guard their lives from sin ?
 Thy word the choicest rules imparts
 To keep the conscience clean.

2 When once it enters to the mind,
 It spreads such light abroad,
 The meanest souls instruction find,
 And raise their thoughts to God.

3 'Tis, like the sun, a heavenly light
 That guides us all the day ;
 And, through the dangers of the night,
 A lamp to lead our way.

4 The starry heavens thy rule obey ;
 The earth maintains her place ;
 And these, thy servants, night and day,
 Thy skill and power express.

5 But still thy law and gospel, Lord,
 Have lessons more divine ;

That holy book shall guide our journey,
And well support our age.

187.

L. M.

BEDDOE

The Scriptures a Pillar of Fire.

- 1 **WHEN** Israel through the desert passed,
A fiery pillar went before
To guide them through the dreary waste,
And lessen the fatigues they bore.
- 2 Such is thy glorious word, O God ;
'Tis for our light and guidance given ;
It sheds a lustre all abroad,
And points the path to bliss and heaven.
- 3 It fills the soul with sweet delight,
And quickens its inactive powers ;
It sets our wandering footsteps right,
Displays thy love, and kindles ours.
- 4 Its promises rejoice our hearts ;
Its doctrines are divinely true ;
Knowledge and pleasure it imparts ;

Forever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find —
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast ;
Sublimar sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.

4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around ;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

5 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight ;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

6 Divine Instructor ! gracious Lord !
Be thou forever near :
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Savior there.

189.

L. P. M.

*WATTS.

Verse of the Scriptures.

- 4 O may thy word those faults reveal
Which blind self-love may yet conceal,
And from presumptuous sins restrain :
Thus taught to use the book of grace,
We'll raise a grateful song of praise
That we possess it not in vain.

190.

C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

The Scriptures a Lamp to our Feet.

- 1 How precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given !
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.
- 2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts
In this dark vale of tears ;
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.
- 3 *This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.*

...is known ;
... in all its glory, shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

May this blest volume ever lie
Close to our heart and near our eye,
Till life's last hour our souls engage,
And be our chosen heritage.

3 Wisdom its dictates here imparts
To form our minds, to cheer our hearts ;
Its influence makes the sinner live,
And bids the drooping saint revive.

4 Here faith reveals to mortal eyes
A brighter world beyond the skies ;
It brings our future home to view,
And guides us all our journey through.

5 O grant us grace, almighty Lord,
To read and mark thy holy word ;
Its truths with meekness to receive,
And by its holy precepts live.



- 3 This is the field where hidden lies
 The pearl of price unknown ;
 Then blest is he who wisely tries
 To make that pearl his own.
- 4 Here living water gently flows
 To wash me from my sin ;
 Here the fair tree of knowledge grow
 Nor danger dwells therein.
- 5 This is the judge that ends the strife
 Where sense and reason fail ;
 My guide to everlasting life
 Through all this gloomy vale.
- 6 May thy wise counsels, O my God,
 These roving feet command ;
 And may I ne'er forsake the road
 That leads to thy right hand.

193.

L. M.

*SCOT

Inspiration and Preservation of the Scriptures

- 1 ETERNAL Spirit! 'twas thy breath
 The oracles of truth inspired,
 And kings and holy seers of old
 With strong prophetic impulse fired.
- 2 Filled with thy great, almighty power,
 Their lips with heavenly science flowed
 Their hands a thousand wonders wrought
 Which bore the signature of God.
- 3 With gladsome hearts, they spread the
 Of pardon through a Savior's blood,
 And to a numerous seeking crowd,
 Marked out the path to his abode.
- 4 The powers of earth and hell in vain
 Against the sacred word combine ;
 Thy providence, through every age,
 Securely guards the book divine.

its great author, source of light,
 its preserver, we adore;
 humbly ask a ray from thee
 sacred wonders to explore.

194.

L. M. 6l.

ANONYMOUS.

Prayer for the Spirit of God's Word.

1 **INSPIRER** of the ancient seers,
 Who wrote from thee the sacred page!
 The same through all succeeding years!
 To us, in our degenerate age,
 The Spirit of thy word impart,
 And breathe its life into our heart.

While now thine oracles we read,
 With earnest prayer and strong desire,
 O let thy truth from thee proceed
 Our souls to waken and inspire;
 Our weakness help, our darkness chase,
 And guide us by the light of grace.

3 Whene'er in error's paths we rove,
 And thee, our God, through sin forsake,
 Our conscience by thy word reprove,
 Convince, and bring us wanderers back,
 Deep wounded by thy Spirit's sword,
 And then by Gilead's balm restored.

4 The sacred lessons of thy grace,
 Transmitted through thy word, repeat,
 And train us up in all thy ways,
 And make us in thy will complete;
 Perfect thy work of saving love,
 And fit us for thy courts above.

5 Supplied from out thy treasury,
 O may we always ready stand
 To help the souls redeemed by thee,
 In what their various states demand;

eprove,
love.

WATTS.

Ps. 119.

word my choice,

powers rejoice,
s engage.

of thy love,
in sight,
omises I rove
elight.

f wealth unknown,
i life arise,
bliss are sown,
ry lies :

at mourners have,
orrows blest ;
beyond the grave,
ial rest.

WATTS.

C. M.

Scriptures. Ps. 119.

thy holy law !
my delight :

my meditations draw
dvce by night.

g eyes prevent the day,
itate thy word ;
ith longing melts away
: thy gospel, Lord.

How doth thy word my heart engage!
How well employ my tongue!
And in my tiresome pilgrimage
Yields me a heavenly song.

4 No treasures so enrich the mind;
Nor shall thy word be sold
For loads of silver well refined,
Nor heaps of choicest gold.

5 When nature sinks, and spirits droop,
Thy promises of grace
Are pillars to support my hope,
And there I write thy praise.

CHRIST, HIS LIFE, MINISTR CHARACTER, &c.

197.

L. M.

WATTS.

Christ foretold.

- 1 **BEHOLD** the woman's promised Seed !
Behold the great Messiah come !
Behold the prophets all agreed
To give him the superior room !
- 2 Abraham, the saint, rejoiced of old,
When visions of the Lord he saw ;
Moses, the man of God, foretold
This great Fulfiller of the law.
- 3 The types bore witness to his name,
Obtained their chief design, and ceased
The incense, and the bleeding lamb,
The ark, the altar, and the priest.
- 4 Predictions in abundance meet
To join their blessings on his head ;—
Jesus, we worship at thy feet ;
And nations own the promised Seed.

198.

C. M.

ANONYM

Christ's Coming foretold.

- 1 **BEHOLD** my servant ! see him rise
Exalted in my might !

... and judgment he shall show
To earth's remotest end.

- 3** Gentle and still shall be his voice ;
No threats from him proceed ;
The smoking flax he shall not quench,
Nor break the bruised reed.
- 4** The feeble spark to flames he'll raise ;
The weak he'll not despise ;
Judgment he shall bring forth to truth,
And make the fallen rise.
- 5** The progress of his zeal and power
Shall never know decline ;
And foreign lands, and distant isles,
Receive the law divine.

199.

H. M.

ANONYMOUS.

Christ's Birth.

- 1** HARK ! what celestial notes,
What melody, we hear !
Soft on the --

3 'Glory to God on high !
 Ye mortals, spread the sound,
 And let your raptures fly
 To earth's remotest bound !
 For peace on earth,
 From God in heaven, to man is given,
 At Jesus' birth.'

The Same.

- 1 WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by night,
 All seated on the ground,
 The angel of the Lord came down,
 And glory shone around.
- 2 'Fear not,' said he, (for mighty dread
 Had seized their troubled mind,)
 'Glad tidings of great joy I bring
 To you and all mankind.
- 3 'To you, in David's town, this day
 Is born, of David's line,
 A Savior, who is Christ the Lord ;
 And this shall be the sign :
- 4 'The heavenly Babe you there shall find,
 To human view displayed,
 All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,
 And in a manger laid.'
- 5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
 Appeared a shining throng
 Of angels, praising God, who thus
 Addressed their joyful song :
- 6 'All glory be to God on high,
 And to the earth be peace :
 Good will, henceforth, from heaven to men
 Begin, and never cease.'

201.

7s M.

ANONYMOUS.

The Same.

- 1** HARK ! the herald-angels sing
‘ Glory to the new-born King !
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
Man to God is reconciled.’
- 2** Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumphs of the skies ;
With th’ angelic hosts proclaim,
‘ Christ is born in Bethlehem.’
- 3** Mild, he lays his glories by ;
Born, that man no more may die ;
Born, to raise the sons of earth ;
Born, to give them second birth.
- 4** Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace !
Hail the Sun of Righteousness :
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings.

202.

C. M.

***WATTS.**

The Same.

- 1** ‘ SHEPHERDS ! rejoice, lift up your eyes,
And send your fears away ;
News from the regions of the skies —
Salvation’s born to-day.
- 2** ‘ Jesus, your Lord, whom angels fear,
Comes down to dwell with you ;
To-day he makes his entrance here,
But not as monarchs do.
- 3** ‘ No gold, nor purple swathing bands,
Nor royal shining things ;
A manger for his cradle stands,
And holds the King of kings.

203.

CHRIST, HIS LIFE, .

- 4 'Go, shepherds, where the infant lies,
And see his humble throne;
With tears of joy in all your eyes,
Go, shepherds, kiss the Son.'
- 5 Thus Gabriel sang, and straight around
The heavenly armies throng;
They tune their harps to lofty sound,
And thus conclude the song:
- 6 'Glory to God that reigns above;
Let peace surround the earth;
Mortals shall know their Maker's love
At their Redeemer's birth.'

203.

8s & 7s M.

*CAWOO

The Same.

- 1 HARK! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! th' angelic host rejoices;
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.
- 2 Listen to the wondrous story,—
Hear them chant, in hymns of joy,
'Glory in the highest,—glory!
Glory be to God most high.
- 3 'Peace on earth, good will from heaven
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven,—
Loud our golden harps shall sound.
- 4 'Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth his praises sing!
O receive whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest and King.'
- 5 Mortals, join! repeat the story;
Sing our great Redeemer's birth;
Spread the brightness of his glory
Till it cover all the earth.

MINISTRY, CHARACTER, &c. 204, 205.

204.

C. M.

MELODY.

The Same.

- 1 MORTALS, awake! with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay:
Joy, love, and gratitude combine
To hail th' auspicious day.
- 2 In heaven the rapturous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And strung and tuned the lyre.
- 3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo rolled;
The theme, the song, the joy was new,
'Twas more than heaven could hold.
- 4 Down through the portals of the sky
Th' impetuous torrent ran;
And angels flew, with eager joy,
To bear the news to man.
- 5 Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song;
Good-will and peace are heard throughout
Th' harmonious heavenly throng.
- 6 Hail, Prince of Life, forever hail!
Redeemer, Brother, Friend!
Though earth and time and life should fail,
Thy name shall praise thee to the end.

3 Join we then our voices
To the chorus of the sky ;
And, in songs of grateful praise,
Glory give to God on high.

206. 11s & 10s M. *HARRIS.

The Same.

- 1 **BRIGHTEST** and best of the sons of the morning
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid ;
Star of the East ! th' horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.
- 2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall ;
Angels adore him, in slumber reclining,
Monarch, Redeemer and Savior of all.
- 3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine ?
- 4 Vainly we offer each ampler oblation, —
Vainly with gifts would his favor secure ;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration, —
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.
- 5 *Brightest* and best of the sons of the morning !
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid ;
Star of the East ! th' horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

- Where the Redeemer lay.
- 2 But lo ! a brighter, clearer light
Now points to his abode ;
It shines through sin and sorrow's night,
To guide us to our Lord.
- 3 O haste to follow where it leads ;
The gracious call obey,
Be rugged wilds, or flowery meads,
The Christian's destined way.
- 4 O gladly tread the narrow path
While light and grace are given ;
We'll meekly follow Christ on earth,
And reign with him in heaven.

208.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE

Christ's Coming.

- 1 HARK, the glad sound ! the Savior comes,
The Savior promised long !
Let every heart

5 He comes, the broken heart to cure,
The bleeding soul to cure ;
And, with the treasures of his grace,
T' enrich the humble poor.

6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim ;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

209.

C. M.

WATTS

The Same. Ps. 98.

1 Joy to the world ! the Lord is come ;
Let earth receive her King :
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the earth, the Savior reigns ;
Let men their songs employ ;
Let ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~hills~~ ^{hills} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~plains~~ ^{plains}

MINISTRY, CHARACTER,

210.

C. P. M.

The Same.

- 1 O LET your mingling voi
In grateful rapture to the
And hail a Savior's bi
Let songs of joy the da
When Jesus all-triumph
To bless the sons of
- 2 He came to bid the w
To heal the sinner's w
To bind the broken
To spread the light o
And to the world's r
The heavenly gift
- 3 He came our tempt
From sin, from sor
And chase our f
Victorious over de
To lead us to a b
Where reigns
- 4 Then let your m
In grateful rapt
And hail a B
Let songs of j
When Jesus d
To bless the

211.

CHRIST, HIS LIFE,

- 2 Say to the nations, Jesus reigns,
God's own almighty Son;
His power the sinking world sustains,
And grace surrounds his throne.
- 3 Let heaven proclaim the joyful day,
Joy through the earth be seen;
Let cities shine in bright array,
And fields in cheerful green.
- 4 Let an unusual joy surprise
The islands of the sea.
Ye mountains, sink; ye valleys, rise,
Prepare the Lord his way.
- 5 Behold, he comes! he comes to bless
The nations from their God;
To show the world his righteousness,
And send his truth abroad.

The Voice of One crying in the Wilderness.

- 1 A VOICE from the desert comes awful and:
The Lord is advancing! prepare ye the
The word of Jehovah he comes to fulfil,
And o'er the dark world pour the splen
day.
Down the proud mountain, though
on high.

10.

C. M.

WATTS

John the Herald of Christ.

JOHN was the prophet of the Lord
To go before his face ;
The herald which the Prince of Peace
Sent to prepare his ways.

2 ' Behold the Lamb of God,' he cries,

' That takes our guilt away ;
I saw the Spirit o'er his head
On his baptizing day.

3 ' Be every vale exalted high,

Sink every mountain low ;
The proud must stoop, and humble souls
Shall his salvation know.

4 ' The heathen realms with Israel's land

Shall join in sweet accord ;
And all that's born of man shall see
The glory of the Lord.

5 ' Behold the Morning Star arise,

Ye that in darkness sit ;
He marks the path that leads to peace,
And guides our doubtful feet.'

214.

L. M.

BOWRING.

Christ teaching the People.

1 How sweetly flowed the gospel's sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When listening thousands gathered round ;
And joy and reverence filled the place.

2 From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his followers' way ;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

- 3 'Come, wanderers, to my Father's home,
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest !'
Yes, sacred teacher, we will come,
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.
- 4 Decay, then, tenements of dust !
Pillars of earthly pride, decay !
A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus has prepared the way.

Christ's Character.

- 1 WITH warm delight and grateful joy
Let all our best affections move,
When we on Christ our thoughts employ,
On him, whom, though unseen, we love.
- 2 How bright a pattern, and how pure,
Hath he in all things kindly given,
To make our path of duty sure,
And guide our wandering steps to heaven
- 3 What constancy, what pious zeal,
To do his heavenly Father's will,
His law and mercy to reveal,
And his all-gracious plans fulfil !
- 4 In all, with gratitude we view
The steady purpose of his soul
Our worldly passions to subdue,
And all the powers of sin control.
- 5 Father of all ! his God and ours !
Accept the humble, joyful praise,
Which, with our soul's united powers,
For thy rich grace through him, we raise

II, CHARACTER, &c. 216, 217.

C. M.

ENFIELD.

The Son.

where in a mortal form
each grace divine !
all in Jesus met,
kindest radiance shine.

the rays of heavenly light,
the mourner joy,
glad tidings to the poor,
divine employ.

a reproach and cruel scorn
and meek he stood !
ungrateful, sought his life ;
yet for their good.

left his righteous cause,
his task pursued ;
his prayer and holy faith
his strength renewed.

hour of deep distress,
in Father's throne,
resigned, he bowed, and said,
" It, not mine, be done ! "

our pattern and our guide !
so may we bear !
tread his holy steps,
and glory share !

L. M.

ANONYMOUS.

See how he loved.

loved ! " exclaimed the Jews,
as from Jesus fell ;
part the thought pursues,
none delights to dwell.

- 2 See how he loved, — who travelled on
Teaching the doctrine from the skies ;
Who bade disease and pain be gone,
And called the sleeping dead to rise.
- 3 See how he loved, — who, firm yet mild,
Patient endured the scoffing tongue ;
Though oft provoked, he ne'er reviled,
Nor did his greatest foe a wrong.
- 4 See how he loved, — who never shrank
From toil or danger, pain or death ;
Who all the cup of sorrow drank,
And meekly yielded up his breath.
- 5 See how he loved, — who died for man,
Who labored thus, and thus endured,
To finish all the gracious plan
Which life and heaven to man secured.
- 6 Such love can we unmoved survey ?
O may our breasts with ardor glow
To tread his steps, his laws obey,
And thus our warm affections show !

Christ's Miracles.

- 1 JESUS, and didst thou condescend,
When veiled in human clay,
To heal the sick, the lame, the blind,
And drive disease away ?
- 2 Didst thou regard the beggar's cry,
And give the blind to see ? —
Jesus, thou Son of David, hear —
Have mercy, too, on me !
- 3 And didst thou pity mortal woe,
And sight and health restore ? —
O pity, Lord, and save my soul,
Which needs thy mercy more !

MINISTRY, CHARACTER, &c. 219, 220.

- 4 Didst thou thy trembling servant raise,
When sinking in the wave? —
I perish, Lord! — O save my soul!
For thou alone canst save.

219.

L. M.

BUTCHER.

The Same.

- 1 **WHAT** works of wisdom, power, and love,
Do Jesus' high commission prove,
Attest his heaven-derived claim,
And glorify his Father's name!
- 2 On eyes that never saw the day
He pours the bright celestial ray;
And deafened ears, by him unbound,
Catch all the harmony of sound.
- 3 Lameness takes up its bed, and goes
Rejoicing in the strength that flows
Through every nerve; and, free from pain,
Pours forth to God the grateful strain.
- 4 The shattered mind his word restores,
And tunes afresh the mental powers;
The dead revive, to life return,
And bid affection cease to mourn.
- 5 Canst thou, my soul, these wonders trace,
And not admire Jehovah's grace?
Canst thou behold thy Prophet's power,
And not the God he served adore?

220.

L. M.

***WATTS.**

Christ's Miracles a Proof of his Mission.

- 1 **BEHOLD**, the blind their sight receive!
Behold, the dead awake and live!
*The dumb speak wonders! and the lame
Leap like the hart, and bless his name!*

221.

CHRIST, HIS LIFE,

- 2 Thus doth th' eternal spirit own
And seal the mission of his Son ;
The Father vindicates his cause,
While he hangs bleeding on the cross.
- 3 He dies ! the heavens in mourning stood ;
He rises, and appears with God :
Behold the Lord ascending high,
No more to bleed, no more to die.
- 4 Hence and forever from my heart
I bid my doubts and fears depart,
And to those hands my soul resign
Which bear credentials so divine.

221.

L. M.

*DODDRIDGE.

Christ's Transfiguration.

- 1 WHEN at a distance, Lord, we trace
The various glories of thy face,
What transport pours through all our breast,
And charms our cares and woes to rest !
- 2 Away, ye dreams of mortal joy ;
Raptures divine my thoughts employ ;
I see the King of Glory shine,
And feel his love, and call him mine.
- 3 On Tabor, thus his servants viewed
His lustre, when transformed he stood ;
And, bidding earthly scenes farewell,
Cried, ' Lord, 'tis pleasant here to dwell.'
- 4 Yet still our elevated eyes
To nobler visions long to rise ;
That grand assembly would we join
Where all thy saints around thee shine :
- 5 That mount, how bright ! those forms, how fair !
'Tis good to dwell forever there !
And death, the envoy of our God,
Shall bear us to that blest abode

With wider, fuller symphonies,
Till all the earth's unnumbered throng
Unite to swell the choral song :

- 5 ' Hosanna in the highest strains !
The mighty Son of David reigns !
All praise to him on earth be given,
And glory crown the song in heaven ! '

223.

C. M.

MRS. BARBAULI

Christ's new Command to his Disciples.

- 1 BEHOLD where, breathing love divine,
Our dying Master stands !
His weeping followers, gathering round,
Receive his last commands.
- 2 From that mild Teacher's parting lips
What tender accents tell !
The gentle precept which he gave
Became its Author well !

Next is the man
 Feels all another's pain,
 To whom the supplicating eye
 Was never raised in vain;
 Whose breast expands with generous warmth
 A stranger's woe to feel,
 And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
 He wants the power to heal.
 5 'Peace from the bosom of his God,
 My peace to him I give;
 And when he kneels before his throne,
 His trembling soul shall live.
 6 'To him protection shall be shown;
 And mercy from above
 Descend on those who thus fulfil
 The perfect law of love.'

—RICHARDS.

224.

C. P. M.
 Christ in the Garden.
 And down by mighty woe,
 — all below

The Crucifixion.

- 1 THE morning dawns upon the place
Where Jesus spent the night in prayer :
Through yielding glooms behold his face, —
Nor form nor comeliness is there.
- 2 Last eve, by those he called his own
Betrayed, forsaken, or denied,
He met his enemies alone,
In all their malice, rage, and pride.
- 3 No guile within his mouth is found ;
He neither threatens nor complains ;
Meek as a lamb for slaughter bound,
Dumb midst his murd'ers he remains.
- 4 But hark ! — he prays, — 'tis for his foes ;
He speaks, — 'tis comfort to his friends ;
Answers, — and paradise bestows ;
He bows his head ; the conflict ends.

226, 227.

CHRIST, HIS LIFE,

**5 Truly this was the Son of God !
— Though in a servant's mean disguise,
And bruised beneath his Father's rod,
Not for himself, — for man, he dies.**

226.

C. M.

S. STENNETT

The Same.

**1 YONDER — amazing sight ! — I see
Th' incarnate Son of God
Expiring on th' accursed tree,
And weltering in his blood.**

**2 Behold a purple torrent run
Down from his hands and head !
The crimson tide puts out the sun ;
His groans awake the dead.**

**3 The trembling earth, the darkened sky,
Proclaim the truth aloud,
And with th' amazed centurion cry,
' This is the Son of God.'**

**4 So great — so vast a sacrifice
May well my hope revive :
If God's own Son thus bleeds and dies,
The sinner sure may live.**

**5 O that these cords of love divine
Might draw me, Lord, to thee !
Thou hast my heart, it shall be thine —
Thine it shall ever be !**

227.

L. M.

MRS. STEELE.

The Same.

**1 STRETCHED on the cross, the Savior dies ;
Hark ! his expiring groans arise !
See, from his hands, his feet, his side,
Runs down the sacred crimson tide !**

But life attends the deathful sound,
And flows from every bleeding wound;
The vital stream, how free it flows,
To save and cleanse his rebel foes!

3 And didst thou bleed? — for sinners bleed?
And could the sun behold the deed?
No! he withdrew his sickening ray,
And darkness veiled the mourning day.

4 Can I survey this scene of woe,
Where mingling grief and wonder flow,
And yet my heart unmoved remain,
Insensible to love or pain?

5 Come, dearest Lord! thy grace impart,
To warm this cold, this stupid heart,
Till all its powers and passions move
In melting grief and ardent love.

228.

C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

'It is finished.'

1 BEHOLD the Savior on the cross,
A spectacle of woe!
See from his agonizing wounds
The blood incessant flow —

2 Till death's pale ensigns o'er his cheek
And trembling lips were spread;
Till light forsook his closing eyes,
And life his drooping head.

3 'Tis finished — was his latest voice:
These sacred accents o'er,
He bowed his head, gave up the ghost,
And suffered pain no more.

4 'Tis finished — the Messiah dies
For sins, but not his own;
The great redemption is complete,
And death is overthrown.

228.

CHRIST, HIS LIFE,

- 5 'Tis finished — all his groans are past;
His blood, his pain and toils
Have fully vanquished all our foes,
And crowned him with their spoils.
- 6 'Tis finished — ritual worship ends,
And gospel ages run;
All old things now are passed away,
A new world is begun.

*STERNETT.

229.

L. M.

THE SAME.

- 1 'Tis finished! so the Savior cried,
And meekly bowed his head, and died:
'Tis finished — yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the victory won.
- 2 'Tis finished — all that Heaven decreed,
And all the ancient prophets said,
Is now fulfilled, as was designed,
In me, the Savior of mankind.
- 3 'Tis finished — this my dying groan
Shall sins of every kind atone;
Millions shall be redeemed from death
By this my last, expiring breath.
- 4 'Tis finished — man is reconciled,
And all the powers of darkness
Peace, love, and happiness again
Return and dwell with sinful men.
- 5 'Tis finished — let the joyful song
Be heard by all the nations round
'Tis finished — let the echo fly
Through earth below. and w

230. 8s 7s & 4s M. ANONYMOUS.

The Same.

- 1 **HARK!** the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary!
See! it rends the rocks asunder —
Shakes the earth — and veils the sky!
‘It is finished!’
Hear the dying Savior cry!
- 2 ‘It is finished!’ — O, what pleasure
Do these sacred words afford!
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us through Christ the Lord!
‘It is finished!’ —
Saints, the dying words record!
- 3 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All in earth and heaven, uniting,
Join to praise Immanuel’s name:
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

231. L. M. WATTS

Christ dying, rising, and reigning.

- 1 **HE** dies! the Friend of sinners dies!
Lo, Salem’s daughters weep around!
A solemn darkness veils the skies!
A sudden trembling shakes the ground!
- 2 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
For those who groaned beneath your load:
For those who groaned for you —

232.

CHRIST, HIS LIFE,

But lo, what sudden joys we see !
Jesus, the dead, revives again !

- 4 The rising Lord forsakes the tomb —
The tomb in vain forbids his rise ;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies !
- 5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great Deliverer reigns ;
Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the monster Death in chains.
- 6 Say, ' Live forever, wondrous King,
Born to redeem, and strong to save ;'
Then ask the monster, ' Where's thy sting ?
And where's thy victory, boasting grave ?'

232.

7s M.

ANONYMOUS.

Christ rising and ascending. Ps. 24.

- 1 ANGELS, roll the rock away ;
Death, yield up thy mighty prey :
See ! he rises from the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom.
Hallelujah, &c.

- 2 'Tis the Savior ! angels, raise
Fame's eternal trump of praise ;
Let the earth's remotest bound
Hear the joy-inspiring sound.
Hallelujah, &c.

- 3 Now, ye saints, lift up your eyes,
Now to glory see him rise
In long triumph up the sky,
Up to waiting worlds on high.
Hallelujah, &c.

... ye heavenly choirs,
Praise, and sweep your golden lyres;
Shout, O earth, in rapturous song!
Let the strains be sweet and strong.
Hallelujah, &c.

6 Every note with wonder swell, —
Sin o'erthrown, and captived hell:
Where is hell's once dreaded king?
Where, O death, thy mortal sting?
Hallelujah, &c.

233.

L. M.

RAFFLES.

'Abide with us.'

- 1 ABIDE with us — the evening shades
Begin already to prevail;
And, as the lingering twilight fades,
Dark clouds along th' horizon sail.
- 2 Abide with us — the night is chill,
And damp and cheerless is the air.
Re-ent-

With radiant glory on his head :

234.

L. M.

A

Christ risen and ascending. Ps.

- 1 **OUR** Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high ;
The powers of hell are captive le
Dragged to the portals of the sky
- 2 There his triumphal chariot waits
And angels chant the solemn lay
' Lift up your heads, ye heavenly
Ye everlasting doors, give way !'
- 3 Loose all your bars of massive li
And wide unfold the radiant scen

235.

7s M.

ANONYMOUS.

Christ is risen.

- 1 'CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day,'
Sons of men and angels say;
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Sing, ye heavens, and, earth, reply.
- 2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle's won;
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er,
Lo! he sets in blood no more.
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,—
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids his rise,
Christ hath opened paradise.
- 4 Lives again our glorious King;
'Where, O death, is now thy sting?'
Once he died our souls to save—
'Where's thy victory, boasting grave?'
- 5 Hail the Lord of earth and heaven!
Praise to thee by both be given.
Thee we greet, triumphant now;
Hail! the Resurrection—Thou.

236.

C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

'Crown him Lord of all.'

CHRIST, HIS LIFE,

Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go — spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.
Babes, men, and sires, who know his love,
Who feel your sin and thrall,
Now join with all the hosts above,
And crown him Lord of all.
Let every kindred, every tribe
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.
O that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

37.

L. M.

***MEDLEY.**

Praise for his Loving-kindness.

WAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise:
He justly claims a song from me —
His loving-kindness, O, how free!
He saw me dead in sin and thrall,
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate —
His loving-kindness, O, how great!
Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along —
His loving-kindness, O, how strong!
When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Was gathered thick and thundered loud,
Near my soul has always stood —
His loving-kindness, O, how good!

On shall I pass the gloomy vale,
 On all my mortal powers must fail ;
 May my last expiring breath
 His loving-kindness sing in death !
 Then let me mount and soar away
 To the bright world of endless day,
 And sing with rapture and surprise
 His loving-kindness in the skies.

238.

S. M.

HAMMOND.

The Song of Moses and the Lamb.

- 1 AWAKE, and sing the song
 Of Moses and the Lamb !
 Wake every heart and every tongue
 To praise the Savior's name !
- 2 Sing of his dying love —
 Sing of his rising power —
 Sing how he intercedes above
 For us, whose sins he bore.
- 3 Sing, till we feel our heart
 Ascending with our tongue ;
 Sing, till the love of sin depart,
 And grace inspire our song.
- 4 Sing on your heavenly way,
 Ye ransomed sinners — sing ;
 Sing on, rejoicing every day
 In Christ, th' eternal King.
- 5 Soon shall we hear him say,
 ' Ye blessed children, come ! '
 Soon will he call us hence away
 To our eternal home.
- 6 There shall our raptured tongue
 His endless praise proclaim,
 And sweeter voices tune the song
 Of Moses and the Lamb !

Outshines the wonders of the skies.

- 5 Grace 'tis a sweet, a charming theme;
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name;
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound;
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground!
- 6 O may I live to reach the place
Where he unveils his lovely face;
Where all his beauties you behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold!

240.

C. M.

WARR

Christ worthy to be exalted.

- 1 COME*, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues
But all their joys are one.

204

honor and power divine ;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.

5 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb !

241.

L. M.

ANONYMOUS.

Universal Praise to Christ.

1 WORTHY the Lamb of boundless sway.
In earth and heaven the Lord of
Ye princes, rulers

Crowns become the
2 Hark ! — those bursts
Hark ! — those loud
Jesus takes the highest
Oh, what joy the sign
Crown him ! crown
King of kings, and

243.

L. M.

Christ exalted as Prince

- 1 EXALTED Prince of peace,
The royal honors of thy throne
'Tis fixed by God's eternal decree
And seraphs bow at thy feet
- 2 Exalted Savior, we confess
The sovereign triumph of thy cross
Where beams of gentleness and love
And temper majesty and power
- 3 Wide thy resistless scepter
Till all thine enemies are slain
Wide may thy cross be glorified
And conquer millions of sinners
- 4 Mighty to vanquish, and to save
Thine Israel shall repeat thy name
And loud proclaim thy glorious works
Which work their lives and loves

MINISTRY, CHARACTER, &c. 244, 245.

244. 6s & 4s. M. ANONYMOUS.

'Worthy the Lamb.'

- 1 GLORY to God on high!
Let earth and skies reply, —
Praise ye his name!
His love and grace adore
Who all our sorrows bore;
Sing aloud evermore,
Worthy the Lamb!
- 2 Join, all ye ransomed race,
Our holy Lord to bless;
Praise ye his name;
In him we will rejoice,
And make a joyful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice,
Worthy the Lamb!
- 3 What though we change our place,
Yet we shall never cease
Praising his name;
To him our songs we bring,
Hail him our gracious King,
And without ceasing sing,
Worthy the Lamb!

245. H. M. M.

CHRIST, HIS LIFE,

2 Great Prophet of my God,
My tongue would bless thy name:
By thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came —
The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of death subdued, and peace with heaven.

3 Be thou my Counsellor,
My patron and my guide,
And through this desert land
Still keep me near thy side.
O let my feet ne'er run astray;
Nor rove nor seek the crooked way.

4 I love my Shepherd's voice,
His watchful eyes shall keep
My wandering soul among
The thousands of his sheep;
He feeds his flock, he calls their names,
His bosom bears the tender lambs.

5 My Master and my Lord,
My Conqueror and my King,
Thy sceptre, and thy sword,
Thy reigning grace, I sing.
Thine is the power; behold, I sit
In willing bonds beneath thy feet.

B. BRANT

246.

L. M.
The Same.

1 A KING shall reign in righteousness,
And all the kindred nations bless;
He's King of Salem, King of peace,
Nor shall his spreading kingdom cease.
2 In him the naked soul shall find
A hiding-place from chilling wind;
Or, when the raging tempests beat
A covert warm, a safe retreat.

...y, grace, and majesty ;
ears shall hearken, and obtain
he words of life from Christ the Lamb.

247.

C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

Christ the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

- 1 **THOU** art the Way—to thee alone
From sin and death we flee ;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.
- 2 **Thou** art the Truth—thy word alone
True wisdom can impart ;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.
- 3 **Thou** art the Life—the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm,
And those who put their trust in thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.
- 4 **Thou** art the Way, the Truth the Life
Grant us the same.

The pure, the ever-living
The lamp that shines e'en in the to
The light that out of darkness spru
And guideth those that blindly go ;
The word whose precious radiance
Its lustre upon all below.

3 Thou art the Life — the blessed W
With living waters gushing o'er,
Which those that drink shall ever
Where sin and thirst are known n
Thou art the mystic pillar given,
Our lamp by night, our light by d:
Thou art the sacred bread from h
Thou art the Life — the Truth —

219.

S. M.

A

250.

C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

The Same.

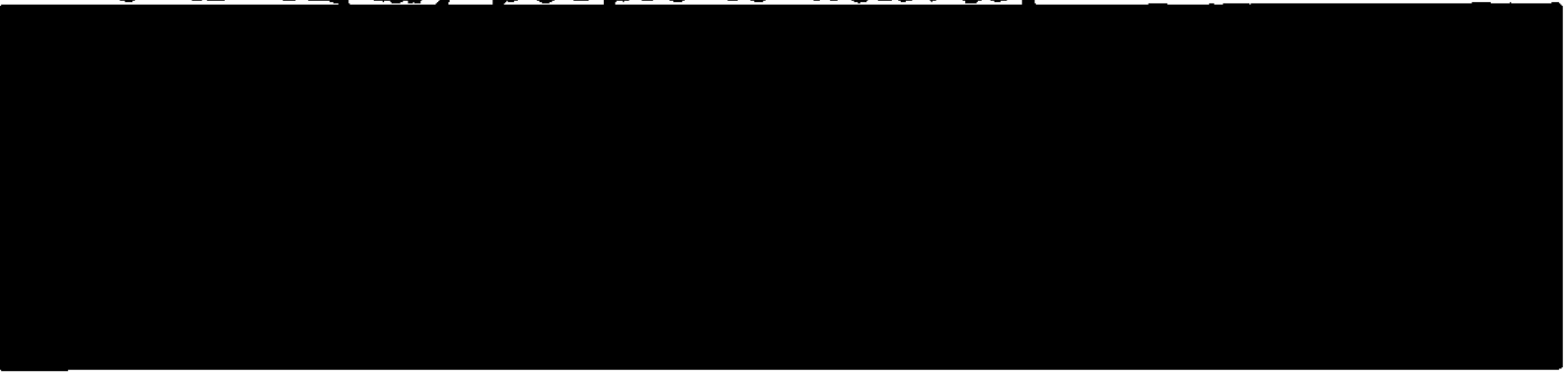
- 1 To us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given ;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him, all the hosts of heaven.
- 2 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
Forevermore adored,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The great and mighty Lord.
- 3 His power increasing still shall spread ;
His reign no end shall know ;
Justice shall guard his throne above,
And peace abound below.
- 4 To us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given —
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The mighty Lord of heaven.

251.

8s & 7s M.

HART.

The Same.

- 1 COME, thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free ;
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in thee.
 - 2 Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the saints thou art ;
Dear desire of every nation,
Joy of every waiting heart.
 - 3 Born thy people to deliver,
- 

252, 253.

CHRIST, HIS LIFE,

- 4 By thine own eternal spirit
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all-sufficient merit
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

Anonymous.

252.

C. M.

The Same.

- 1 THE race that long in darkness pined
Have seen a glorious light;
The people dwell in day, who dwell
In death's surrounding night.
2 To hail thy rise, thou better Sun,
The gathering nations come
Joyous, as when the reapers bear
The harvest treasures home.
3 To us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him, all the hosts of heaven.
4 His name shall be the Prince of Peace
Whose rule shall stretch abroad,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The great and mighty Lord.
5 His power increasing still shall spread
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard his throne above
And peace abound below.

C. M.

The Same.

253.

- 1 OUR Lord shall be our hide
A covert from the storm;
And, by the riches of his
Secure from every bar

- a weary land,
Is Jesus to his fainting flock —
He guards them with his hand.
- 4** Clearness of sight he will bestow,
 Our dimness take away,
And make us all his goodness know
In an eternal day.
- 5** There we shall hear the joyful sound,
 Salvation in the Lord ;
And on the fair celestial ground
Our thankful songs record.

254. **C. M.** **ANONYMOUS**

A Name above every Name.

- 1** **JESUS !** exalted far on high,
 To whom a name is given, —
A name surpassing every name
That's known in earth or heaven !
- 2** **Before thy throne shall every knee**
Bow down —

53.

74 M.

Our Comforter.

- 1 Jesus, comforter divine;
Consolations, Lord, are thine;
 Mightest comforts, full of good,
 Worthy of the living God.
- 2 Thou shalt wipe all tears away
 Mid the blessed realms of day;
 Thou shalt hush each rising sigh;
 Sorrow, pain, and death, shall die.
- 3 Highest praises wait thy name,
 Great unchanging, glorious same;
 Jesus, comforter divine;
 Praises, praises, Lord, be thine.

Manly.

256.

L. M.

The Same.

- 1 Come, ye who know the Savior's love,
 And his indulgent mercies prove,
 In cheerful songs his praise express,
 For he'll not leave you comfortless.
- 2 He ever acts the Savior's part,
 With strong compassions in his heart;
 The least and weakest saint he'll bless,
 Nor will he leave him comfortless.
- 3 His wisdom, goodness, power, and care,
 They largely, sweetly, daily share;
 He will their every fear suppress,
 Nor will he leave them comfortless.
- 4 While they sojourners are below,
 And travel through this world of woe,
 In storms and floods of deep distress
 He will not leave them comfortless.

MINISTRY, CHARACTER, &c. 257, 258.

- 5 So when they pass death's gloomy vale,
And flesh and mortal powers shall fail,
Their dying lips shall then confess,
He does not leave them comfortless.
- 6 Thanks to thy name, our dearest Lord,
For every promise in thy word;
But, O, with this our hearts impress,
'I will not leave you comfortless.'

257.

L. M.

Watts.

The Corner-Stone. Ps. 118.

- 1 Lo! what a glorious corner-stone
The Jewish builders did refuse;
But God hath built his church thereon,
In spite of envy and the Jews.
- 2 Great God! the work is all divine,
The joy and wonder of our eyes;
This is the day that proves it thine,
The day that saw our Savior rise.
- 3 Sinners rejoice, and saints be glad;
Hosanna! let his name be blest!
A thousand honors on his head,
With peace, and light, and glory rest!
- 4 In God's own name he comes to bring
Salvation to our dying race;
Let the whole church address their king
With hymns of praise, and songs of grace.

259.

CHRIST, HIS LIFE,

- 2** Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
And saints adore the name;
They trust their whole salvation here,
Nor shall they suffer shame.
- 3** The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
Reject it with disdain;
Yet on this Rock the church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.
- 4** What though the gates of hell withstood,
Yet must this building rise:
'Tis thine own work, almighty God,
And wondrous in our eyes.

259.

S. M.

WATTS.

The Same. Ps. 118.

- 1** SEE what a living stone
The builders did refuse;
Yet God hath built his church thereon,
In spite of envious Jews.
- 2** The scribe and angry priest
Reject thine only Son;
Yet on this Rock shall Zion rest,
As the chief corner-stone.
- 3** The work, O Lord, is thine,
And wondrous in our eyes;
This day declares it all divine,
This day did Jesus rise.
- 4** This is the glorious day
That our Redeemer made;
Let us rejoice, and sing, and pray —
Let all the church be glad.
- 5** Hosanna to the king
Of David's royal blood!
Bless him, ye saints: he comes to bring
Salvation from your God.

6 We bless thine holy word,
Which all this grace displays ;
And offer on thine altar, Lord,
Our sacrifice of praise.

260.

P. M.

*NEWTON.

Our Friend.

- 1 **ONE** there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of friend ;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end :
They who once his kindness prove
Find it everlasting love.
- 2 Which, of all our friends, to save us,
Could, or would have shed his blood ?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in him to God :
This was boundless love indeed !
Jesus is a Friend in need.
- 3 When he lived on earth ill-treated,
Friend of sinners was his name ;
Now, above all glory seated,
He rejoices in the same :
Still he calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.
- 4 O, for grace, our hearts to soften !

261.

C. M.

Our Head.

- 1 JESUS, I sing thy matchless grace
That calls a worm thy own;
Gives me among thy saints a place,
To make thy glories known.
- 2 Allied to thee our vital head,
We live, and grow, and thrive;
From thee divided, each is dead
When most he seems alive.
- 3 Thy saints on earth and those above
Here join in sweet accord;
One body all in mutual love,
And thou our common Lord.
- 4 O, may my faith each hour derive
Thy spirit with delight,
While death and hell in vain shall strive
This bond to disunite.
- 5 Thou the whole body wilt present
Before thy Father's face;
Nor shall a wrinkle or a spot
Its beautiful form disgrace.

262.

C. M.

Our High Priest.

Watts

- 1 WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.
- 2 Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptation
For he has felt the same.

And he poured out his cries and tears,
And in his measure feels afresh
What every member bears.
5 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame;
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.
6 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power;
We shall obtain delivering grace
In the distressing hour.

263.

L. M.

MASSO:

The Image of the Invisible God.

1 THOU, Lord! by mortal eyes unseen,
And by thine offspring here unknown,
To manifest thyself to men,
Hast set thine image in them.

265.

CHRIST, HIS LIFE,

- Yet those who trusted in his name
Behold in him thy truth and grace.
5 O thou! at whose almighty word
Fair light at first from darkness shone,
Teach us to know our glorious Lord,
And trace the Father in the Son.
6 While we, thine image there displayed,
With love and admiration view,
Form us in likeness to our Head,
That we may bear thine image too.

*Doddridge.

264.

L. M.

Immutabile.

- 1 WITH transport, Lord, our souls proclaim
Th' immortal honors of thy name;
Assembled round our Savior's throne,
We make his ceaseless glories known.
2 Through all succeeding ages he
The same hath been, the same shall be;
Immortal radiance gilds his head,
While stars and suns wax old and fade.
3 The same his power his flock to guard;
The same his bounty to reward;
The same his faithfulness and love
To saints on earth, and saints above.
4 Let nature change, and sink, and die,
Jesus shall raise his people high,
And fix them near his stable throne,
In glory changeless as his own.

L. M.

R. T.

265.

The Universal King.

- 1 COME, sing a Savior's power,
And praise his mighty name

His wondrous love adore,
And chant his growing fame.
Wide o'er the world a king shall reign,
And righteousness and peace maintain.

2 The sceptre of his grace
He shall forever wield;
His foes, before his face,
To strength divine shall yield:
The conquest of his truth shall show
What an almighty arm can do.

3 His alienated sons,
By sin beguiled, betrayed,
Shall then be born at once,
And willing subjects made:
Such numbers shall his courts adorn
As dew-drops of the vernal morn.

4 His realm shall ever stand,
By liberal things upheld;
And from his bounteous hand
All hearts with joy be filled.
A universe with praise shall own
The countless honors of his throne.

266.

8s & 7s M.

ANONYMOUS.

The Light of the World.

1 LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death!
Rise on us, thyself revealing,—
Rise, and chase the clouds beneath.

2 Thou, the light of every creature,
In our deepest darkness rise;
Scatter all the night of nature,
Pour the day upon our eyes.

221

267.

CHRIST, HIS LIFE,

- 3** Still we wait for thine appearing ;
Life and joy thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every meek and contrite heart.
- 4** Save us in thy great compassion,
O thou prince of peace and love !
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Fix our hearts on things above.
- 5** By thine all-sufficient merit
Every burdened soul release ;
Every weary, wandering spirit
Guide into thy perfect peace.

267.

7s M.

ANONYMOUS

Our Refuge.

- 1** JESUS ! Savior of my soul,
Let me to thy shelter fly,
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high ;
Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life is past ;
Safe into the haven guide ;
O, receive my soul at last.
- 2** Other refuge have I none ;
Helpless hangs my soul on thee ;
Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me :
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring ;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.
- 3** Thou, O Christ, art all I want ;
All in all in thee I find :
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
222

MINISTRY, CHARACTER, &c. 268, 269.

Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to pardon all our sin ;
Let the healing streams abound :
Make and keep us pure within.

268.

C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

God's Servant.

- 1** **THUS** saith the Lord who built the heavens,
And bade the planets roll,
Who peopled all the climes of earth,
And formed the human soul : —
- 2** ‘ Behold my Servant ; see him rise
Exalted in my might ;
Him have I chosen, and in him
I place supreme delight.
- 3** ‘ On him, in rich effusion poured,
My spirit shall descend ;
My truth and judgment he shall show
To earth's remotest end.
- 4** ‘ The progress of his zeal and power
Shall never know decline,
Till foreign lands and distant isles
Receive the law divine.’

269.

S. M.

MRS. STEELE.

Our Shepherd. Ps. 23.

- 1** **WHILE** my Redeemer's near,
My shepherd and my guide,
I bid farewell to anxious fear ;
My wants are all supplied.
- 2** **To** ever-fragrant meads
Where rich abundance grows,

His gracious hand indulgent leads,
And guards my sweet repose.

3 Along the lovely scene
Cool waters gently roll,
Transparent, sweet, and all serene,
To cheer my fainting soul.

4 Here let my spirit rest ;
How sweet a lot is mine !
With pleasure, food, and safety, blast ;
Beneficence divine !

5 Dear Shepherd, if I stray,
My wandering feet restore ,
To thy fair pastures guide my way,
And let me rove no more.

6 Unworthy as I am
Of thy protecting care,
Jesus, I plead thy gracious name,
For all my hopes are there.

The Morning Star.

1 Ye worlds of light, that roll so near
The Savior's throne of shining bliss,
O tell how mean your glories are—
How faint and few, compared with his !

2 We sing the bright and morning Star,
Jesus, the spring of light and love :
See, how its rays, diffused from far,
Conduct us to the realms above !

3 Its cheering beams, spread wide abroad,
Point out the wildered Christian's way :
Still, as he goes, he finds the road,
Enlightened with a constant day.

MINISTRY, CHARACTER, &c. 271, 272.

- 4 Thus, when the eastern wise men brought
Their royal gifts, a star appears —
Directs them to the babe they sought,
And guides their steps, and calms their fears.
5 When shall we reach the heavenly place
Where this bright star shall brightest shine?
Leave far behind these scenes of night,
And view a lustre so divine?

271.

7s M.

*ANONYMOUS.

Jacob's Star.

- 1 Sons of men, behold from far,
Hail the long-expected star!
Jacob's star, that gilds the night,
Guiding wildered men aright.
2 Mild it shines on all beneath,
Piercing through the shades of death,
Scattering error's wide-spread night,
Kindling darkness into light.
3 Nations all, remote and near,
Haste to see your Lord appear;
Haste, for him your hearts prepare,
Meet him manifested there!
4 There behold the day-spring rise,
Pouring light on mortal eyes;
See it chase the shades away,
Shedding life and glory on the day.

MINISTRY, CHARACTER, &c. 274, 275.

274. C. M. BADDOCK.

Imitating Christ in Duties and Sufferings.

In duties and in sufferings too,
Thy path, my Lord, I'd trace;
As thou hast done so would I do,
Depending on thy grace.

Inflamed with zeal, 'twas thy delight
To do thy Father's will;
O may that zeal my soul excite
Thy precepts to fulfil

Meekness humbly, and love,
Through all thy conduct shine;
O may my whole deportment prove
A copy, Lord, of thine.

275. L. M. MRS. STEELE.

Christ our Example.

AND is the gospel peace and love?
So let our conversation be,
The serpent blended with the dove,
Wisdom and meek simplicity.

Whene'er the angry passions rise
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,
To Jesus let us lift our eyes,
Bright pattern of the Christian life!

- Ye -
Your Re-
Watch with him.
Turn not from his gr-
Learn of Jesus Christ to p-.
- 2 Follow to the judgment-hall,
View the Lord of life arraigned.
O the wormwood and the gall!
O the pangs his soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame or loss;
Learn of him to bear the cross.
- 3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, admiring at his feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete:
'It is finished,' hear him cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.
- 4 Early hasten to the tomb
Where they laid his breathless clay
All is solitude and gloom;
— Who has taken him away?
Christ is risen; he meets our ev-
 Savior, teach us so to rise.

MINISTRY, CHARACTER, &c. 277, 278.

277.

L. M.

*H. HALLOW.

Christ's Example in Forgiving.

- 1 TEACH us to feel as Jesus prayed,
When on the cross he bleeding hung;
When all his foes their wrath displayed,
And with their spite his bosom stung.
- 2 Till death he loved his foes, and said,
'Father, forgive,'—then groaned and died;
And when arisen from the dead,
His mercy to their souls applied.
- 3 For such a heart and such a love,
O Lord, we raise our prayer to thee;
O pour thy spirit from above,
That we may like our Savior be.

278.

C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

Christ's Example of Love to Enemies.

- 1 ALOUD we sing the wondrous grace
Christ to his foes did bear;
Which made the torturing cross its throne,
And hung its trophies there.
- 2 'Father, forgive' his mercy cried,
With his expiring breath,
And drew eternal blessings down
On those who wrought his death.

He sees my wants, all
And counts and treasur

2 If aught should tempt
From heavenly virtue's
To fly the good I woul
Or do the sin I woul
Still, he who felt tempt
Shall guard me in that

3 If wounded love my be
Deceived by those I pr
He shall his pitying aid
Who felt on earth sever
At once betrayed, deni
By all that shared his d

4 When sorrowing o'er a
Which covers all that v
And from his voice, his
Divides me for a little
Thou, Savior, seest the

— SONGS. —

280.

S. M.

WATTS.

The Law and the Gospel.

- 1** THE law by Moses came ;
But peace and truth and love
Were brought by Christ, a nobler name,
Descending from above.
- 2** Amidst the house of God
Their different works were done ;
Moses a faithful servant stood,
But Christ a faithful Son.
- 3** Then to his new commands
Be strict obedience paid ;
O'er all his Father's house he stands

- 2 But we are come to
The city of our G
Where milder words
And spread his lov
- 3 Behold th' innumeral
Of angels clothed
Behold the spirits of
Whose faith is turn
- 4 Behold the blest asse
Whose names are
And God, the judge
Their vilest sins fo
- 5 The saints on earth,
But one communic
All join in Christ, the
And of his grace p
- 6 In such society as thi
My weary soul wo
The man that dwells
Must be forever bl.

- 2 He wears no terrors on his brow ;
 He speaks in love from Zion now :
 It is the voice of Jesus' blood
 That calls us, wanderers, back to God.
- 3 His servant Moses quaked and feared,
 When Sinai's thundering law he heard ;
 But gospel grace, with accents mild,
 Speaks to the sinner as a child.
- 4 What other arguments can move
 The heart that slights a Savior's love ?
 O may that heavenly power be felt,
 And cause the stony heart to melt !

283.

C. M.

Watts.

Blessedness of the Gospel. Ps. 59.

- 1 BLEST are the souls that hear and know
 The gospel's joyful sound ;
 Peace shall attend the paths they go,
 And light their steps surround.
- 2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up
 Through their Redeemer's name ;
 His righteousness exalts their hope,
 Nor Satan dares condemn.
- 3 The Lord, our glory and defence,
 Strength and salvation gives
 Israel, thy King forever reigns.

- No heart can see,
The wonders of his love and grace.
- 3 In every age the Lord was kind,
And to his church revealed his mind;
But we enjoy a wondrous store
Of mercies never known before.
- 4 The sun of heaven illumines the soul;
Oceans of mercies sweetly roll;
The heavenly streams of truth and love
Flow freely from the fount above.
- 5 O happy day! we live to see
How kind to men our God can be;
His greatest mercies stand confessed,
And Zion is divinely blessed.
- 6 Thy truth and loving kindness, Lord,
We will with holy songs record;
To us are richest favors given,
And praises shall return to heaven.

285.

C. M.

ANONYMOUS

Met.

- 4 The pained, the sick, the dying, now
To ease and health restored,
With eager appetites partake
The pleasures of the board.
- 5 But, O, what draughts of bliss unknown,
What dainties shall be given,
When, with the myriads round the throne,
We join the feast of heaven!
- 6 There joys immeasurably high
Shall overflow the soul,
And springs of life, that never dry,
In thousand channels roll.

296.

L. M.

DECEMBER.

The Gospel Jubilee.

- 1 Loud let the tuneful trumpet sound,
And spread the joyful tidings round;
Let every soul with transport hear,
And hail the Lord's accepted year.
- 2 Ye debtors, whom he gives to know
That you ten thousand talents owe,
When humbled at his feet you fall,
Your gracious God forgives them all.
- 3 Slaves, that have borne the heavy chain
Of sin and hell's tyrannic reign,
To liberty assert your claim
And praise the great Redeemer's name.

THE GOSPEL.

287.

6 O happy souls that know the sound!
Celestial light their steps surround,
And show that jubilee begun,
Which through eternal years shall run.

287.

H. M.

ANONYMOUS.

The Same.

1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound!
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Ye who have sold for nought
The heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 The gospel trumpet hear—
The news of pardoning grace;
Ye happy souls, draw near,
Behold your Savior's face:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

5 Jesus, our great high-priest,
Has full assurance made ;
Ye weary spirits, rest !
Ye mournful souls, be glad !
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

288.

L. M.

ANONYMOUS.

Influence of the Gospel like Rain.

- 1 As showers on meadows newly mown,
Jesus shall shed his blessings down ;
Crowned with whose life-infusing drops,
Earth shall renew her blissful crops.
- 2 Lands that beneath a burning sky
Have long been desolate and dry,
Th' effusions of his love shall share,
And sudden greens and herbage wear.
- 3 The dews and rains, in all their store,
Drenching the pastures o'er and o'er,
Are not so copious as that grace
Which sanctifies and saves our race.
- 4 As, in soft spring vernal showers

But waters earth :
And calls forth all

2 Arrayed in bear
The hills and
And man and b
By providenc
The harvest bows
The copious seed

3 'So,' saith the '
'My gospel :
Almighty to eff
The purpose
Millions of souls :
And bear it down

290. C.

In the blest fountain that his Son
Has opened for our race.

4 Our guilt shall vanish all away,
Though black as night before;
Our sins shall sink beneath the sea,
And shall be found no more.

5 Here shall his sacred spirit dwell,
And deep engrave his law;
And every motion of our souls
To swift obedience draw.

6 Thus will he pour salvation down,
And we shall render praise;
We, the dear people of his love,
And he, our God of grace.

291.

L. M.

WATTS.

Gospel Invitations.

1 'Come hither, all ye weary souls,
Ye heavy-laden sinners, come!
I'll give you rest from all your toils,
And raise you to my heavenly home.

2 'They shall find rest that learn of me;
I'm of a meek and lowly mind;
But passion rages like the sea,
And grief is gathering on my mind.

2 Let him that heare
To all about him,
Let him that thirsts f
To Christ the foun

3 Yes, whosoever w
O let him freely c
And freely drink the
'Tis Jesus bids hi

4 Lo! Jesus, who in
Declares, I quickl
Lord, even so! I wa
Jesus, my Savior,

293.

C. M.

Invitation to the C

1 YE wretched, hung
Behold a royal fee
Where mercy spread
For every humble

- 4 Come then, and with his people taste
The blessings of his love ;
While hope attends the sweet repast,
Of nobler joys above.
- 5 There, with united heart and voice,
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice
In ecstasies unknown.
- 6 And yet ten thousand thousand more
Are welcome still to come :
Ye longing souls, the grace adore ;—
Approach, there yet is room.

294.

L. M.

Anonymous.

The Same.

- 1 COME, sinners, to the gospel feast ;
Let every soul be Jesus' guest ;
Ye need not one be left behind,
For God hath bidden all mankind.
- 2 ' Have me excused ' — why will you say ? —
From health, and life, and liberty,
From all that is in Jesus given,
From pardon, holiness, and heaven !
- 3 Come, then, ye souls by sin oppressed,
Ye weary wanderers after rest,
Ye poor and maimed, halt and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

295.

C. M.

He, weary one that thirsteth !

- 1 Ye thirsty souls, approach the spring
Where living waters flow ;
Free to that sacred fountain, all
Without a price may go.
- 2 How long to streams of false delight
Will ye in crowds repair ?
How long your strength and substance waste
On trifles light as air ?
- 3 My stores afford those rich supplies
That health and pleasure give ;
Incline your ear, and come to me ;
The soul that hears shall live.
- 4 With you a covenant I will make,
That ever shall endure ;
The hope which gladdened David's heart
My mercy hath made sure.
- 5 Behold, he comes' your leader comes,
With might and honor crowned ;
A witness who shall spread my name
To earth's remotest bound.
- 6 See, nations hasten to his call
From every distant shore ;
Islands unknown shall bow to him,
And Israel's God adore.

296.

C. M.

M.

The Song.

- 1 THE Savior calls, — let over
Attend the heavenly voice
Ye doubting souls, dismiss
Hope smiles reviving

Nor shall you thirst in vain.

4 Ye sinners, come, 'tis mercy's voice;
The gracious call obey;
Mercy invites to heavenly joys,—
And can you yet delay?

5 Dear Savior, draw reluctant hearts;
To thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss thy love imparts,
And drink, and never die.

297.

C. M.

WATTS.

Invitation to the Gospel Feast.

1 LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.

2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind,—

3 Eternal wisdom has prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die —

less, --
the proud world's evening,
and the barren waste,
hither haste!

on beds of pain,
but seek in vain;
and sleepless eyes
the morning rise;

anguish torn,
or guilt who mourn,
your heavy care:
spirit who can bear?

for here is found
flows for every wound;
t ever shall endure,
nal, sacred, sure.

1
2
3

300

1 PRA
To
Pain
Sw
2 P
W

299.

C. M.

WATTS.

The Gospel Covenant sure. Ps. 89.

- 1 My never-ceasing song shall show
The mercies of the Lord,
And make succeeding ages know
How faithful is his word.
- 2 The sacred truths his lips pronounce
Shall firm as heaven endure ;
And if he speak a promise once
Th' eternal grace is sure.
- 3 How long the race of David held
The promised Jewish throne !
But there's a nobler covenant sealed
To David's greater Son.
- 4 His seed forever shall possess
A throne above the skies ;
The meanest subject of his grace
Shall to that glory rise.
- 5 Lord God of hosts, thy wondrous ways
Are sung by saints above ;
And saints on earth their honors raise
To thine unchanging love.

300.

L. M.

WATTS.

The Promises sure.

- 1 PRAISE, everlasting praise be paid
To him who earth's foundations laid ;
Praise to the God whose strong decrees
Sway the creation as he please.
- 2 Praise to the goodness of the Lord,
Who rules his people by his word ;
And there, as strong as his decrees,
He sets his kindest promises.

- 3 Each of them powerful as that sound
That bid the new-made world go round ;
And stronger than the solid poles,
On which the wheel of nature rolls.
- 4 O for a strong, a lasting faith,
To credit what th' Almighty saith !
T' embrace the message of his Son,
And call the joys of heaven our own !
- 5 Then, should the earth's old pillars shake,
And all the wheels of nature break,
Our steady souls would fear no more
Than solid rocks when billows roar ;
- 6 Our everlasting hopes arise
Above the ruinable skies,
Where the eternal Builder reigns,
And his own courts his power sustains.

301.

C. M.

WATTS.

The Same.

- 1 BEGIN, my tongue, some heavenly theme
And speak some lofty thing ;
The mighty works, or mighty name
Of our eternal King !
- 2 Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,
Or sound his power abroad ;
Sing the blest promise of his grace,
And the performing God.
- 3 Proclaim salvation from the Lord
To sinful, dying men ;
His hand has writ the sacred word
With an immortal pen.
- 4 Engraved as in eternal brass
The gracious promise shines ;
Nor can the powers of darkness
Those everlasting lines.

All Nations promised to Christ.

- 1 FATHER, is not thy promise pledged
To thine exalted Son,
That through the nations of the earth
Thy word of life shall run ?
- 2 ' Ask, and I give the heathen lands
For thine inheritance,
And to the world's remotest shores
Thine empire shall advance.'
- 3 Hast thou not said, the blinded Jews
Shall their Redeemer own ;
While Gentiles to his standard crowd,
And bow before his throne ?
- 4 Are not all kingdoms, tribes, and tongues,
Beneath th' expanse of heaven,
To the dominion of thy Son.

1 LORD, send thy word, and let it
Armed with thy Spirit's powe
Ten thousand shall confess its s
And bless the saving hour.

2 Beneath the influence of thy gr
The barren wastes shall rise,
With sudden greens and fruits
A blooming paradise.

3 True holiness shall strike its r
In each regenerate heart,
Shall in a growth divine arise
And heavenly fruits impart

4 Peace, with her olives crown
Her wings from shore to s
No trump shall rouse the rag
Nor murderous cannon ro

5 Lord, for those days we wa
Are in thy word foretold
Fly swifter, sun and stars,
Fly swifter, sun and stars,
Promised age of gr

... grossest darkness flame,^o
And the everlasting gospel
Spread abroad thy holy name.
4 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel ;
Win and conquer, never cease ;
May thy lasting wide dominions
Multiply and still increase.

THE REIGN OF CHR

305.

L. M.

Universal Blessings of Christ's Re

- 1 JESUS shall reign where'er th
Does his successive journeys
His kingdom stretch from sh
Till moons shall wax and wa
- 2 Behold the islands, with thei
And Europe, her best tribute
From north to south the pri
To pay their homage at his

The Same. Ps. 72.

- 1** HAIL to the Lord's Anointed !
Great David's greater Son ;
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun !
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free ;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.
- 2** He comes, with succor speedy,
To those who suffer wrong ;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong ;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned, and dying,
Were precious in his sight.
- [3** By such shall he be feared
While sun and moon

Before him, on the mountains,
 Shall peace, the herald, go,
 And righteousness, in fountains,
 From hill to valley flow.

PART II.

[5 Arabia's desert-ranger
 To him shall bend the knee;
 The Ethiopian stranger
 His glory come to see;
 With offerings of devotion
 Ships from the isles shall meet,
 To pour the wealth of ocean
 In tribute at his feet.

6 Kings shall fall down before him,
 And gold and incense bring;
 All nations shall adore him,
 His praise all people sing;
 For he shall have dominion
 O'er river, sea, and shore,
 Far as the eagle's pinion
 Or dove's light wing can soar.

7 For him shall prayer unceasing
 And daily vows ascend;
 His kingdom still increasing,
 A kingdom without end.
 The mountain-dews shall not
 A seed in weakness sown,
 Whose fruit shall spread an
 And shake like Lebanon.]

8 O'er every foe victorious,
 He on his throne shall rest
 From age to age more gl
 All-blessing, and all-bles

The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove ;
His name shall stand forever,—
That name to us is — Love.

307. C. M. 8l. *Hogg.

Blessedness of Christ's Reign predicted.

- 1 IN vision rapt, the prophet's eyes
Beheld that future day —
He saw the scenes before him rise
That far in distance lay :
' Who 's this,' he cried, ' comes from the way
Of Edom, all divine ?
Travelling in splendor, whose array
Is red, but not with wine ?
- 2 ' Blest be the Herald of our king,
That comes to set us free !
The dwellers of the rock shall sing,
And utter praise to thee !
Tabor and Hermon yet shall see
Their glories glow again,
And blossoms spring on field and tree,
That ever shall remain.
- 3 ' The child shall frolic in the way
Of dragons with delight ;
The lamb shall round the leopard play,
And all in love unite ;
The dove on Zion's hill shall light,
That all the world must see ; —
Hail to the Journeyer, in his might
Who comes to set us free !'

308. L. M. *H. BALLOU.

Blessings of Christ's Universal Reign.

- 1 WHEN God descends with men to dwell,
And all creation makes anew,

309.

THE REIGN OF CHRIST.

What tongue can half the wonders tell ?
What eye the dazzling glories view ?

2 Zion, the desolate, again
Shall see her lands with roses bloom ;
And Carmel's mount and Sharon's plain
Shall yield their spices and perfume.

3 Celestial streams shall gently flow ;
The wilderness shall joyful be ;
Lilies on parched ground shall grow ;
And gladness spring on every tree ;

4 The weak be strong, the fearful bold,
The deaf shall hear, the dumb shall sing,
The lame shall walk, the blind behold ;
And joy through all the earth shall ring.

5 Monarchs and slaves shall meet in love
Old pride shall die, and meekness reign,-
When God descends from worlds above,
To dwell with men on earth again.

C M.

Arise

309.

The Song.

1 O'er mountain tops, the mount of G
In latter days, shall rise
Above the summits of the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.

2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues, shall be
'Up to the mount of God,' they
'And to his house we'll go.'

3 The beams that shine from Zion
Shall lighten every land ;
The King who reigns in Salem
Shall the whole world can

- Among the nations he shall judge ;
 His judgments truth shall guide ;
 His sceptre shall protect the just,
 And crush the sinner's pride.
- 5 No war shall rage, nor hostile strife
 Disturb those happy years ;
 To ploughshares men shall beat their swords,
 To pruning-hooks their spears.
- 6 No longer host, encountering host,
 Shall crowds of slain deplore ;
 They'll lay the martial trumpet by,
 And study war no more.

310.

S. M.

WATTS.

The Blessedness of Christ's Reign.

- 1 How beauteous are their feet
 Who stand on Zion's hill,
 Who bring salvation on their tongues,
 And words of peace reveal !
- 2 How charming is their voice,
 How sweet the tidings are !
 ' Zion, behold thy Savior king !
 He reigns and triumphs here.'
- 3 How happy are our ears,
 That hear this joyful sound,
 Which kings and prophets waited for,
 And sought, but never found !
- 4 How blessed are our eyes,
 That see this heavenly light !
 Prophets and kings desired it long,
 But died without the sight.
- 5 The watchmen join their voice,
 And tuneful notes employ ;

- 1 Jesus his empire shall extend ;
Beneath his gentle sway
Kings of the earth shall humbly bend,
And his commands obey.
- 2 From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
All nations shall be blest ;
We hear the noise of war no more, —
He gives his people rest.
- 3 As clouds descend in gentle showers,
When spring renews her reign ;
And call to life the fragrant flowers
O'er forest, hill, and plain ; —
- 4 So Jesus, by his heavenly grace,
Descends on man below,
And o'er the millions of our race
His gentle blessings flow.
- 5 Long as the sun shall rule the day,
Or moon shall cheer the night,
The Savior shall his sceptre sway
With unresisted might.
- 6 All that the reign of sin destroyed,
The Savior shall restore ;
And, from the treasures of the Lo,
Shall give us blessings more

312.

C. M.

WATT

Christ's Reign foretold. Ps. 89.

- 1 HEAR what the Lord in vision said,
And made his mercy known :
'Sinners, behold your help is laid
On my beloved Son.
- 2 'Behold the man my wisdom chose
Among your mortal race ;
His head my holy oil o'erflows,
The spirit of my grace.
- 3 'High shall he reign on David's throne,
My people's better king ;
My arm shall beat his rivals down,
And still new subjects bring.
- 4 'My truth shall guard him in his way,
With mercy by his side,
While in my name, through earth and sea,
He shall in triumph ride.
- 5 'Me for his Father and his God
He shall forever own,
Call me his rock, his high abode ;—
And I'll support my Son.
- 6 'My covenant stands forever fast ;
My promises are strong ;
Firm as the heavens his throne shall last,
His seed endure as long.'

313.

B. M.

*WATT.

Christ inspired, but exalted to a Kingdom.

- 1 WHO has believed thy word,
Or thy salvation known ?
Reveal thine arm, almighty Lord,
And glorify thy Son.

- 2 The Jews esteemed him here
Too mean for their belief;
Sorrow his chief acquaintance w
And his companion grief.
- 3 They turned their eyes away,
And treated him with scorn;
But 'twas their griefs upon him la,
Their sorrows he has borne.
- 4 'Twas for the stubborn Jews,
And Gentiles then unknown,
The God of love was pleased to t
His best beloved Son.
- 5 ' But I'll prolong his days,
And make his kingdom stand;
My pleasure,' saith the God of gr
' Shall prosper in his hand.
- 6 ' Ten thousand captive slaves,
Released from death and sin,
Shall quit their prisons and their g
And own his power divine.'
- 258

THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

314.

C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

The Jewish, and the Christian Zion. Ps. 48.

- 1 WITH stately towers and bulwarks strong,
Unrivalled and alone,
Loved theme of many a sacred song,
God's holy city shone.
- 2 Thus fair was Zion's chosen seat,
The glory of all lands ;
Yet fairer, and in strength complete,
The Christian temple stands.
- 3 The faithful of each clime and age
This glorious church compose ;
Built on a rock, with idle rage
The threatening tempest blows.
- 4 In vain may hostile bands alarm,
For God is her defence ;
How weak, how powerless is each arm,
Against Omnipotence !

315.

S. M.

WATTS.

The Beauty and Order of the Church. Ps. 48.

- 1 FAR as thy name is known
The world declares thy praise ;

Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne
Their songs of honor raise.

2 With joy let Judah stand
On Zion's chosen hill,
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,
And counsels of thy will.

3 Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell,
Compass and view thine holy ground
And mark the building well ;

4 The orders of thy house,
The worship of thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows
And make a fair report.

5 How decent and how wise !
How glorious to behold !
Beyond the pomp that charms the eye
And rites adorned with gold.

6 The God we worship now
Will guide us till we die,
Will be our God while here below,
And ours above the sky.

'Glorious Things spoken of Zion.'

1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken
Zion, city of our God !
He whose word cannot be broken
Formed thee for his own abode.

2 On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose ?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

- 3 See ! the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.
- 4 Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage ?
Grace, which, like the Lord the giver,
Never fails from age to age.
- 5 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear !
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near.
- 6 Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show ;
Solid joys and lasting treasure
None but Zion's children know.

317.

L. M.

*WATTS

Christ and the Church. Ps. 45.

- 1 THE King of saints, how fair his face,
Adorned with majesty and grace !
He comes with blessings from above,
And wins the nations to his love.
- 2 At his right hand, our eyes behold
The queen arrayed in purest gold ;
The world admires her heavenly dress,
Her robe of joy and righteousness.
- 3 He forms her beauties like his own ;
He calls and seats her near his throne.
Fair stranger, let thine heart forget
The idols of thy native state.
- 4 So shall the king the more rejoice
In thee, the favorite of his choice ;—

18,319. THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

Let him be loved, and yet adored,
For he's thy Savior and thy Lord.

5 O happy hour, when thou shalt rise
To his fair palace in the skies !
And all thy sons (a numerous train)
Each like a prince in glory reign.

6 Let endless honors crown his head ;
Let every age his praises spread ;
While we with cheerful songs approve
The condescension of his love.

318. 7s M. 6l. **ANONYMOUS.**

Future Glory of the Church. Ps. 67.

1 ON thy church, O Power Divine,
Cause thy glorious face to shine ;
Till the nations from afar
Hail her as their guiding star ;
Till her sons from zone to zone
Make thy great salvation known.

2 Then shall God, with lavish hand,
Scatter blessings o'er the land ;
Earth shall yield her rich increase,
Every breeze shall whisper peace,
And the world's remotest bound
With the voice of praise resound.

319. 10s M. ***POPE.**

The Same

RISE, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise !
Exalt thy towering head, and lift thine eyes !
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day !

- 2 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn !
See future sons and daughters, yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies !
- 3 See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend !
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate
kings,
While every land its joyous tribute brings !
- 4 The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away ;
But fixed his word, his saving power remains ;
Thy realm shall last, thy own Messiah reigns.

320.

8s & 7s M.

*COWPER.

The future Peace and Glory of the Church.

- 1 HEAR what God the Lord hath spoken :
' O my people, faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you ;
Cares and heart-felt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways ;
You shall name your walls salvation,
And your gates shall all be praise.
- 2 ' There, like streams that feed the garden,
Pleasures without end shall flow ;
For the Lord, your faith rewarding,
All his bounty shall bestow ;
Still, in undisturbed possession,
Peace and righteousness shall reign ;
Never shall you feel oppression,
Never hear of war again.
- 3 ' Ye no more, your suns descending —
Waning moons — no more shall see ;

THE CHRISTIAN

But your griefs, forever ending,
Find eternal noon in me :
God shall rise, and shining o'er you,
Change to day the gloom of night ;
He, the Lord, shall be your glory,
God your everlasting light.

*C. WHEAT.

321.

C. M.

The Church on Earth and in Heaven, One.

1 THE saints on earth and those above
But one communion make :
Joined to their Lord in bonds of love,
All of his grace partake.

2 Let all the saints terrestrial sing
With those to glory gone ;
For all the servants of our king
In heaven and earth are one.

3 One family, we dwell in him ;
One church above, beneath ;
Though now divided by the stream,
The swelling stream of death.

4 One army of the living God, —
To his command we bow ;
Part of the host have crossed the flow
And part are crossing now.

5 Ten thousand to their endless bow
This passing moment, go ;
And we are to the margin come,
And soon must follow too.

6 O God, be thou our constant g
And when the word is given
Sustain us o'er the fearful tri
And bring us safe to heav

THE SALVATION OF ALL.

322.

L. M.

*BUTCHER.

All Mankind in Heaven.

- 1 From north and south, from east and west,
Advance the myriads of the blest :
From every clime of earth they come,
And find in heaven a common home.
- 2 In one immortal throng we view
Pagan and Christian, Greek and Jew ;
But, all their doubts and darkness o'er,
One only God they now adore.
- 3 Howe'er divided once below,
One bliss, one spirit here they know !
Here all their errors are forgiven,
And Jesus welcomes them to heaven.

323.

C. M.

WATTS.

Perspect of Universal Blessedness.

- 1 Lo, what a glorious sight appears
To our believing eyes !
The earth and seas are passed away,
And the old rolling skies.
- 2 From the third heaven, where God resides,
That holy, happy place,

THE SALVA.

The New Jerusalem comes down,
Adorned with shining grace.

Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing,
Mortals, behold the sacred seat
Of your descending king.

4 The God of glory down to men
Removes his blessed abode;
Men, the dear objects of his grace,
And he, the loving God.

5 His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye;
And pains and groans, and griefs and fears,
And death itself, shall die.

6 How long, dear Savior, O how long
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.

ANON.

324.

L. M.

The Same.

1 Lift up your joyful eyes, and see
A plenteous harvest all around,
Ripening for bliss, and not a grain
Shall ever fall unto the ground:

2 A harvest of immortal souls,
Secured by an almighty power;
Nor heat, nor cold, nor storms, sh
Nor ravenous beasts of prey dev

3 O happy day! when all our race
Complete in glory shall be found
And like their great, their my
Be with eternal honors crow

325.

S. M.

H. BALLOU.

The Song.

- 1 IN God's eternity
There shall a day arise
When all the race of man shall be
With Jesus in the skies.
- 2 As night before the rays
Of morning flees away,
Sin shall retire before the blaze
Of God's eternal day.
- 3 As music fills the grove
When stormy clouds are past,
Sweet anthems of redeeming love
Shall all employ at last.
- 4 Redeemed from death and sin,
Shall Adam's numerous race
A ceaseless song of praise begin,
And shout redeeming grace.

326.

7s M.

MONTGOMERY.

Jubilee of Christ's Universal Triumph.

- 1 HARK! the song of jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore:—
'Hallelujah' for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign!
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.
- 2 Hallelujah!—hark! the sound,

See Jehovah's banner furled
Sheathed his sword; he spe
And the kingdoms of this w
Are the kingdoms of his Son

- 3 He shall reign from pole to
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign when, like a
Yonder heavens are passed
Then the end; — beneath hi
Man's last enemy shall fall
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is all in all.

REDEMPTION, GRACE, AND PARDON

327.

C. M.

*WATTS.

Surpassing Glories of Redemption.

- 1 FATHER, how wide thy glory shines !
How high thy wonders rise !
Known through the earth by thousand signs,
By thousands through the skies.
- 2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power ;
Their motions speak thy skill ;
And on the wings of every hour
We read thy patience still.
- 3 Part of thy name divinely stands
On all thy creatures writ ;
They show the labor of thy hands,
The impress of thy feet.
- 4 But when we view thy grand design
To save rebellious worms,
Where wisdom, power, and goodness shine
In their most glorious forms,
- 5 Our thoughts are lost in reverend awe ;
We love and we adore ;
The holy angels never saw
So much of God before.

REDEMPTION, GRACE, AND PARDON.

O may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song ;
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

328.

C. M.

WATTS.

Grace abounding over Sin.

- 1 **WHY** does your face, ye humble souls,
Those mournful colors wear ?
What doubts are these that waste your faith,
And nourish your despair ?
- 2 What though your numerous sins exceed
The stars that fill the skies,
And, aiming at the eternal throne,
Like pointed mountains rise ?
- 3 What though your mighty guilt beyond
The wide creation swell,
And hath its cursed foundations laid
Low as the deeps of hell ?
- 4 See, here an endless ocean flows
Of never-failing grace !
Behold, a dying Savior's veins
The sacred flood increase !
- 5 It rises high, and drowns the hills,
Has neither shore nor bound :
Now, if we search to find our sins,
Our sins can ne'er be found.
- 6 Awake, our hearts, adore the grace
That buries all our faults,
And pardoning blood, that swells at
Our follies and our thoughts.

REDEMPTION, GRACE, AND PARDON. 330.

329.

S. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Grace first and last in Salvation.

- 1 **GRACE ! 'tis a charming sound !
Harmonious to the ear !
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.**
- 2 **Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man ;
And all the steps that grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.**
- 3 **Grace first inscribed my name
In God's eternal book ;
'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb,
Who all my sorrows took.**
- 4 **Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road ;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.**
- 5 **Grace taught my soul to pray,
And made my eyes o'erflow ;
'Twas grace that kept me to this day,
And will not let me go.**
- 6 **Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days ;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.**

330.

C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

Pardon through Christ. Ps. 130.

- 1 **GREAT God, wert thou extreme to mark
The deeds we do amiss,**

Before thy presence
Who claim thy promise
But, O! all merciful and just,
Thy love surpasseth thought;
A gracious Savior has appeared,
And peace and pardon brought.

2 Thy servants in the temple watched
The dawning of the day,
Impatient with its earliest beams
Their holy vows to pay;
And chosen saints far off beheld
That great and glorious morn,
When the glad day-spring from on high
Auspiciously should dawn.

3 On us the Sun of Righteousness
Its brightest beams hath poured;
With grateful hearts and holy zeal,
Lord, be thy love adored;
And let us look with joyful hope
To that more glorious day,
Before whose brightness sin and death
And grief shall flee away.

331.

C. M.

ANON

Pardon on Repentance.

1 WHEN sinners quit their wicked
Their evil thoughts forego,
The God to whom their steps
Returning grace will show.

2 He pardons with o'erflowing
For, hear the voice divine
'My nature is not like to
Nor like your ways are

REDEMPTION, GRACE, AND PARDON. 332.

- 3 ' But far as heaven's resplendent orbs
Beyond this earth extend ;
So far my thoughts, so far my ways
Your thoughts and ways transcend.
- 4 ' Like as the showers from heaven distil,
Nor thither rise again,
But swell the earth with fruitful juice,
And all its tribes sustain ;
- 5 ' So not a word that flows from me
Shall ineffectual fall ;
But universal nature prove
Obedient to my call.
- 6 ' Where briers grew in barren wilds,
Shall firs and myrtles spring ;
And nature, through her utmost bounds,
Eternal praises sing.'

332.

L. M

*STANFORD.

' Come now, and let us reason together.'

- 1 ' COME, sinners,' saith the mighty God,
' Heinous as all your crimes have been,
Lo! I descend from mine abode
To reason with the sons of men.
- 2 ' No clouds of darkness veil my face,
No fearful lightnings flash around ;
I come with words of life and peace :—
Where sin hath reigned, let grace abound.'

322.

L. M.

Pardonment.

- 1 FORGIVENESS! 'tis a joyful sound
To sinners of so deep a dye!
Publish the bliss the world around,—
Ye seraphs, shout it from the sky!
- 2 'Tis the rich gift of love divine;
'Tis full, out-measuring every crime;
Uncloaked shall its glories shine,
And know no change by changing time.
- 3 O'er sins unnumbered as the sand,
And like the mountains for their size
The seas of sovereign grace expand—
The seas of sovereign grace arise.
- 4 For this stupendous love of heaven,
What grateful honor shall we show!
Where much transgression is forgiven,
Let love in equal ardors glow.
- 5 By this inspired, let all our days
With various holiness be crown'd;
Let truth and goodness, prayer and praise
In all abide, in all abound.

323.

L. M. G.

“DAVID”

- 1 WHO is a pardoning God like Thou?
“GREAT God of wonders! all thy ways
Are matchless, godlike, and divine;
But the bright glories of thy grace
More godlike and unrivalled shine.
Who is a pardoning God like thou?
O, who has grace so rich and free!
2 Sins of such baseness to forgive
Such thoughtless, guilty worms as

his is thy grand prerogative,
And none shall in the honor share.
Who is a pardoning God like thee!
O, who has grace so rich and free!

3 In wonder lost, with trembling joy,
We take the pardon of our God;
Pardon for sins of deepest dye,
A pardon sealed with Jesus' blood.
Who is a pardoning God like thee!
O, who has grace so rich and free!

4 O may this great, this matchless grace,
This godlike miracle of love,
Fill the wide earth with grateful praise,
And all th' angelic choirs above!
Who is a pardoning God like thee!
O, who has grace so rich and free!

CONFESSION AND P.

335.

L. M.

*WARTH.

A Penitent pleading for Pardon. Ps. 51.

1 SHOW pity, Lord ; O Lord, forgive ;
Let a repenting rebel live ;
Are not thy mercies large and free ?
May not a sinner trust in thee ?

2 My sins are great, but not surpass
The power and glory of thy grace :
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,—
So let thy pardoning love be found.

3 O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience cleave
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.

4 My lips with shame my sins confess
Against thy law, against thy grace
Lord, should thy judgment grow
I am condemned, but thou art free

5 Yet save a trembling sinner, I
Whose hope, still hovering near
Would light on some sweet
Some sure support against

336.

C. M.

MRS. CARTE

The Same.

- 1 O THOU, the wretched's sure retreat,
Who dost our cares control,
And, with the cheerful smile of peace,
Revive the fainting soul!
- 2 Did ever thy propitious ear
The humble plea disdain?
Or when did plaintive misery sigh
Or supplicate in vain?
- 3 Oppressed with grief and shame, dissolve
In penitential tears,
Thy goodness calms our anxious doubts,
And dissipates our fears.
- 4 New life from thy refreshing grace
Our sinking hearts receive;
Thy gentlest, best-loved attribute,
To pity and forgive.
- 5 From that blest source, propitious hope
Appears serenely bright,
And sheds her soft and cheering beam
O'er sorrow's dismal night.
- 6 Our hearts adore thy mercy, Lord!
And bless the friendly ray,
Which ushers in the smiling morn
Of everlasting day.

337.

L. M.

*WATTS.

The Same. Ps. 51.

- 1 O THOU that hear'st when sinners cry,
Though all my sins before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their memory from thy book.

335. CONFESSION AND PENITENCE.

- 2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin;
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.
- 3 Though I have grieved thy Spirit, Lord,
His help and comfort still afford;
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.
- 4 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.
- 5 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye
And save the soul condemned to die.
- 6 Then will I teach the world thy w
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign
I'll lead them to my Savior's blo
And they shall praise a pardon

336. 7s M. Confession, and Prayer for

- 1 God of mercy! God o
Hear our sad, repent
Sorrow dwells on eve
Penitence on every
- 2 Deep regret for foll
Talents wasted, tir
Hearts debased b
Thankless for the
- 3 Foolish fears or
Vain regrets f

Lips too seldom taught to praise,
 Oft to murmur and complain —

- 4 These, and every secret fault,
 Filled with grief and shame we own;
 Humbled, at thy feet we lie,
 Seeking pardon from thy throne.
- 5 God of mercy! God of grace!
 Hear our sad, repentant songs;
 O restore thy suppliant race,
 Thou to whom our praise belongs!

339.

L. M.

J. J. J.

Relief experienced in Forgiveness.

- 1 WHILE with remorse and woe oppressed,
 Distraction haunts the guilty breast;
 The broken heart, the troubled mind,
 In God alone shall succor find.
- 2 'Tis his the wounds of vice to heal,
 The charms of mercy to reveal;
 He grants the penitent relief,
 And cheers the soul o'erwhelmed with grief.
- 3 When by temptations illows tost

41. CONFESSION AND PENITENCE.

340.

S. M.

WATTS.

readiness of confessing and forsaking Sin. Ps. 32.

- 1 O BLESSED souls are they,
Whose sins are covered o'er!
Divinely blest, to whom the Lord
Imputes their guilt no more.
- 2 They mourn their follies past,
And keep their hearts with care;
Their lips and lives, without deceit,
Shall prove their faith sincere.
- 3 While I concealed my guilt,
I felt the festering wound;
Till I confessed my sins to thee,
And ready pardon found.
- 4 Let sinners learn to pray,
Let saints keep near the throne;
Our help in times of deep distress
Is found in God alone.

341.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

A Wanderer pleading to be reclaimed. .

- 1 LORD! we have wandered from thy way,
Like foolish sheep have gone astray;
Our pleasant pastures we have left,
And of their guard our souls bereft.
- 2 Exposed to want, exposed to harm,
Far from our gentle shepherd's arm;
Nor will these fatal wanderings cease,
Till thou reveal the paths of peace.
- 3 O seek thy thoughtless servants, Lord!
Nor let us quite forget thy word;
Our erring feet do thou restore,
And keep us that we stray no more.

343.

L. M. G.

DURHAM

Implying Divine Mercy.

- 1 Out of the depths of sad distress,
The gloomy mazes of despair,
To heaven we raise our warm address;
Dears, O our God! to hear our prayer:
O let thine ear indulge our grief,
For thy indulgence is relief.
- 2 Shouldst thou, O God, minutely scan
Our faults, and as severely chide,
No mortal seed of sinful man
Could such a scrutiny abide:
But mercy shines in all thy ways,
Bright theme of universal praise!
- 3 With longing eyes we seek the Lord;
Before his throne our souls attend;
Firmly on his eternal word
Our faith is fixed, our hopes depend:
On wings of love our souls shall rise
In contemplation to the skies.
- 4 Ye pious minds, on God rely;
With full assurance in him trust;
He sends redemption from on high,
And raises sinners from the dust:
He will at length absolve his heirs
From all their guilt and all their fears.

344. CONFESSION AND PENITENCE.

- 2 Our sins rise up in dread array,
And fill our hearts with fear ;
Our trembling spirits melt away,
But find no helper near.
- 3 Still, Lord, thy mercy's rich and free,
And runs an endless round ;
A boundless, purifying sea,
Where all our sins are drowned.
- 4 O send thy pity from on high
With pardon all divine ;
Bring now thy gracious spirit nigh,
And make us wholly thine.
- 5 We humbly mourn our follies past,
Each guilty path deplore ;
Resolved, while feeble life shall last,
To tread those paths no more.

344.

C. M.

MRS. STEELE.

Rejoicing to return.

- 1 How oft, alas ! this wretched heart
Has wandered from the Lord !
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word !
 - 2 Yet sovereign mercy calls, ' Return : '
Dear Lord, and may I come !
My vile ingratitude I mourn ;
O take the wanderer home.
 - 3 And canst thou, wilt thou yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove ?
And shall a pardoned rebel live
To speak thy wondrous love ?
 - 4 Almighty grace, thy healing power
How glorious, how divine,
- 282

CONFESSION AND PENITENCE. 345.

That can to life and bliss restore
So vile a heart as mine !

- 5 Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet,
Dear Savior, I adore ;
O keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more.

345. C. M. MRS. STEELE.

Desiring to return.

- 1 O THOU, whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh ;
Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye !
- 2 See, low before thy throne of grace,
A wretched wanderer mourn ;
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face ?
Hast thou not said, ' Return ? '
- 3 And shall my guilty fears prevail
To drive me from thy feet ?
O let not this dear refuge fail,
This only safe retreat.
- 4 Absent from thee, my guide, my light !
Without one cheering ray,
Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
How desolate my way !
- 5 O shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine ;
And let thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine.

PRAYER AND DEVOUT EXERCISES.

346.

C. M.

WATT.

Heartless Worship an Abomination.

- 1 God is a spirit just and wise,
He sees our inmost mind ;
In vain to heaven we raise our cries,
And leave our souls behind.
- 2 Nothing but truth before his throne
With honor can appear ;
The painted hypocrites are known
Through the disguise they wear.
- 3 Their lifted eyes salute the skies,
Their bending knees the ground ;

In vain our lips thy praise prolong,
The heart a stranger to the song.

- 2 Can rites and forms, and flaming zeal,
The breaches of thy precepts heal?
Can fasts and penance reconcile
Thy justice, and obtain thy smile?
- 3 The pure, the humble, contrite mind,
Thankful, and to thy will resigned,
To thee a nobler offering yields
Than Sheba's groves, or Sharon's fields;
- 4 Than floods of oil, or costly wine,
Rolling by thousands to thy shrine;
Or than, if to thine altar led,
A first-born son the victim bled.
- 5 'Be just and kind, and humble too,
In all you say, in all you do;
To men your charity impart,
And love your God with all your heart.'
- 6 This truth, by ancient prophets given,
Was by thy Son confirmed from heaven;
And, deep engraved, this great command
Doth on eternal pillars stand.

348.

C. M.

BROWNE.

Acceptable Worship.

- 1 WHEREWITH shall I approach the Lord,
And bow before his throne?
O! how procure his kind regard,
And for my guilt atone?
- 2 Shall altars flame, and victims bleed,
And spicy fumes ascend?
Will these my earnest wish succeed,
And make my God my friend?

To men their rights . . .
 And proofs of kindness give ;
 To God with humble reverence bow,
 And to his glory live.

5 Hands that are clean, and hearts sincere,
 He never will despise ;
 And cheerful duty he'll prefer
 To costly sacrifice.

J. TAYLOR.

349.

7s M.

Acceptable Offering.

- 1 FATHER of our feeble race,
 Wise, beneficent, and kind !
 Spread o'er nature's ample face,
 Flows thy goodness unconfined :
 Musing in the silent grove,
 Or the busy walks of men,
 Still we trace thy wondrous love,
 Claiming large returns again.
- 2 Lord, what offering shall we bring,
 At thine altars when we bow ?
 Hearts, the pure unsullied spring
 Whence the kind affections flow ;
 Soft compassion's feeling soul,
 By the melting eye expressed ;
 Sympathy, at whose control
 Sorrow leaves the wounded breast ;
- 3 Willing hands to lead the blind,
 Bind the wounded, feed the poor ;

PRAYER AND DEVOUT EXERCISES. 350, 351

Love, embracing all our kind ;
Charity, with liberal store :—
Teach us, O thou heavenly king,
Thus to show our grateful mind,
Thus the accepted offering bring,
Love to thee and all mankind.

350.

C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

The Lord's Prayer.

- 1 O THOU, enthroned in worlds above,
Our Father and our Friend !
Lo, at the footstool of thy love
Thy children humbly bend.
- 2 All reverence to thy name be given ;
Thy kingdom wide displayed ;
And, as thy will is done in heaven,
Be it on earth obeyed.
- 3 Our table may thy bounty spread,
From thine exhaustless store,
From day to day with daily bread,—
Nor would we ask for more.
- 4 That pardon we to others give,
Do thou to us extend ;
From all temptation, Lord, relieve ;
From every ill defend.
- 5 And now to thee belong, Most High,
The kingdom, glory, power,
Through the broad earth and spacious sky,
Both now, and evermore.

351.

C. P. M.

***J. STRAPHAM.**

The Same.

- 1 OUR Father, whose eternal sway
The bright angelic hosts obey,
O, lend a pitying ear,

May rebels to thy sceptre bow
And yield to sovereign love
May we take pleasure to fulfil
The sacred dictates of thy will
As angels do above.

3 From thy kind hand each need
Our raiment and our daily food
In rich abundance come :
Lord, give us still a fresh supply
If thou withhold thy hand, we
And fill the silent tomb.

4 Pardon our sins, O God, the
Like gloomy clouds against
And, while we are forgiven
Grant that revenge may never
Nor malice harbor, in that heart
That feels the love of heaven

5 Protect us in the dangerous
And from the wily tempter

252.

S. M.

MONTGOMERY

The Same.

- 1 OUR heavenly Father, hear
The prayer we offer now :—
Thy name be hallowed far and near,
To thee all nations bow.
- 2 Thy kingdom come ; thy will
On earth be done in love,
As saints and seraphim fulfil
Thy perfect law above.
- 3 Our daily bread supply,
While by thy word we live ;
The guilt of our iniquity
Forgive, as we forgive.
- 4 From dark temptation's power
Our feeble hearts defend ;
Deliver in the evil hour,
And guide us to the end.
- 5 Thine, then, forever be
Glory and power divine ;
The sceptre, throne, and majesty
Of heaven and earth are thine.

253.

L. M.

ANONYMOUS

The Same.

355. PRAYER -

3 Evils beset us every hour,
Thy kind protection we implore.
Thine is the kingdom, thine the power,
The glory thine for evermore.

11s M.

Mrs. Hall.

354.

The Same.

- 1 OUR Father in heaven, we hallow thy name!
May thy kingdom holy on earth be the same!
O give to us daily our portion of bread;
It is from thy bounty that all must be fed.
- 2 Forgive our transgressions, and teach us to know
That humble compassion which pardons each foe.
Keep us from temptation, from weakness and sin,
And thine be the glory forever — Amen.

355.

L. M.

*MONTGOMERY

Following after God. Ps. 63.

- 1 O GOD, thou art my God alone;
Early to thee my soul shall cry,
A pilgrim in a land unknown,
A thirsty land, whose springs are dry.
- 2 O that it were as it hath been,
When, praying in the holy place,
Thy power and glory I have seen
And marked the footsteps of thy
- 3 Yet, through this rough and thorny
I follow hard on thee, my God
Thine hand unseen upholds me
I lean upon thy staff and ro
- 4 Thee, in the watches of the night
When I remember on my bed
Thy presence makes thy
Thy guardian wings me

Better than life itself thy love,
 Dearer than all beside to me ;
 For whom have I in heaven above
 Or what on earth, compared with
 6 Praise with my heart, my mind, m
 For all thy mercy I will give ;
 My soul shall still in God rejoice,
 My tongue shall bless thee while I

356.

C. M. Miss H. M. V

Seeking God in habitual Devotion.

- 1 WHILST thee I seek, protecting F
 Be my vain wishes stilled ;
 And may this consecrated hour
 With better hopes be filled.
- 2 Thy love the power of thought be
 To thee my thoughts would soa
 Thy mercy o'er my life has flowe
 That mercy I adore.
- 3 In each event of life, how clear
 Thy ruling hand I see !
 Each blessing to my soul more de
 Because conferred by thee.
- 4 In every joy that crowns my days
 In every pain I bear,
 My heart shall find delight in prais
 Or seek relief in prayer.
- 5 When gladness wings my favored
 Thy love my thoughts shall fill ;
 Resigned when storms of sorrow I
 My soul shall meet thy will.
- 6 My lifted eye without a tear
 The gathering storm shall see :
 My steadfast heart shall know n
 That heart shall rest on thee,

8. PRAYER AND DEVOUT EXERCISES.

57.

L. M.

TOPLADY.

Seeking the Light of God's Presence.

- 1 O THAT my heart was right with thee,
And loved thee with a perfect love !
O that my Lord would dwell in me,
And never from his seat remove !
- 2 Father, I dwell in mournful night
Till thou dost in my heart appear ;
Arise, propitious sun ! and light
An everlasting morning there.
- 3 O, let my prayer acceptance find,
And bring the heavenly blessing down ;
Eye-sight impart, — for I am blind, —
And seal me thine adopted son.

358.

S. M.

WATTS.

Seeking God. Ps. 63.

- 1 My God, permit my tongue
This joy, to call thee mine ;
And let my early cries prevail
To taste thy love divine.
- 2 My thirsty, fainting soul
Thy mercy does implore ;
Not travellers in desert lands
Can pant for water more.
- 3 Within thy churches, Lord,
I long to find my place ;
Thy power and glory to behold,
And feel thy quickening grace.
- 4 For life without thy love
No relish can afford ;
No joy can be compared with
To serve and please the Lord

PRAYER AND DEVOUT EXERCISES. 359, 36

5 Since thou hast been my help,
To thee my spirit flies,
And on thy watchful providence
My cheerful hope relies.

6 The shadow of thy wings
My soul in safety keeps;
I follow where my Father leads,
And he supports my steps.

359.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Seeking God, the Fountain of living Waters.

- 1 BLEST Spirit! source of grace divine!
What soul-refreshing streams are thine?
O bring these healing waters nigh,
Or we must droop, and fall, and die.
- 2 No traveller through desert lands,
'Midst scorching suns and burning sands,
More eager longs for cooling rain,
Or pants the current to obtain.
- 3 Our longing souls aloud would sing,
'Spring forth, celestial fountain, spring;
To a redundant river flow,
And cheer this thirsty land below.'
- 4 May this blest torrent near my side
Through all the desert gently glide;
Then, in Emmanuel's land above,
Thy waters shall my thirst remove.

PRAYER

With cheerful hope and
In that august and precious
By thee ordained, we now draw down
And would the promised blessing claim.

3 Does not an earthly parent hear
The cravings of his famished son?
Will he reject the filial prayer,
Or mock him with a cake of stone?

4 Our heavenly Father! how much more
Will thy divine compassion rise,
And open thine unbounded store
To satisfy thy children's cries!

5 Yes, we will ask, and seek, and press
For gracious audience, to thy seat;
Still hoping, waiting for success,
If persevering to entreat.

6 For Jesus in his faithful word
The patient suppliant has blessed;
And all thy saints, with one accord,
The prevalence of prayer attest.

361.

L. M.

And

'Art thou my Father!'
1 My God, my Father! may I dare,
I, all debased, with sin defiled,—
These awful, soothing names to join
Am I thy creature, and thy child

2 Art thou my Father! — then no
My sins shall tempt me to despise
My Father pities and forgives,
And hears a child's repentant

3 Art thou my Father! — let
With all my powers to do

make thy service all my care,
and all thy kind commands fulfil.

Art thou my Father! — then I know
When pain, or wants, or griefs oppress
They come but from a Father's hand
That wounds to heal, — afflicts to

5 Art thou my Father! — then, in darkness
And darkness when I grope my way
Thy light shall shine upon my path
And make my darkness like thy day

6 My God, my Father! — I am vile
Prone to forget thee, weak and blind
Be thou my hope, my strength, my life
Hope of my heart, light of my mind

362.

C. M.

4

'Abba, Father.'

1 SOVEREIGN of all the worlds on high
O hear our humble claim;
Nor, while we own our numerous sins,
Disdain a Father's name.

2 Our Father, God! how sweet the name
How tender, and how dear!
Not all the harmony of heaven
Could so delight the ear.

3 Come, sacred Spirit, seal the name
On our expanding heart;
And show that in Jehovah's grace
We share a filial part.

4 Cheered by a signal so divine,
Unwavering we believe;
And 'Abba, Father,' humbly cry
Nor can the sign deceive.

1 My Father! — cheering me
O may I call thee mine!
Give me with humble hope
A portion so divine.

2 This can my fears control
And bid my sorrows fly;
What real harm can reach
Beneath my Father's eye

3 Whate'er thy will denies,
I calmly would resign;
For thou art just, and good,
O bend my will to thine!

4 Whate'er thy will ordains
O give me strength to be
Still let me know a father's care,
And trust a father's care.

5 If anguish rend this frame
And life almost depart,
Still will thou be my Father,
And still my Father be.

PRAYER AND DEVOUT EXERCISES. 364, 365

364.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Confidence in God.

- 1 **My God! the covenant of thy love
Abides forever sure ;
And in his matchless grace I feel
My happiness secure.**
- 2 **What though my house be not with thee
As nature could desire ?
To nobler joys than nature gives
Thy servants all aspire.**
- 3 **Since thou, the everlasting God,
My Father art become ;
Jesus my Guardian and my Friend,
And heaven my final home ;**
- 4 **I welcome all thy sovereign will,
For all that will is love ;
And when I know not what thou dost,
I wait the light above.**
- 5 **Thy covenant the last accent claims
Of this poor faltering tongue ;
And that shall the first notes employ
Of my celestial song.**

365.

L. M.

MRS. STEELE

Communing with God.

- 1 **THOU only Sovereign of my heart,
My refuge, my almighty Friend !
And can my soul from thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend ?**
- 2 **Whither, ah ! whither shall I go,
A wretched wanderer from my Lord ?
Can this dark world of sin and woe
One glimpse of happiness afford ?**

My comfort and
5 Low at thy feet
Here safety dwell
Still let me live
For life, eternal

366.

(

God our Pa

- 1 God, my suppo
My help foreve
Thine arm of me
When sinking
- 2 Thy counsels, L
Through this d
Thine hand condi
To dwell befor
- 3 Were I in heaven
'Twould be no
And whilst this m

Not all the idol-gods they love
Can save them when they cry.

6 But to draw near to thee, my God,
Shall be my sweet employ ;
My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,
And tell the world my joy.

367.

L. M.

TATE & BRADY

God the sure Resort of Saints. Ps. 36.

- 1 O LORD, thy mercy, my sure hope,
The highest orb of heaven transcends ;
Thy sacred truth's unmeasured scope
Beyond the sparkling skies extends.
- 2 Thy justice like the hills remains ;
Unfathomed depths thy judgments are ;
Thy providence the world sustains ;
The whole creation is thy care.
- 3 Since of thy goodness all partake,
With what assurance should the just
Thy sheltering wings their refuge make,
And saints to thy protection trust !
- 4 Such guests shall to thy courts be led,
To banquet on thy love's repast ;
And drink, as from a fountain's head,
Of joys that shall forever last.
- 5 With thee the springs of life remain ;
Thy presence is eternal day :
O let thy saints thy favor gain ;
To upright hearts thy truth display.

Our hope, our joy, our sole de
Thy spirit grant, — for neithe
Nor sin can come, while that

2 From all eternity, with love
Unchangeable, thou hast us v
Before these beating hearts di
Thy tender mercies us pursue
Ever with us may they abide,
And close us in on every side

3 In suffering be thy love our p
In weakness be thy love our r
And when the storms of life st
O God! in that important hou
In death as life be thou our gu
And bear us through death's v

369. 8s &c 7s M.

Invocation to Divine Lo

1 LOVE divine, all love excell
Joy of heaven, to earth con
Fix in us thy humble dwellin
All thy faithful mercies crow
Father! thou art all compas
Pure, unbounded love thou
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every longing heart.

2 Breathe, O breathe thy lov
Into every troubled breast

Let us all in thee inherit,
 Let us find thy promised rest.
 Come, almighty to deliver,
 Let us all thy life receive ;
 Graciously come down, and never,
 Never more thy temples leave.

370.

L. M. 6l.

ANONYMOUS.

Rejoicing in Divine Love.

- 1 O LOVE, thou fathomless abyss !
 Our sins are swallowed up in thee ; —
 From all our past unrighteousness
 And condemnation we are free ;
 While Jesus' voice, through earth and skies,
 Mercy — free, boundless mercy — cries.
- 2 In faith we cast our souls on thee !
 Here is our hope, our joy, our rest ;
 Hither, when fears assail, we flee :
 We look into our Savior's breast.
 Away, sad doubts and anxious fear, —
 Mercy is all that's written there !
- 3 Though waves and storms go o'er our head, —
 Though strength, and health, and friends be
 gone, —
 Though joys be withered all, and dead, —
 Though every comfort be withdrawn, —
 Steadfast on this our soul relies,
 Father, thy mercy never dies !
- 4 Fixed on this ground would we remain,
 Though our heart fail, and flesh decay ;
 This anchor shall our soul sustain,
 When earth's foundations melt away ;
 Mercy's full power we then shall prove,
 Loved with an everlasting love.

371, 372. PRAYER AND DEVOUT HYMN

371.

C. M.

W.A.

Invocation of the Divine Spirit.

- 1 COME, holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 Look, how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys;
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.
- 4 Dear Lord! and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great!
- 5 Come, holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Come, shed abroad a Savior's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

372.

L. M. 6l.

Answer

The Same.

- 1 ETERNAL Spirit, source of light,
Enlivening, consecrating fire!
Descend, and, with celestial heat,
Our dull, our frozen hearts inspire;
Our souls refine, our dross consume
Come, condescending Spirit, come

PRAYER AND DEVOUT EXERCISES. 373.

- 4 In our cold breasts, O, strike a spark
Of that pure flame which seraphs feel;
Nor let us wander in the dark,
Or lie benumbed and stupid still.
Come, vivifying Spirit, come!
And make our hearts thy constant home.
- 5 Let pure devotion's fervors rise!
Let every pious passion glow!
O let the raptures of the skies
Kindle in our cold hearts below.
Come, purifying Spirit, come,
And make our souls thy constant home!

373.

L. M

ANONYMOUS.

Prayer for the Sinner's Graces.

- 1 WE'RE in a world of hopes and fears,—
A wilderness of toils and tears,
Where foes alarm, and dangers threat,
And pleasures kill, and glories cheat.
- 2 Shed down, O Lord, a heavenly ray,
To guide us in the doubtful way;
And o'er us hold thy shield of power,
To guard us in the dangerous hour.
- 3 Teach us the flattering path to shun,
In which the thoughtless many run;
Who for a shade the substance miss,
And grasp their ruin for their bliss.
- 4 Each sacred principle impart
The faith that sanctifies the heart;
Hope that to endless life aspires;
And love that warms with holy fires.
- 5 Let neither pleasure, wealth, nor pride
Allure our wandering souls aside;
But, through this maze of mortal ill,
Safe lead us to thy heavenly hill.

PRAYER AND DEVOUT EXERCISES.

- o There glories shine and pleasures roll,
That charm, delight, transport the soul;
And every panting wish shall be
Possessed of boundless bliss in thee.

374.

C. M.

Monksong.

For all Spiritual Good.

- 1 WHAT shall we ask of God in prayer?
Whatever good we want;
Whatever man may seek to share,
Or God in wisdom grant.

- 2 Father of all our mercies, — thou
In whom we move and live,
Hear us in heaven, thy dwelling, now,
And answer, and forgive.

- 3 When, harassed by ten thousand foes,
Our helplessness we feel,
O give the weary soul repose,
The wounded spirit heal.

- 4 When dire temptations gather round,
And threaten or allure,
By storm or calm, in thee be found
A refuge strong and sure.

- 5 When age advances, may we grow
In faith, in hope and love;
And walk in holiness below
To holiness above.

- 6 When earthly joys and cares depart
Desire and envy cease,
Be thou the portion of our heart, —
In thee may we have peace.

PRAYER AND DEVOUT EXERCISES. 375, 376.

375.

L. M.

*GIBBONS.

Prayer for all Ages and Classes of Men.

- 1 IN thee, thou all-sufficient God,
The springs of happiness arise,
That cheer this thirsty land below,
And bless the mansions of the skies.
- 2 We, the productions of thy power,
And pensioners upon thy love,
Look to thy throne with longing eyes,
And wait thy blessings from above.
- 3 Protect the young from every snare,
And let thy staff support the old ;
Relieve the poor, nor let the rich
Have all their heritage in gold.
- 4 Let joyful saints still taste thy grace ;
Give to the mourners heavenly day ;
Sustain the strong, and quick revive
The withering plants from their decay.

376.

C. M.

*POPE.

The Universal Prayer.

- 1 THOU great First Cause ! least understood,
Who all my sense confined
To know but this, — that thou art good,
And that myself am blind !
- 2 Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Presume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land
On each I judge thy foe.
- 3 If I am right, thy grace impart
Still in the right to stay ;
If I am wrong, O teach my heart
To find that better way.

7 PRAYER AND DEVOUT EXERCISES.

- 4 Save me alike from foolish pride,
Or impious discontent
At aught thy wisdom has denied,
Or aught thy goodness lent.
- 5 Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see ;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.
- 6 This day be bread and peace my lot ;—
But all beneath the sun
Thou know'st if best bestowed or not ;
And let thy will be done.

377.

L. M.

ANONYMOUS.

Prayer for the Divine Assistance in all Things.

- 1 Be with me, Lord, where'er I go ;
Teach me what thou wouldst have me do
Suggest whate'er I think or say ;
Direct me in thy narrow way.
- 2 Prevent me, lest I harbor pride, —
Lest I in my own strength confide ;
Show me my weakness, — let me see
I have my power, my all from thee.
- 3 Enrich me always with thy love ;
My kind protection ever prove ;
Thy signet put upon my breast,
And let thy spirit on me rest.
- 4 Assist and teach me how to pray ;
Incline my nature to obey ;
What thou abhor'st, that let me flee,
And only love what pleases thee.

- 5 O may I never do my will,
But thine, and only thine, fulfil ;
Let all my time and all my ways
Be spent and ended to thy praise.

378.

C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

For various Blessings.

- 1 ALMIGHTY Maker ! Lord of all !
My wandering passions guide ;
And from my heart's recesses drive
Impenitence and pride.
- 2 What'er thine all-discerning eye
Sees for thy creature fit,—
I'll bless the good, and to the ill
Contentedly submit.
- 3 With generous pleasure let me view
The prosperous and the great ;
Malignant envy let me fly,
And odious self-conceit.
- 4 Let not despair nor fell revenge
Be to my bosom known ;
O, give me tears for others' woes,
And patience for my own.
- 5 Feed me with necessary food :
I ask not wealth or fame ;
Give me an eye to see thy will,
A heart to bless thy name.

- 6 May still my days sincerely pass

379, 380. PRAYER AND DEVOUT EXERCISES.

379.

S. M.

PATRICK.

For holy Affections.

- 1 **GOD**, who is just and kind,
Will those who err instruct,
And to the paths of righteousness
Their wandering steps conduct.
- 2 The humble soul he guides,
Teaches the meek his way ;
Kindness and truth he shows to all
Who his just laws obey.
- 3 Give me the tender heart
That mixes fear with love,
And lead me through whatever path
Thy wisdom shall approve.
- 4 O ! ever keep my soul
From error, shame, and guilt ;
Nor suffer the fair hope to fail
Which on thy truth is built.

380.

C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

For a pious Mind in Life and Death.

- 1 **FATHER**, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace
Let this petition rise : —
- 2 ' Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free ;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee ;
- 3 ' Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend ;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.'

PRAYER AND DEVOUT EXERCISES. 381, 382.

381.

C. M.

WATTS.

For Holiness. Ps. 119.

- 1 **O THAT** the Lord would guide my ways
To seek his statutes still !
O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will !
- 2 **O** send thy spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart !
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.
- 3 **From** vanity turn off mine eyes ;
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desires, arise
Within this soul of mine.
- 4 **Order** my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere ;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.
- 5 **Make** me to walk in thy commands —
'Tis a delightful road ;
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
Offend against my God.

382.

7s M.

MERRICK.

For Salvation from Error and Guilt.

- 1 **BLEST** Instructor ! from thy ways
Who can tell how oft he strays ?
Save from error's growth our mind ;
Leave not, Lord, one root behind.
- 2 **Purge** us from the guilt that lies
Wrapt within our heart's disguise ;
Let us thence, by thee renewed,
Each presumptuous sin exclude.

3. PRAYER AND DEVOUT EXERCISES.

- 3 So our lot shall ne'er be joined
With the men, whose impious mind,
Fearless of thy just command,
Braves the vengeance of thy hand.
- 4 Let our tongues, from error free,
Speak the words approved by thee;
To thine all-observing eyes
Let our thoughts accepted rise.
- 5 While we thus thy name adore,
And thy healing grace implore,
Blest Redeemer! bow thine ear;
God, our strength! propitious hear.

383.

C. M.

HEGINBOTHAM.

For a thankful and submissive Heart.

- 1 FATHER of mercies, God of love,
My Father and my God!
I'll sing the honors of thy name,
And spread thy praise abroad.
- 2 In every period of my life
Thy thoughts of love appear;
Thy mercies gild each transient scene,
And crown each lengthening year.
- 3 In all these mercies may my soul
A father's bounty see;
Nor let the gifts thy grace bestows
Estrange my heart from thee.
- 4 Teach me in time of deep distress
To own thy hand, my God;
And in submissive silence bear
The lessons of thy rod.
- 5 In every changing state of life,
Each bright, each gloomy scene

PRAYER AND DEVOUT EXERCISES. 384

Give me a meek and humble mind,
Still equal and serene.

- 6 Then will I close my eyes in death
Free from distressing fear;
For death itself is life, my God,
If thou art with me there.

384.

S. M. M.

ANONYMOUS

For a right Spirit.

1 I WANT a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill;
A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief and loss,
Bold to take up, firm to sustain
The consecrated cross.

2 I want a godly fear,
A quick-discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly;
A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
Forever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

- Let wisdom guide me —
- 4 That heavenly wisdom from above
Abundantly impart;
And let it guard, and guide, and warm,
And penetrate my heart;
- 5 Till it shall lead me to thyself,
Fountain of bliss and love!
And all my darkness be dispersed
In endless light above.

386.

L. M. G.

ANONYMOUS

For Forgiveness and Renewal of Mind.

- 1 FORGIVE us, for thy mercy's sake,
Our multitude of sins forgive!
And for thy own possession take,
And bid us to thy glory live, —
Live in thy sight, and gladly prove
Our faith by our obedient love.

The covenant of forgiveness seal,
And all thy mighty wonders show !
Our hidden enemies expel,
And conquering them to conquer go,
Till all of pride and wrath be slain,
And not one evil thought remain !

3 O put it in our inward parts,
The living law of perfect love !
Write the new precept on our hearts ;
We shall not then from thee remove,
Who in thy glorious image shine
Thy people, and forever thine.

387.

C. M.

H. BALLOU.

For Remission of Sins, and Divine Light.

1 O THOU, whose power the mountains formed,
And made the sea its bed ;
Who set the raging waves their bound,
And all their caverns hid ;—

2 The mountains thy commands obey,
The seas thy power confess ;
Thou dost their caverns deep survey,
And every dark recess.

3 O'er mountains of our sins, O Lord,
Wilt thou thy hand extend,
And to thy gracious, pardoning word
Their lofty summits bend.

4 And o'er the raging seas of guilt
May thy rich grace abound,
While in the blood that Jesus spilt
Each angry wave is drowned.

5 In darkest caverns of the heart
Wilt thou thy light display,
And to the visual power impart
Thine own eternal day.

3. PRAYER AND DEVOUT EXERCISES.

388.

C. M.

*Doddridge.

For Freedom from secret Sin.

SEARCHER of hearts ! before thy face
I all my soul display ;
And, conscious of its innate arts,
Entreat thy strict survey.

2 If, lurking in its inmost folds,
I any sin conceal,
O, let a ray of light divine
The secret guile reveal.

3 If tinctured with that odious gall
Unknowing I remain,
Let grace, like a pure silver stream,
Wash out the hateful stain.

4 If, in these fatal fetters bound,
A wretched slave I lie,
Smite off my chains, and wake my soul
To light and liberty.

5 To humble penitence and prayer
Be gentle pity given ;
Speak ample pardon to my heart,
And seal its claim to heaven.

389.

C. M.

C. WALKER.

For Tenderness of Conscience.

1 I WANT a principle within
Of jealous, godly fear ;
A dread and hatred of all sin,
A pain to feel it near.

2 I want the first approach to feel
Of pride or fond desire ;
To catch the wandering of my will,
And quench the kindling fire.

PRAYER AND DEVOUT EXERCISES. 390.

- 3 That I from thee no more may part,
No more thy goodness grieve. —
The filial awe, the loving heart,
The tender conscience give.
- 4 Quick as the apple of the eye,
O God! my conscience make;
Awake my soul when sin is nigh,
And keep it still awake.
- 5 If to the right or left I stray,
That moment, Lord, reprove;
And let me mourn, and weep, and pray,
For having grieved thy love.
- 6 O! may the least omission pain
My well-instructed soul;
That I may find that grace again,
Which makes the wounded whole.

390.

C. M.

MONTGOMERY

For grateful Submission.

- 1 ONE prayer I have, — all prayers in one, —
When I am wholly thine;
'Thy will, my God, thy will be done,
And let that will be mine.'
- 2 All-wise, almighty, and all-good,
In thee I firmly trust;
Thy ways, unknown or understood,
Are merciful and just.
- 3 May I remember that to thee
Whate'er I have I owe;
And back in gratitude from me
May all thy bounties flow.
- Thy gifts are only then enjoyed,
When used as talents lent;

391, 392. PRAYER AND DEVOUT EXERCISES.

Those talents only well employed,
When in thy service spent.

5 And though thy wisdom takes away,
Shall I arraign thy will?
No, let me bless thy name, and say,
'The Lord is gracious still.'

6 A pilgrim through the earth I roam,
Of nothing long possessed;
And all must fail when I go home,
For this is not my rest.

391. L. M. MRS. COTTEWILL

For a Life devoted to God's Glory.

- 1 O THOU, who hast at thy command
The hearts of all men in thy hand!
Our wayward, erring hearts incline
To have no other will but thine.
- 2 Our wishes, our desires, control;
Mould every purpose of the soul;
O'er all may we victorious be
That stands between ourselves and thee.
- 3 Thrice blest will all our blessings be,
When we can look through them to thee;
When each glad heart its tribute pays
Of love, and gratitude, and praise.
- 4 And while we to thy glory live,
May we to thee all glory give,
Until the final summons come,
That calls thy willing servants home.

392. C. M. COWPER

For Submission and Divine Guidance

- 1 O LORD! my best desires fulfil,
And help me to resign

PRAYER AND DEVOUT EXERCISES. 393.

Life, health and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.

2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears ?
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears ?

3 No ! let me rather freely yield
What most I prize, to thee,
Who never hast a good withheld,
Nor wilt withhold, from me.

4 Thy favor all my journey through
Thou art engaged to grant ;
What else I want, or think I do,
'Tis better still to want.

5 Wisdom and mercy guide my way :
Shall I resist them both ? —
A poor blind creature of a day,
And crushed before the moth !

6 But, ah ! my inmost spirit cries,
Still bind me to thy sway ;
Else, the next cloud that veils my skies
Drives all these thoughts away.

393.

C. M.

BEDDOME.

For Resignation.

1 My times of sorrow and of joy,
Great God ! are in thy hand ;
My choicest comforts come from thee,
And go at thy command.

2 If thou shouldst take them all away,
Yet would I not repine ;
Before they were possessed by me,
They were entirely thine.

94. PRAYER AND DEVOT.

- 3 Nor would I drop a murmuring word,
Though the whole world were gone,
But seek enduring happiness
In thee, and thee alone.
- 4 What is the world, with all its store ?
'Tis but a bitter sweet ;
When I attempt to pluck the rose,
A prickling thorn I meet.
- 5 Here perfect bliss can ne'er be found, —
The honey's mixed with gall :
'Midst changing scenes and dying friends,
Be thou my all in all.

394. C. M. Mrs. Stann

For Resignation and Confidence.

- 1 And can my heart aspire so high
To say, ' My Father ' God !
Lord, at thy feet I fain would lie,
And learn to kiss the rod.
- 2 I would submit to all thy will,
For thou art good and wise ;
Let every anxious thought be still,
Nor one faint murmur rise.
- 3 Thy love can cheer the darksome gl
And bid me wait serene
Till hopes and joys immortal bloom
And brighten all the scene.
- 4 My Father ! O permit my heart
To plead its humble train,
That those words

PRAYER AND DEVOUT EXERCISES. 395, 396.

395.

C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

For Sincerity in Worship.

- 1 **LORD!** when we bend before the throne,
And our confessions pour,
O may we feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.
- 2 Our contrite spirits pitying see;
True penitence impart,
And let a healing ray from thee
Beam hope on every heart.
- 3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
O let our wills resign;
And not a thought our bosom share,
Which is not wholly thine.
- 4 And when with heart and voice we strive
Our grateful hymns to raise,
Let love divine within us live
And fill our souls with praise.
- 5 Then, on thy glories while we dwell,
Thy mercies we'll review;
With love divine transported, tell —
'Thou, God, art Father too!'

396.

L. M. 6l.

MEMORIAL.

For the Understanding and Influence of God's Word.

- 1 **WHILE** here as wandering sheep we stray,
Teach us, O teach us, Lord, thy way!
Dispose our hearts, with willing awe,
To love thy word, to keep thy law;
That, by thy guiding precepts led,
Our feet the paths of truth may tread.

397, 398. PRAYER AND DEVOUT EXERCISES.

- 2 Great source of light to all below !
Teach us thy holy will to know :
Teach us to read thy word aright,
And make it our supreme delight ;
That, purged from vain desires, our mind
In thee its only good may find.
- 3 Maker, instructor, judge of all,
O hear us when on thee we call !
To us, all-bounteous Lord, dispense
Thy grace, and guiding influence !
Preserve us in thy holy ways,
And teach our hearts to speak thy praise !

397.

10s M.

DR. JOHNSON.

For Divine Light and Support.

- 1 O THOU whose power o'er moving worlds pre-
sides,
Whose voice created, and whose wisdom guides !
On darkling man in pure effulgence shine,
And cheer the clouded mind with light divine !
- 2 'Tis thine alone to calm the pious breast
With silent confidence, and holy rest ;
From thee, great God ! we spring, to thee we
tend, —
Path, motive, guide, original, and end.

398.

8s 7s & 4s M.

*OLIVER.

For Divine Guidance and Sustenance.

- 1 GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah !
Pilgrim through this barren land ;
I am weak, but thou art mighty ;
Hold me with thy powerful hand.
Bread of heaven !
Feed me till I want no more.

PRAYER AND DEVOUT EXERCISES. 399.

2 Open now the crystal fountains
Whence the living waters flow ;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all the journey through.
Strong Deliverer !
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 Feed me with the heavenly manna
In this barren wilderness ;
Be my sword, and shield and banner ;
Be the Lord my righteousness.
Strong Deliverer !
Be thou still my strength and shield.

4 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside ;
Bear me through the swelling current,
Land me safe on Canaan's side.
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

399.

L. M. 6l.

MONTGOMERY.

For Guidance to the Promised Land.

1 THUS far on life's perplexing path,
Thus far thou, Lord, our steps hast led,
Snatched from the world's pursuing wrath,
Unharm'd though floods o'erhung our head :
Like ransomed Israel on the shore,
Here then we pause, look back, adore.

2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,
Like all our fathers in their day,
We to the land of promise go,
Lord, by thine own appointed way ;
Still guide, illumine, cheer our flight,
In cloud by day, in fire by night.

400. PRAYER AND DEVOUT EXERCISES.

- 3 Protect us through the wilderness,
From every peril, plague, and foe ;
With bread from heaven thy people bless,
And living streams where'er we go ;
Nor let our rebel hearts repine,
Or follow any voice but thine.
- 4 Thy holy law to us proclaim,
But not from Sinai's top alone ;
Hid in the rock-cleft be thy name,
Thy power, and all thy goodness, shown ;
And may we never bow the knee,
Or worship any God but thee.
- 5 When we have numbered all our years,
And stand, at length, on Jordan's brink,
Though the flesh fail with mortal fears,
O let not then the spirit sink ;
But, strong in faith, and hope, and love,
Plunge through the stream, to rise above !

400.

L. M.

*COWPER.

For Confidence in God.

- 1 WHEN darkness long has veiled my mind,
And smiling day once more appears,
Then, my Creator ! then I find
The folly of my doubts and fears.
- 2 Straight I upbraid my wandering heart,
And blush that I should ever be
Thus prone to act so base a part,
Or harbor one hard thought of thee.
- 3 O ! let me then at length be taught,
What I am still so slow to learn,—
That God is love, and changes not,
Nor knows the shadow of a turn

PRAYER AND DEVOUT EXERCISES. 401.

- 4 Sweet truth, and easy to repeat !
But when my faith is sharply tried,
I find myself a learner yet,
Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.
- 5 But, O my God ! one look from thee
Subdues the disobedient will,
Drives doubt and discontent away,
And thy rebellious child is still.
- 6 Thou art as ready to forgive
As I am ready to repine ;
Thou, therefore, all the praise receive ;
Be shame and self-abhorrence mine.

401. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

Solomon's Prayer for Wisdom.

- 1 ALMIGHTY God ! in humble prayer
To thee our souls we lift ;
Do thou our waiting minds prepare
For thy most needful gift.
- 2 We ask not golden streams of wealth
Along our path to flow ;
We ask not undecaying health,
Nor length of years below.
- 3 We ask not honors, which an hour
May bring and take away ;
We ask not pleasure, pomp, and power,
Lest we should go astray.
- 4 We ask for wisdom ; — Lord, impart
The knowledge how to live ;
A wise and understanding heart
To all before thee give.

1 Thus Agur bre
‘ My God, two
In neither my r
Vouchsafe then

2 ‘ Far from my
Those enemies
Folly, whose p
And Falschoo

3 ‘ Be neither w
Below the dor
Let me my lif
And know no

4 These wishes
O, shed in me
Thy bounties
Expiring, the

— — — — —

PRAYER AND DEVOUT EXERCISES. 403, 404.

403.

C. M.

Watts.

The aged Christian's Prayer. Ps. 71.

- 1 God of my childhood and my youth,
The guide of all my days!
I have declared thy heavenly truth,
And told thy wondrous ways.
- 2 Wilt thou forsake my hoary hairs,
And leave my fainting heart?
Who shall sustain my sinking years
If God my strength depart?
- 3 Let me thy power and truth proclaim
To the surviving age,
And leave a savor of thy name
When I shall quit the stage.
- 4 The land of silence and of death
Attends my next remove;
O may these poor remains of breath
Teach the wide world thy love!
- 5 By long experience have I known
Thy sovereign power to save;
At thy command I venture down
Securely to the grave.
- 6 When I lie buried deep in dust,
My flesh shall be thy care;
These waters or links with thee I trust,
Thy power to resurrect me there.

404. PRAYER AND DEVOUT EXERCISES.

- 2 When on my aching, burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
Thy pardon grant, new peace impart ;
Good Lord, remember me.
 - 3 When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
O let my strength be as my day ;
Good Lord, remember me.
 - 4 When worn with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble body see ;
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief ;
Good Lord, remember me.
 - 5 When in the solemn hour of death
I wait thy just decree,
Be this the prayer of my last breath, —
Good Lord, remember me.
 - 6 And when before thy throne I stand,
And lift my soul to thee,
Then, with the saints at thy right hand,
Good Lord, remember me.
- 326

THE CHRISTIAN CHARACTER, GRACES, &c.

405.

L. M.

***WATT.**

The Beatitudes.

- 1** BLEST are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart ;
The love of Christ divinely flows,
A healing balm for all their woes.
- 2** Blest are the meek, who stand afar
From rage and passion, noise and war ;
God will secure their happy state,
And plead their cause against the great.
- 3** Blest are the souls that thirst for grace,
Hunger and long for righteousness ;
They shall be well supplied and fed
With living streams and living bread.
- 4** Blest are the pure, whose hearts are clean
From the defiling power of sin ;
With endless pleasure they shall see
A God of spotless purity.
- 5** Blest are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the coals of growing strife ;
They shall be called the heirs of bliss,
The sons of God, the God of peace.

God dwells with the Humble an

- 1 Thus saith the high and lo
‘ I sit upon my holy throne
My name is God, I dwell &
Dwell in my own eternity !
- 2 ‘ But I descend to worlds I
On earth I have a mansion
The humble spirit and cou
Is an abode of my delight.
- 3 ‘ The humble soul my wor
I bid the mourning sinne
Heal all the broken hearts
And ease the sorrows of t
- 4 ‘ When I contend against
I make them know how v
But should my wrath fore
that I should sink ha

Tis he whose every thought and deed
By rules of virtue moves ;
Whose generous tongue disdains to speak
The thing his heart disproves ;

3 Who never did a slander forge,
His neighbor's fame to wound ;
Nor hearken to a false report,
By malice whispered round ;

4 Who vice, in all its pomp and power,
Can treat with just neglect ;
And piety, though clothed in rags,
Religiously respect ;

5 Who to his plighted vows and trust
Has ever firmly stood ;
And though he promise to his loss,
He makes his promise good.

6 The man who by this steady course
Has happiness ensured,
When earth's foundations shake, shall stand
By Providence secured.

408.

7s M.

MERRICK.

The Same. Ps. 15.

1 Who shall towards thy chosen seat
Turn, O Lord, his favored feet ?
Who shall at thine altar bend ?
Who shall Zion's hill ascend ?
Who, great God, a welcome guest,
On thy holy mountain rest ?

2 He whose heart thy love has warmed ;
He whose will, to thine conformed,
Bids his life unsullied run ;
He whose word and thought are one .

409,410. CHRISTIAN CHARACTER, GRACES, &c.

Who, from sin's contagion free,
Lifts his willing soul to thee.

- 3** He who thus, with heart unstained,
Treads the path by thee ordained,
He shall towards thy chosen seat
Turn, O Lord, his favored feet ;
He thy ceaseless care shall prove,
He shall share thy constant love.

409.

L. M.

MONTGOMERY.

Who shall stand in his holy Place ? Ps. 24.

- 1** THE earth is thine, Jehovah ; thine
Its peopled realms and wealthy stores ;
Built on the floods by power divine,
The waves are ramparts to the shores.
- 2** But who shall reach thy holy place,
Or who, O Lord, ascend thy hill ?
The pure in heart shall see thy face,
The perfect man that doth thy will.
- 3** He who to bribes hath closed his hand,
To idols never bent the knee,
Nor sworn in falsehood, — he shall stand
Redeemed, and owned, and kept by thee.

410.

L. M.

SIR H. WOTTON.

The independent and happy Men.

- 1** How happy is he born or taught,
Who serveth not another's will ;
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his highest skill ;
- 2** Whose passions not his masters are ;
Whose soul is still prepared for death ;
Not tied unto the world with care
Of prince's ear or vulgar breath ;

CHRISTIAN CHARACTER, GRACES, &c. 411, 412.

3 Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than goods to lend,
And walks with man, from day to day,
As with a brother and a friend.

4 This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.

411. **C. M.** **ANONYMOUS.**

The true Riches. Ps. 37.

1 WITH mines of wealth are sinners poor,
Unblessing and unblessed;
But rich the man, whate'er his store,
Of inward peace possessed.

2 At tender pity's urgent call
His mite is gladly given;
Though poor the gift, the offering small,
Its record stands in heaven.

3 Ne'er shall he be, in life, bereft
Of God's protecting care;
Nor yet his duteous offspring left
Unsolaced ills to bear.

4 And mark the Christian's dying hour!
No fears, no doubts annoy;
His trust is in his Father's power,
His end is peace and joy.

412. **L. M.** **ANONYMOUS.**

The Same. Ps. 4.

1 **AMIDST** unsatisfied desires,
Or trouble's overwhelming flood,
331

413. CHRISTIAN CHARACTER, GRACE

Eager the doubting heart inquire
'O who will show us any good ?

2 But happy they who serve the L
And in his holy name believe ;
They know, from his all-gracious
That he will every want relieve.

3 When humbly offering at his sh
The grateful homage of the hea
The Lord will hear, and grace i
In rich and copious streams imp

4 Worldlings, who wealth and hon
Full many a weary vigil keep ;
But he whose treasure is above,
Shall rest secure, and sweetly sl

413. L. M. *M.

The Christian Warrior.

1 THE Christian warrior, see him
In the whole armor of his God ;
The spirit's sword is in his hand
His feet are with the gospel shod

2 In panoply of truth complete,
Salvation's helmet on his head,
With righteousness, a breastplat
And faith's broad shield before)

3 With this omnipotence he moves
From this the alien armies flee ;
Till more than conqueror he pro
Through Christ, who gives him

4 Thus strong in his Redeemer's :
Sin, death, and hell he tramples
Fights the good fight ; and tak
Through mercy, an immortal

ISTIAN CHARACTER, GRACES, &C. 414, 415

414. **L. M.** ***MRS. BARBAUL**

The Christian Warfare.

- 1** **AWAKE**, my soul ! lift up thine eyes ;
See where thy foes against thee rise
In long array, a numerous host ;
Awake, my soul ! or thou art lost.
- 2** Here danger like a giant stands,
Mustering his pale, terrific bands ;
There pleasure's silken banners spread,
And willing souls are captive led.
- 3** See where rebellious passions rage,
And fierce desires and lusts engage ;
The meanest foe of all the train
Has thousands and ten thousands slain.
- 4** Thou tread'st upon enchanted ground ;
Perils and snares beset thee round :
Beware of all ; guard every part ;
But most the traitor in thy heart.
- 5** Come, then, my soul ! now learn to wield
The weight of thine immortal shield ;
Put on the armor from above
Of heavenly truth, and heavenly love.
- 6** The terror and the charm repel,
And powers of earth, and powers of hell
The Man of Calvary triumphed here :
Why should his faithful followers fear ?

415. **C. M.** ***DODDRIDGE**

The Christian Race.

- 1** **AWAKE**, my soul ! stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on ;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

'Tis his own hand present
To thine aspiring eye ;

4 That prize with peerless
Which shall new lustre
When victors' wreaths as
Shall blend in common

416.

L. M.

Rising with Christ

1 YE faithful souls, who J
If risen indeed with him
Superior to the joys he
His resurrection's power

• Your faith by holy tem

417.

L. M.

SMART

Charity.

- 1 LET men of high conceit and zeal
Their fervors and their faith proclaim ;
If charity be wanting still,
The rest is but a sounding name.
- 2 Patient and meek, she suffers long,
And slowly her resentments rise ;
Soon she forgets the greatest wrong,
And soon the angry passion dies.
- 3 She envies none their better state,
But makes her neighbor's bliss her own
Nor vaunts herself with mind elate,
But still a modest air puts on.
- 4 Her neighbor's infamy and ill
To her no entertainment give ;
She's pleased to see him prosper still,
And still in good repute to live.
- 5 This is the grace that reigns on high,
And will forever brightly burn,
When hope shall in enjoyment die,
And faith to intuition turn.

418.

C. M.

PROUD.

The Same.

419. CHRISTIAN CHARACTER, GRACES, &c.

- 3 He aids the poor in their distress,
He hears when they complain ;
With tender heart delights to bless,
And lessen all their pain.
- 4 The sick, the prisoner, poor and blind,
And all the sons of grief,
In him a benefactor find ;
He loves to give relief.
- 5 'Tis love that makes religion sweet ;
'Tis love that makes us rise,
With willing mind and ardent feet,
'To yonder happy skies.
- 6 Then let us all in love abound,
And charity pursue ;
Thus shall we be with glory crowned,
And love as angels do.

419.

L. M.

WATTS.

Communing with Christ.

- 1 FAR from my thoughts, vain world, be gone ;
Let my religious hours alone ;
Fain would my eyes my Savior see ;
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee !
- 2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire :
Come, my dear Jesus, from above,
And feed my soul with heavenly love.
- 3 The trees of life immortal stand
In blooming rows at thy right hand ;
And, in sweet murmurs, by their side
Rivers of bliss perpetual glide.
- 4 Haste, then, but with a smiling face,
And spread the table of thy grace ;

CHRISTIAN CHARACTER, GRACES, &c. 420.

Bring down a taste of truth divine,
And cheer my heart with sacred wine.

5 Blest Jesus, what delicious fare !
How sweet thy entertainments are !
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace and dying love.

6 Hail ! great Immanuel, all divine !
In thee thy Father's glories shine ;
Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest one
That eyes have seen, or angels known !

420.

C. M.

*WATTS.

A living and a dead Faith.

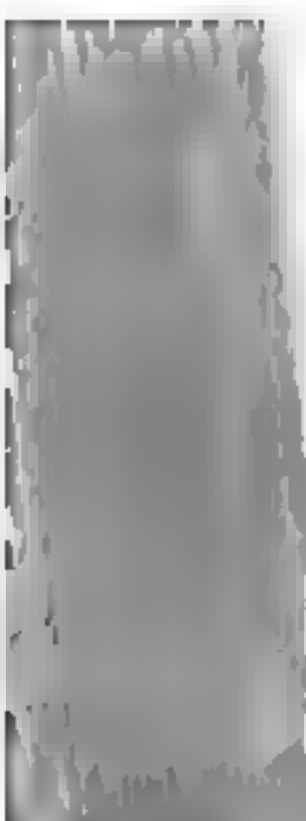
1 MISTAKEN souls ! that dream of heaven,
And make their empty boast
Of inward joys, and sins forgiven,
While they are slaves to lust.

2 Vain are our fancies, airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead ;
None but a living power unites
To Christ, the living head.

3 'Tis faith that purifies the heart
'Tis faith that works by love ;
That bids all sinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.

4 'Tis faith that conquers earth and hell
By a celestial power ;
This is the grace that shall prevail
In the decisive hour.

5 Faith must obey her Father's will,
As well as trust his grace ;
A pardoning God is jealous still
For his own holiness

- 
- 1 'Tis by the faith o
We walk through
Till we arrive at
Faith is our guide
 - 2 The want of sigh
She makes the p
Far into distant
And brings etern
 - 3 Cheerful we tread
While faith inspi
Though lions ro
And rocks and
 - 4 So Abraham, b
Left his own be
His faith beheld
And fired his z

433.

The bright

- 3 The yawning gulf that howled beneath
Has ceased its angry roar ;
The surging waves have spent their force,
And died upon the shore.
- 4 Far in the distance faith beholds
A flood of heavenly light ;
Now spreads her pinions, and directs
To heaven her ardent flight.
- 5 Far, far beyond this nether world,
Where sin and sorrow grow,
She seeks and finds that endless rest
Where joys unceasing flow.

423.

C. M.

Anonymous.

The Power of Faith

- 1 FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,
And saves us from its snares ;
Its aid in every duty brings,
And softens all our cares.
- 2 It quells the raging flames of sin ;
And lights the sacred fire
Of love to God and heavenly things,
And feeds the pure desire.
- 3 The wounded conscience knows its power
The healing balm to give :
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
And give the sinner life.

424,425. CHRISTIAN CHARACTER, GRACES, &c.

424.

C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

Faith, Hope, and Charity.

- 1 FAITH, hope, and love now dwell on earth,
And earth by them is blest ;
But faith and hope must yield to love,
Of all the graces best.
- 2 Hope shall to full fruition rise,
And faith be sight above ;
These are the means, but that the end,
For saints forever love.

425.

C. M.

NEEDHAM.

Fear of God.

- 1 HAPPY, beyond description, he
Who fears the Lord his God ;
Who hears his threats with holy awe,
And trembles at his rod.
- 2 Fear, sacred passion, ever dwells
With its fair partner, love ;
Blending their beauties, both proclaim
Their source is from above.
- 3 Let terrors fright th' unwilling slave, —
The child with joy appears ;
Cheerful he does his Father's will,
And loves as much as fears.
- 4 Let fear and love, most holy God !
Possess this soul of mine ;
Then shall I worship thee aright,
And taste thy joys divine.

426. 7s & 6s M. MONTGOMERY

Confidence in God. Ps. 27.

- 1 GOD is my strong salvation ;
What foe have I to fear ?
In darkness and temptation
My Light, my Help, is near.
Though hosts encamp around me,
Firm to the fight I stand ;
What terror can confound me
With God at my right hand ?
- 2 Place on the Lord reliance ;
My soul, with courage wait ;
His truth be thine affiance,
When faint and desolate ;
His might thine heart shall strengthen ;
His love thy joy increase ;
Mercy thy days shall lengthen ;
The Lord will give thee peace.

427. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

Hearts placed on Things above.

- 1 WHILE through this changing world we roam
From infancy to age,
Heaven is the Christian pilgrim's home,
His rest at every stage.
- 2 Thither his raptured thought ascends,
Eternal joys to share ;
There his adoring spirit bends,
While here he kneels in prayer.
- 3 From earth his freed affections rise,
To fix on things above,
Where all his hope of glory lies,
And love is perfect love.

CHRISTIAN CHARACTER,

Ah! there may we our treasure place,
There let our hearts be found,
That still where sin abounded, grace
May more and more abound.
Henceforth our conversation be
With Christ before the throne;
Ere long we eye to eye shall see,
And know as we are known.

428.

L. M.

Watts.

Adorn the Doctrine by godly Lives.

- 1 So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.
- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Savior God,
When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.
- 3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride;
While justice, temperance, truth and
Our inward piety approve.
- 4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord
And faith stands leaning on his word.

429.

C. M.

Longing for Heaven in Times of Trial

- 1 WHEN musing sorrow weeps,
And mourns the present grief

CHRISTIAN CHARACTER, GRACES, &c. 45

- 'Tis sweet to think of peace at last,
And feel that death is gain.
- 2 'Tis not that murmuring thoughts arise,
And dread a Father's will ;
'Tis not that meek submission flies,
And would not suffer still ; —
- 3 It is, that heaven-born faith surveys
The path that leads to light,
And longs her eagle plumes to raise,
And lose herself in sight.
- 4 It is, that harassed conscience feels
The pangs of struggling sin ;
And sees, though far, the hand that heek
And ends the strife within.
- 5 O let me wing my hallowed flight
From earth-born woe and care,
And soar above these clouds of night,
My Savior's bliss to share !

430.

C. M.

Watts.

Liberty rewarded. Ps. 112.

- 1 **HAPPY** is he that fears the Lord,
And follows his commands

431. CHRISTIAN CHARACTER, GRACES, &

- 4 In times of general distress,
Some beams of light shall shine
To show the world his righteousness,
And give him peace divine.

431. C. M. WAT

Love and Charity.

- 1 **LET** Pharisees of high esteem
Their faith and zeal declare, —
All their religion is a dream,
If love be wanting there.
- 2 Love suffers long with patient eye,
Nor is provoked in haste ;
She lets the present injury die,
And long forgets the past.
- 3 Malice and rage, those fires of hell,
She quenches with her tongue ;
Hopes and believes, and thinks no ill
Though she endures the wrong.
- 4 She nor desires nor seeks to know
The scandals of the time ;
Nor looks with pride on those below
Nor envies those that climb.
- 5 She lays her own advantage by,
To seek her neighbor's good :
So God's own Son came down to die
And bought our lives with blood.
- 6 Love is the grace that keeps her pow
In all the realms above ;
There faith and hope are known no
But saints forever love.

439.

L. M.

*WATTS.

All Things vain without Love.

- 1 HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jew
And nobler speech than angels use,
If love be absent, I am found
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.
- 2 Were I inspired to preach and tell
All that is done in heaven and hell;
Or could my faith the world remove,
Still I am nothing without love.
- 3 Should I distribute all my store
To feed the cravings of the poor;
Or give my body to the flame
To gain a martyr's glorious name;
- 4 If love to God and love to men
Be absent, all my hopes are vain:
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The works of love can e'er fulfil.

433.

C. M.

WATTS.

'But the greatest of these is Charity.'

- 1 HAPPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love adorns the breast

4 Before we
Or leave this world—
The wings of love **B**ear us away
To see our gracious God.

434.

S. M.

BADDON

Mutual Charity among Christians.

1 LET party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread ;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ their head.

2 Among the saints on earth
Let mutual love be found ;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crowned.

3 Let envy, child of hell !
Be banished far away ;
Those should in strictest friendship
Who the same Lord obey.

"" the church below

CHRISTIAN CHARACTER, GRACES, &c. 43

2 'Tis like the dews that fill
The cups of Hermon's flowers ;
Or Zion's fruitful hill,
Bright with the drops of showers ;
When mingling odors breathe around,
And glory rests on all the ground.

3 For there the Lord commands
Blessings, a boundless store,
From his unsparing hands,
Yea, life for evermore.
Thrice happy they who meet above
To spend eternity in love !

436.

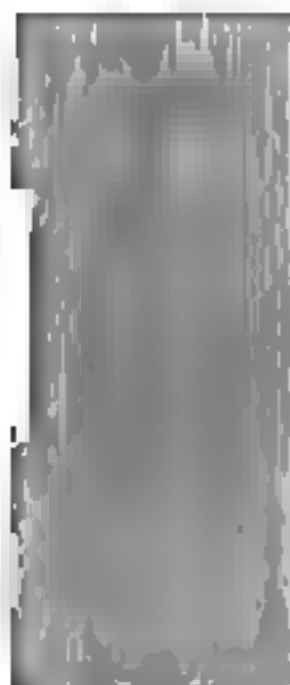
C. M.

Watts.

The Same. Ps. 133.

- 1 Lo, what an entertaining sight
Are brethren that agree !
Brethren whose cheerful hearts unite
In bands of piety !
- 2 When streams of love, from Christ the spring
Descend to every soul,
And heavenly peace, with balmy wing,
Shades and bedews the whole.

3 'Tis like the cool, refreshing stream



Lord, help us
That growing
And growing

3 With under
Created to b
Our faith on m
Subject to ne

4 Give us the l
Our minds w
From noxious
From prejud

5 The truth th
May we with
Abhorring each
And fearing

— — —

3 The God of peace is theirs ;
They own his gracious sway ;
And, yielding all their wills to him,
His sovereign laws obey.

4 No angry passions move,
No envy fires the breast ;
The prospect of eternal peace
Bids every trouble rest.

5 O gracious Father ! grant
That we this influence feel,
That all we hope, or wish, may be
Subjected to thy will.

439.

C. M.

NEEDHAM.

Meekness and Moderation.

1 **HAPPY** the man whose cautious steps
Still keep the golden mean !
Whose life, by wisdom's rules well formed,
Declares a conscience clean.

2 Not of himself he highly thinks,
Nor acts the boaster's part ;
His modest tongue the language speaks
Of his still humbler heart.

3 Not in base scandal's arts he deals,
For truth dwells in his breast ;
With grief he sees his neighbor's faults,
And thinks and hopes the best.

4 What blessings bounteous heaven bestows
He takes with thankful heart ;
With temperance he both eats and drinks,
And gives the poor a part.

To sect or party his large soul
Disdains to be confined ;
The good he loves of every name,
And prays for all mankind.

6 Pure is his zeal, the offspring fair
Of truth and heavenly love :
The bigot's rage can never dwell
Where rests the peaceful dove.

7 His business is to keep his heart ;
Each passion to control ;
Nobly ambitious well to rule
The empire of his soul.

440.

L. M.

ANONYMOUS

Patience.

1 PATIENCE! — O, what a grace divine
Sent from the God of power and love,
Submissive to our Father's hand,
As through the wilds of life we rove.

2 By patience we serenely bear
The troubles of our mortal state,
And wait, contented, our discharge,
Nor think our glory comes too late.

3 Though we, in full sensation, feel
The weight, the wounds our God
We smile amid our heaviest woes
And triumph in our sharpest pain

4 O, for this grace, to aid us on,
And arm with fortitude the brow
Till, life's tumultuous voyage
We reach the shores of rest

5 Faith into vision shall be brought ;
And hope shall in fruition die ;
And patience in possession end,
In the bright worlds of bliss on high.

441. C. M. *WATTS.

Prudence and Peace-making.

- 1 O, 'TIS a lovely thing to see
A man of prudent heart !
Whose thoughts and lips and life agree
To act a useful part.
- 2 When envy, strife and wars begin
In little angry souls,
Mark how the sons of peace come in,
And quench the kindling coals.
- 3 Their minds are humble, mild and meek,
Nor does their anger rise,
Nor passion move their lips to speak,
Nor pride exalt their eyes.
- 4 Their lives are prudence mixed with love ;
Good works employ their day ;
They join the serpent with the dove,
But cast the sting away.
- 5 Such was the Savior of mankind ;
Such pleasures he pursued ;
His manners gentle and refined,
His soul divinely good

442. C. M. FAWCETT.

Importance of Religion.

- 1 RELIGION is the chief concern
Of mortals here below ;
May I its great importance learn,
Its sovereign virtue know.

through me,
in me let each
To my Redeemer's praise

Mrs. Bruna

13.

L. M.

Holy Resolves.

- 1 Ah, wretched souls, who strive in vain!
Slaves to the world, and slaves to sin!
A nobler toil may I sustain,
A nobler satisfaction win.
- 2 I would resolve, with all gay heart,
With all my powers, to serve the Lord;
Nor from his precepts e'er depart.
Whose service is a rich reward.
- 3 O be his service all my joy,
Around let my example show.

...choice. —
yield to his supreme control.
And in his kind commands rejoice.

5 O may I never faint nor flee,
Nor wander from thy sacred way;
Great God, accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live thy praise.

444.

L. M.

WATTI.

Self-knowledge, and Abstraction from Earth.

My God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee:
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And lose my soul's repose?

443. CHRISTIAN CHARACTER, GRACES, &c.

- 2 More needful this than glittering wealth,
Or aught the world bestows ;
Not reputation, food or health
Can give us such repose.
- 3 Religion should our thoughts engage
Amidst our youthful bloom ;
'Twill fit us for declining age,
And for th' approaching tomb.
- 4 O may my heart, by grace renewed,
Be my Redeemer's throne ;
And be my stubborn will subdued,
His government to own.
- 5 Let deep repentance, faith and love
Be joined with godly fear ;
And all my conversation prove
My heart to be sincere.
- 6 Preserve me from the snares of sin
Through my remaining days ;
And in me let each virtue shine
To my Redeemer's praise.

443.

L. M.

MRS. STEELE.

Holy Resolve.

- 1 AH, wretched souls, who strive in vain !
Slaves to the world, and slaves to sin !
A nobler toil may I sustain,
A nobler satisfaction win.
- 2 I would resolve, with all my heart,
With all my powers, to serve the Lord ;
Nor from his precepts e'er depart,
Whose service is a rich reward.
- 3 O be his service all my joy !
Around let my example shine ;

Till others love the blest employ,
And join in labors so divine.

4 Be this the purpose of my soul,
My solemn, my determined choice,—
To yield to his supreme control,
And in his kind commands rejoice.

5 O may I never faint nor tire,
Nor wander from thy sacred ways!
Great God, accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live thy praise.

444.

L. M.

WATTS.

Self-knowledge, and Abstraction from Earth.

1 My God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee:
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Savior go?

3 Call me away from flesh and sense;
One sovereign word can draw me thence:
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

4 Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn;
Let noise and vanity be gone:
In secret silence of the mind
My heaven, and there my God, I find.

1 **AM** I an Israelite indeed,
Without a false disguise
Have I renounced my sin
My refuges of lies ?

2 Say, does my heart unchange
Or is it formed anew ?
What is the rule by which
The object I pursue ?

3 Cause me, O God of truth
My real state to know :
If I am wrong, O set me
If right, preserve me so

446.

C. M.

Walking with God

1 **THRICE** happy souls, who,
While yet they sojourn here
Do all their days with God
And spend them in his fear

CHRISTIAN CHARACTER, GRACES, &c. 447, 448.

5 As different scenes of life arise,
Our grateful hearts would be
With thee amidst the social band,
In solitude with thee.

6 In solid, pure delights like these,
Let all our days be passed ;
Nor shall we then, impatient, wish,
Nor shall we fear the last.

447.

L. M.

ANONYMOUS.

Uprightness and Justice.

1 If high or low our station be,
Of noble or ignoble name, —
By uncorrupt integrity,
Thy blessing, Lord, we humbly claim.

2 The upright man no want shall fear ;
Thy providence shall be his trust ;
Thou wilt provide his portion here,
Thou friend and guardian of the just.

3 May we, with most sincere delight,
To all, the test of duty pay ;
Tender of every social right,
Obedient to thy righteous sway.

448.

L. M.

ANONYMOUS.

Wisdom.

1 HAPPY the man who finds the grace,
The blessing of God's chosen race, —
The wisdom coming from above,
The faith that sweetly works by love.

2 Wisdom divine ! who tells the price
Of wisdom's costly merchandise ?
Wisdom to silver we prefer,
And gold is dross compared to her.

449. CHRISTIAN CHARACTER, GRACES, &c.

- 3 Her hands are filled with length of days,
True riches, and immortal praise ;
Riches of Christ, on all bestowed,
And honor that descends from God.
- 4 To purest joys she all invites,
Chaste, holy, innocent delights ;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her flowery paths are peace.
- 5 Happy the man who wisdom gains ;
Thrice happy, who his guest retains ;
He owns, and shall forever own,
Wisdom and Christ and heaven are one.

449.

C. M.

ANONYMOUS

Wisdom.

- 1 O HAPPY is the man, who hears
Instruction's warning voice ;
And who celestial wisdom makes
His early, only choice.
- 2 Her treasures are of more esteem
Than east or west unfold ;
And her rewards more precious are
Than all their mines of gold.
- 3 In her right hand she holds to view
A length of happy days ;
Riches, with splendid honors joined,
Her left hand full displays.
- 4 She guides the young with innocence
In pleasure's path to tread ;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.
- 5 According as her labors rise,
So her rewards increase ;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

CHRISTIAN CHARACTER, GRACES, &c. 450, 451.

450.

C. M.

NEWTON.

True Zeal.

- 1 **ZEAL** is that pure and heavenly flame
The fire of love supplies ;
Whilst that which often bears the name,
Is self but in disguise.
- 2 True zeal is merciful and mild,
Can pity and forbear ;
The false is headstrong, fierce and wild,
And breathes revenge and war.
- 3 While zeal for truth the Christian warms,
He knows the worth of peace ;
But self contends for names and forms,
Its party to increase.
- 4 Zeal has attained its highest aim,
Its end is satisfied,
If sinners love the Savior's name, —
Nor seeks it aught beside.
- 5 But self, however well employed,
Has its own ends in view ;
And says, as boasting Jehu cried,
'Come, see what I can do.'
- 6 This idol self, O Lord, dethrone,
And from our hearts remove ;
And let no zeal by us be shown
But that which springs from love.

451.

C. M.

***BEDDOME.**

'Fear not.'

- 1 **YE** trembling souls ! dismiss your fears ;
Be mercy all your theme, —
Mercy, which, like a river, flows
In one continued stream.

And make their error

3 Fear not the want of or
He will for his provi
Grant them supplies of
And all they need be

4 Fear not that he will e
Or leave his work un
He's faithful to his pro
And faithful to his S

5 Fear not the terrors of
Or death's tremendou
He will from death you
To endless glory bri

6 You in his wisdom, pow
May confidently trus
His wisdom guides, his
His grace rewards th

CHRISTIAN CHARACTER, GRACES, &c. 48

His every act pure blessing is,
His path unsullied light.

4 Thou comprehend'st him not ;
Yet earth and heaven tell
God sits as sovereign on the throne ;
He ruleth all things well.

5 Thou seest our weakness, Lord ;
Our hearts are known to thee :
O, lift thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee !

6 Let us, in life or death,
Boldly thy truth declare ;
And publish, with our latest breath,
Thy love and guardian care.

453. C. M. WATTS.

The Joy of Conversion. Ps. 136.

1 WHEN God revealed his gracious name,
And changed my mournful state,
My rapture seemed a pleasing dream,
The grace appeared so great.

2 The world beheld the glorious change,
And did thy hand confess ;
My tongue broke out in unknown strains,
And sung surprising grace.

454. CHRISTIAN CHARACTER, GRACES, &c.

5 Let those that sow in sadness wait
Till the fair harvest come,
They shall confess their sheaves are great,
And shout the blessings home.

454.

S. M.

***WATTS.**

Heavenly Joy on Earth.

1 COME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known ;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banished from the place !
Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less.

3 Yes, now, before we rise
To the immortal state,
The thoughts of that amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.

4 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below ;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

5 The hill of Sion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

6 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry ;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

LIFE, DEATH, RESURRECTION, AND ETERNITY.

455.

L. M.

WATTS.

God eternal, and Man mortal. Ps. 90.

- 1 **THROUGH** every age, eternal God,
Thou art our rest, our safe abode !
High was thy throne ere heaven was made,
Or earth thy humble footstool laid.
- 2 Long hadst thou reigned ere time began,
Or dust was fashioned into man ;
And long thy kingdom shall endure,
When earth and time shall be no more.
- 3 But man, weak man, is born to die,
Made up of guilt and vanity :
Thy dreadful sentence, Lord, was just,
'Return, ye sinners, to your dust.'
- 4 A thousand of our years amount
Scarce to a day in thine account ;
Like yesterday's departed light,
Or the last watch of ending night.
- 5 Death, like an overflowing stream,
Sweeps us away ; our life's a dream,
An empty tale, a morning flower
Cut down and withered in an hour.

456.

C. M.

WATTS.

The Same. Ps. 90.

- 1 OUR God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come !
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home !
- 2 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.
- 3 A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone ;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.
- 4 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away ;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.
- 5 Like flowery fields the nations stand,
Pleased with the morning light ;
The flowers beneath the mower's hand
Lie withering ere 'tis night.
- 6 Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home !

457.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

The steady Lapse of Time.

- 1 GOD of eternity ! from thee
Did infant time his being draw ;
Moments, and days, and months, and years,
Revolve by thine unvaried law.


- 2 Silent and slow they glide away ;
Steady and strong the current flows,
Lost in eternity's wide sea —
The boundless gulf from whence it rose.
- 3 With it the thoughtless sons of men,
Before the rapid streams, are borne
On to the everlasting home,
Whence not one soul can e'er return.
- 4 Yet, while the shore on either side
Presents a gaudy, flattering show,
We gaze, in fond amazement lost,
Nor think to what a world we go.
- 5 Great Source of wisdom ! teach my heart
To know the price of every hour ;
That time may bear me on to joys
Beyond its measure and its power.

458.

S. M.

DODDRIDGE.

The rapid Flow of Time.

- 1 How swift the torrent rolls
That bears us to the sea !
The tide that bears our thoughtless souls
To vast eternity !
 - 2 Our fathers, where are they,
With all they called their own ?
Their joys and griefs, and hopes and cares,
And wealth and honor, gone.
 - 3 God of our fathers ! hear ;
Thou everlasting Friend !
While we, as on life's utmost verge,
Our souls to thee commend.
 - 4 Of all the pious dead
- 

), could
Above these gloomy
To those bright worlds beyond --
Which sorrow ne'er invades !
There joys, unseen by mortal eyes,
Or reason's feeble ray,
In ever-blooming prospects rise,
Unconscious of decay.

6 Thither, on faith's sublimest wing,
Our ardent wishes rise,
To those bright scenes where pleasures spring
Immortal in the skies.

460.

L. M.

Mrs. Strick

The Shortness of Time, and Futility of Man. Ps. 39.

I ALMIGHTY Maker of my frame,
Teach me the measure of my days !
Teach me to know how frail I am,
And spend the remnant in thy praise

RESURRECTION, AND ETERNITY. 461.

- 2** My days are shorter than a span ;
A little point my life appears ;
How frail at best is dying man !
How vain are all his hopes and fears !
- 3** Vain his ambition, noise, and show !
Vain are the cares which rack his mind !
He heaps up treasures mixed with woe,
And dies, and leaves them all behind.
- 4** O, be a nobler portion mine :
My God ! I bow before thy throne ;
Earth's fleeting treasures I resign,
And fix my hope on thee alone.
- 5** Save me by thine almighty arm
From all my sins, and cleanse my faults ;
Then guilt nor folly shall alarm
My soul, nor vex my peaceful thoughts.

461.

C. M.

WATTS.

The Same. Ps. 39.

- 1** TEACH me the measure of my days,
Thou Maker of my frame !
I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.
- 2** A span is all that we can boast, —
An inch or two of time ;
Man is but vanity and dust,
In all his flower and prime.
- 3** See the vain race of mortals move
Like shadows o'er the plain ;
They rage and strive, desire and love,
But all their noise is vain.
- 4** Some walk in honor's gaudy show,
Some dig for golden ore ;

They toil for heirs, they know not w
And straight are seen no more.

5 What should I wish or wait for, then
From creatures, earth, and dust ?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.

6 Now I forbid my carnal hope,
My fond desires recall ;
I give my mortal interest up,
And make my God my all.

462.

S. M.

WA.

The Same. Ps. 90.

1 LORD, what a feeble piece
Is this our mortal frame !
Our life, how poor a trifle 'tis,
That scarce deserves a name !

2 Alas ! 'twas brittle clay
That built our body first !
And every month and every day
'Tis mouldering back to dust.

3 Our moments fly apace,
Nor will our minutes stay ;
Just like a flood our hasty days
Are sweeping us away.

4 Well, if our days must fly,
We'll keep their end in sight ;
We'll spend them all in wisdom's w
And let them speed their flight.

5 They'll waft us sooner o'er
This life's tempestuous sea ;
Soon we shall reach the peaceful sh
Of blest eternity.

RESURRECTION, AND ETERNITY. 463, 464.

463.

L. M.

MONTGOMERY.

The Hour of Death, and Entrance on Immortality

- 1 O GOD unseen — but not unknown !
Thine eye is ever fixed on me ;
I dwell beneath thy secret throne,
Encompassed by thy deity.
- 2 The moment comes when strength must fail,
When,—health and hope and comfort flown,—
I must go down into the vale
And shade of death, with thee alone :
- 3 Alone with thee ; — in that dread strife,
Uphold me through mine agony,
And gently be this dying life
Exchanged for immortality.
- 4 Then, when th' unbodied spirit lands
Where flesh and blood have never trod,
And in the unveiled presence stands
Of thee, my Savior and my God :
- 5 Be mine eternal portion this,
Since thou wert always here with me,
That I may view thy face in bliss,
And be for evermore with thee.

464.

C. M.

HEBER.

Universal Warning of Death.

- 1 BENEATH our feet and o'er our head
Is equal warning given :
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
Above us is the heaven !
- 2 Their names are graven on the stone,
Their bones are in the clay ;
And ere another day is done,
Ourselves may be as they.

- 3 Death rides on every passing breeze,
He lurks in every flower ;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour.
- 4 Our eyes have seen the rosy light
Of youth's soft cheek decay,
And fate descend in sudden night
On manhood's middle day.
- 5 Our eyes have seen the steps of age
Halt feebly towards the tomb ;
And yet shall earth our hearts engage,
And dreams of days to come ?
- 6 Turn, mortal ! turn, thy danger know ;
Where'er thy foot can tread,
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead !

Death is God's Messenger. Ps. 102.

- 1 It is the Lord our Savior's hand
Weakens our strength amid the race ;
Disease and death, at his command,
Arrest us, and cut short our days.
- 2 Spare us, O Lord, aloud we pray,
Nor let our sun go down at noon ;
Thy years are one eternal day,
And must thy children die so soon ?
- 3 Yet, in the midst of death and grief,
This thought our sorrow shall assuage :
' Our Father and our Savior live ;
Christ is the same through every age.'
- 4 The starry curtains of the sky,
Like garments, shall be laid aside ;

But still thy throne stands firm on high,
Thy church forever must abide.

- 5 Before thy face thy church shall live,
And on thy throne thy children reign ;
This dying world shall they survive,
And all the dead be raised again.

466.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

God, our only Support in Death. Ps. 38.

- 1 My soul ! the awful hour will come,
Apace it hastens on,
To bear this body to the tomb,
And thee to scenes unknown.
- 2 My heart, long laboring with its cares,
Shall pant and sink away ;
And you, mine eyelids, soon shall close
On the last glimmering ray.
- 3 Whence, in that hour, shall I derive
A cordial for my pain,
When, if earth's monarchs were my friends,
Those friends would weep in vain ?
- 4 Great King of nature and of grace !
To thee my spirit flies,
And opens all its deep distress
Before thy pitying eyes.
- 5 All its desires to thee are known,
And every secret fear ;
The meaning of each broken groan
Is noticed by thine ear.
- 6 O fix me, by that mighty power
Which to such love belongs,
Where darkness veils the eyes no more,
And sighs are changed to songs.

467, 468.

LIFE, DEATH,

467.

L. M.

WATTS.

Christ's Presence makes Death easy.

- 1 WHY should we start and fear to die!
What timorous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.
- 2 The pains, the groans, and dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away;
Still we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.
- 3 O! if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed.
- 4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

468.

C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

The happy Death.

- 1 LORD, must we die? O let us die
Trusting in thee alone!
Our living testimony given,
Then leave our dying one!
- 2 If we must die, O let us die
In peace with all mankind,
And change these fleeting joys below
For pleasures all refined.
- 3 If we must die,—as die we must,—
Let some kind seraph come,
And bear us on his friendly wing
To our celestial home!

RESURRECTION, AND ETERNITY. 469, 470.

- 4 Of Canaan's land, from Pisgah's top,
May we but have a view !
Though Jordan should o'erflow its banks,
We'll boldly venture through.

469.

L. M.

ANONYMOUS.

Deliverance from the Fear of Death.

- 1 O God of love ! with cheering ray,
Gild our expiring hour of day ;
Thy love, through each revolving year,
Has wiped away affliction's tear.
- 2 Free us from death's terrific gloom,
And all the fear which shrouds the tomb ;
Heighten our joys, support our head,
Before we sink among the dead.
- 3 May death conclude our toils and tears !
May death destroy our sins and fears !
May death, through Jesus, be our friend !
May death be life, when life shall end !
- 4 Crown our last moment with thy power —
The latest in our latest hour ;
Till to the raptured heights we soar,
Where fears and death are known no more.

470.

7s & 4s M.

MRS. GILBERT.

Support in Death implored.

- 1 WHEN the vale of death appears,
Faint and cold this mortal clay,
O my Father, soothe my fears,
Light me through the darksome way ;
Break the shadows,
Usher in eternal day.

471.

LIFE, DEATH,

2 Starting from this dying state,
Upward bid my soul aspire ;
Open thou the crystal gate,
To thy praise attune my lyre ;
Dwell forever,
Dwell on each immortal wire.

3 From the sparkling turrets there
Oft I'll trace my pilgrim way,
Often bless thy guardian care,
Fire by night and cloud by day ;
While my triumphs
At my Leader's feet I lay.

471.

L. M

MRS. BARBAULD.

Death of the Righteous.

1 SWEET is the scene when virtue dies !
When sinks a righteous soul to rest ;
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves th' expiring breast !

2 So fades the summer cloud away,
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys ;
Nothing disturbs that peace profound
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell :
How bright th' unchanging morn appears
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell !

5 Life's duty done, as sinks the clay
Light from its load the spirit flies
While heaven and earth combin
' How blessed the righteous wh

RESURRECTION, AND ETERNITY. 472, 473

472. C. M. WARR.

'Why mourn the Death of Friends?'

- 1 WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.
- 2 Are we not tending upward too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor would we wish the hours more slow,
To keep us from our love.
- 3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.
- 4 The graves of all the saints he blessed,
And softened every bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?
- 5 Thence he arose, ascended high,
And showed our feet the way:
Up to the Lord our souls shall fly,
At the great rising day.
- 6 Then on the last loud trumpet sound

Were this frail world our only rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.

2 Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond this vale of death,
There surely is some blessed clime,
Where life is not a breath,
Nor life's affections but a fire
Whose sparks fly upward to expire.

3 There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown, —
A whole eternity of love
And blessedness alone;
And faith beholds the dying here,
Translated to that happier sphere.

4 Thus, star by star declines
Till all are passed away,
As morning high and higher shines
To pure and perfect day.
Nor sink those stars in empty night —
They hide themselves in heaven's own light.

Submission, on the Death of Friends.

1 PEACE! — 'tis the Lord Jehovah's hand
That blasts our joys in death,
Changes the visage once so dear,
And gathers back the breath.

2 'Tis he, — the potentate supreme
Of all the worlds above, —
Whose steady counsels wisely rule,
Nor from their purpose move.

3 Our covenant God and Father he,
In Christ our bleeding Lord,

RESURRECTION, AND ETERNITY. 475.

Whose grace can heal the bursting heart
With one reviving word.

4 Fair garlands of immortal bliss
He weaves for every brow :
And shall rebellious passions rise,
When he corrects us now ?

5 Silent we own Jehovah's name,
We kiss the scourging hand ;
And yield our comforts and our life
To thy supreme command.

475.

C. M.

***DODDRIDGE.**

Comfort, on the Loss of Children.

1 YE mourning ones, whose streaming tears
Flow o'er your children dead, —
Say not, in transports of despair,
That all your hopes are fled.

2 While, cleaving to that darling dust,
In fond distress ye lie,
Rise, and with joy and reverence view
A heavenly parent nigh.

3 Though your young branches torn away,
Like withered trunks ye stand,
With fairer verdure shall ye bloom,
Touched by th' Almighty's hand.

4 'I'll give the mourner,' saith the Lord,
'In my own house a place ;
No names of daughters and of sons
Could yield so high a grace.

5 'Transient and vain is every hope
A rising race can give ;
*In endless honor and delight
My children all shall live.'*

We welcome, Lord, those rising tears
Through which thy face we see,
And bless those wounds, which through our hearts
Prepare a way for thee.

476.

L. M.

OFFALLER.

- Christ's Resurrection, a Pledge of ours.
- 1 WHEN I the holy grave survey
Where once my Savior deigned to lie,
I see fulfilled what prophets say,
And all the power of death defy.
 - 2 This empty tomb shall now proclaim
How weak the hands of conquered death;
Sweet pledge, that all who trust his name,
Shall rise, and share the conqueror's wreath!
 - 3 Jesus, once numbered with the dead,
Unseals his eyes, to sleep no more;
And ever lives their cause to plead
For whom the pains of death he bore.
 - 4 Thy risen Lord, my soul, behold!
See the rich diadem he wears!
Thou too shalt bear a harp of gold,
To crown thy joy when he appears.
 - 5 Though in the dust I lay my head,
Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave
My flesh forever with the dead,
Nor lose thy children in the grave.

477.

C. M.

The same.

- 1 BLESSED be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord;
Be his abounding mercy praised,
His majesty adored.

RESURRECTION, AND ETERNITY. 478.

- 2** When from the dead he raised his Son,
And called him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope
That they should never die.
- 3** What though our mortal frame require
Our flesh to see the dust,
Yet as the Lord our Savior rose,
So all his followers must.
- 4** There's an inheritance divine
Reserved against that day ;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefiled,
And cannot waste away.
- 5** Saints by the power of God are kept
Till the salvation come ;
We walk by faith, as strangers here,
Till Christ shall call us home.

478.

C. M.

Watts.

A Prospect of the Resurrection.

- 1** How long shall death the tyrant reign,
And triumph o'er the just,
While the rich blood of martyrs slain
Lies mingled with the dust ?
- 2** Lo, I behold the scattered shades,
The dawn of heaven appears ;
The sweet immortal morning spreads
Its blushes round the spheres.
- 3** I hear the voice, ' Ye dead, arise ! '
And, lo ! the graves obey ;
And waking saints, with joyful eyes,
Salute th' expected day.
- 4** They leave the dust, and on the wing
Rise to the midway air,

In shining garments meet their King
And low adore him there.

5 O may our humble spirits stand
Among them clothed in white!
The meanest place at his right hand
Is infinite delight.

6 How will our joy and wonder rise,
When our returning King
Shall hear us homeward through the
On love's triumphant wing!

479.

L. M.

D

The Resurrection. Ps. 68.

1 SHALL man, O God of light and life
Forever moulder in the grave?
Canst thou forget thy glorious work,
Thy promise, and thy power to save?

2 In those dark, silent realms of night
Shall peace and hope no more arise
No future morning light the tomb,
Nor day-star gild the darksome skies

3 Cease — cease, ye vain desponding
When Christ our Lord from darkness
Death, the last foe, was captive led,
And heaven with praise and wonder

4 Faith sees the bright, eternal doors
Unfold to make his children way;
They shall be clothed with endless life
And shine in everlasting day.

5 The trump shall sound — the dead shall
From the cold tomb the slumberers
Through heaven, with joy, their way
And hail their Savior and their King

RESURRECTION, AND ETERNITY. 480

480.

C. M. 8l.

ANON

Spring, an Emblem of the Resurrection.

- 1 ALL nature dies, and lives again:
The flowers that paint the field,
The trees that crown the mountain's br
And boughs and blossoms yield, —
Resign the honors of their form
At winter's stormy blast,
And leave the naked, leafless plain
A desolated waste.
- 2 Yet, soon reviving, plants and flowers
Anew shall deck the plain;
The woods shall hear the voice of spru
And flourish green again.
So, to the dreary grave consigned,
Man sleeps in death's dark gloom,
Until th' eternal morning wake
The slumbers of the tomb.
- 3 O may the grave become to me
The bed of peaceful rest,
Whence I shall gladly rise at length,
And mingle with the blessed!
Cheered by this hope, with patient mind
I'll wait Heaven's high decree,
Till the appointed period come
When death shall set me free.

481.

L. M. 6l.

W. RA

The Same.

- 1 LOOK through creation, and behold
The wonders of Almighty power;
Eternal wisdom's works unfold
In every leaf, in every flower:

4 How true
The glorious resurrection
When, decked in brighter robes —
In robes that angel hosts adorn,
The soul, redeemed, shall burst its
And in immortal glory bloom!

482.

Irregular M.

'I would not live alway.'

1 I would not live alway · I ask no
Where storm after storm rises dark
The few lull'd mornings that dawn
Are enough for life's woes, full
cheer.

2 I would not live alway, thus fetter
Temptation without, and corrup
E'en the rapture of pardon is mine
And the cup of thanksgiving wi

3 I would not live alway ; no —
Since Jesus hath lain there, I.

RESURRECTION, AND ETERNITY. 483.

There sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

- 4 Who, who would live alway, away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode!
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright
 plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns ;
- 5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Savior and brethren transported to greet ;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the life of the soul.

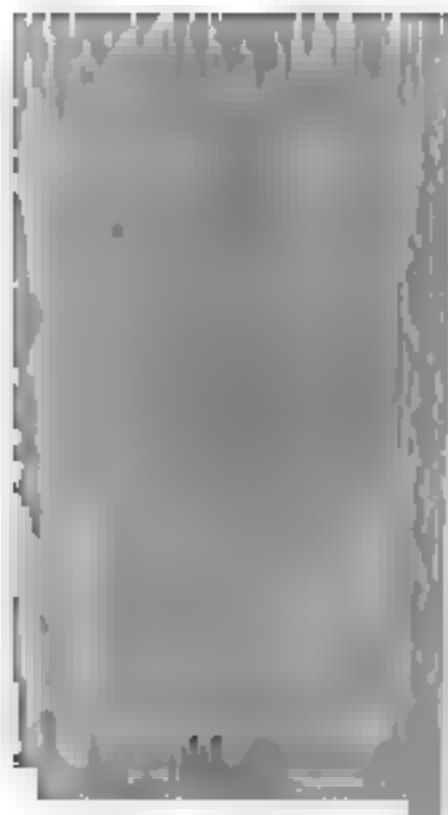
483.

L. M. 8l.

BOWRING.

The Hope of another Life.

- 1 If all our hopes and all our fears
Were prisoned in life's narrow bound ;
If, — travellers through this vale of tears, —
We saw no better world beyond ;
O, who could check the rising sigh,
What earthly thing could pleasure give ?
O, who could venture then to die ?
Or, who could venture then to live ?
- 2 Were life a dark and desert moor,
Where mist and clouds eternal spread
Their gloomy veil behind, before,
And tempests thunder overhead ;
Where not a sunbeam breaks the gloom,
And not a floweret smiles beneath, —
Who could exist in such a tomb ?
Who, dwell in darkness and in death ?
- 3 And such were life, without the ray
Of our divine religion given ;
'Tis this that makes our darkness day, —
'Tis this that makes our earth a heaven.



Serpas

1 How va
Are thy
Each morn
Each ni

2 Thy god
Dawned
Ere infant
To form

3 But we
Still brig
When deal
To realm

4 There re
Shall bu
And every
Be drow

.. ..

RESURRECTION, AND ETERNITY. 485, 486.

485.

L. M.

Anonymous.

The World to come.

- 1 THERE is a world we have not seen,
That wasting time can ne'er destroy,
Where mortal footsteps hath not been,
Nor ear hath caught its sounds of joy.
- 2 That world to come ! and O how blest ! —
Fairer than prophets ever told ;
And never did an angel-guest
One half its blessedness unfold.
- 3 It is all holy and serene, —
The land of glory and repose ;
And there, to dim the radiant scene,
No tear of sorrow ever flows.
- 4 It is not fanned by summer gale ;
'Tis not refreshed by vernal showers ;
It never needs the moonbeam pale,
For there are known no evening hours.
- 5 No, — for this world is ever bright
With a pure radiance all its own ;
The streams of uncreated light
Flow round it from th' eternal Throne.

487.

LIFE, DEATH,

2 There sickness never comes ;
There grief no more complains ;
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
And purest pleasure reigns.

3 No strife nor envy there
The sons of peace molest ;
But harmony and love sincere
Fill every happy breast.

4 No cloud those regions know,
Forever bright and fair ;
For sin, the source of mortal woe
Can never enter there.

5 There night is never known,
Nor sun's faint sickly ray ;
But glory from th' eternal throne
Spreads everlasting day.

6 O may this prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love !
And lively faith and strong desire
Bear every thought above.

487.

C. M.

WATTS.

A Prospect of the heavenly Canaan.

1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign ;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers ;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green :

So, to the Jews, old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 But timorous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 O, could we make our doubts remove,—
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbecclouded eyes ;

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

488.

L. M.

MRS. STEELE.

The glorious World on High.

1 THERE is a glorious world on high,
Resplendent with eternal day ;
Faith views the blissful prospect nigh,
And God's own word reveals the way.

2 There shall the servants of the Lord
With never-fading lustre shine ;
Surprising honor ! large reward,
Conferred on man by love divine !

3 The shining firmament shall fade,
And sparkling stars resign their light ;
But these shall know no change nor shade,
Forever fair, forever bright.

4 No fancied joy beyond the sky,
No fair delusion is revealed ;
'Tis God that speaks, who cannot lie,
And all his word must be fulfilled.

- 5 And shall not these cold hearts of ours
 Be kindled at the glorious view ?
 Come, Lord, awake our active powers,
 Our feeble, dying strength renew.
- 6 On wings of faith and strong desire
 O may our spirits daily rise ;
 And reach at last the shining choir,
 In the bright mansions of the skies.

489.

C. M.

*DODDRIDGE.

Farewell to Life, in View of Heaven.

- 1 YE golden lamps of heaven ! farewell,
 With all your feeble light :
 Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,
 Pale empress of the night !
- 2 And thou, refulgent orb of day,
 In brighter flames arrayed !
 My soul, which springs beyond thy sphere,
 No more demands thine aid.
- 3 Ye stars are but the shining dust
 Of my divine abode,
 The pavement of those heavenly courts
 Where I shall reign with God.
- 4 The Father of eternal light
 Shall there his beams display ;
 Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
 With that unvaried day.
- 5 No more the drops of piercing grief
 Shall swell into mine eyes ;
 Nor the meridian sun decline,
 Amid those brighter skies.
- 6 There all the millions of our race
 Shall in one song unite ;
 And each the bliss of all shall view
 With infinite delight.

RESURRECTION, AND ETERNITY. 490, 491.

490.

8s M.

ANONYMOUS.

Prospect of the heavenly Jerusalem.

- 1** AWAY with our sorrow and fear,
We soon shall recover our home ;
The city of saints shall appear,
The day of eternity come.
From earth we shall quickly remove,
And mount to our native abode,
The house of our Father above,
The palace of angels and God.
- 2** By faith we already behold
That lovely Jerusalem here ;
Her walls are of jasper and gold,
As crystal her buildings are clear :
Immovably founded in grace,
She stands, as she ever hath stood,
And brightly her Builder displays,
And flames with the glory of God.
- 3** No need of the sun in that day,
Which never is followed by night,
Where Christ doth his brightness display,
A pure and a permanent light,
The Lord is the light and the sun ;

- 2 O the transporting, rapturous scene
That rises to my sight !
Sweet fields, arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight !
- 3 There generous fruits, that never fail,
On trees immortal grow ;
There rocks, and hills, and brooks, and vales
With milk and honey flow.
- 4 All o'er those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day ;
There God, the sun, forever reigns,
And scatters night away.
- 5 No chilling winds or poisonous breath
Can reach that healthful shore ;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.
- 6 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest ?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest ?

492.

7s & 6s M.

ANONYMOUS.

Rising towards Heaven.

- 1 RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace ;
Rise from transitory things,
Towards heaven, thy native place :
Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove ;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.
- 2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course ;
Fire ascending seeks the sun, —
Both speed them to their source :

RESURRECTION, AND ETERNITY. 493.

So a soul that's born of God
Pants to view his glorious face,
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

- 3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize ;
Soon our Savior will return,
Triumphant in the skies :
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given,
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

493. C. M. WATTS.

Triumph in the Assurance of Heaven.

- 1 WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
And storms of sorrow fall ;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all ;
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest ;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

The Bounties of Pro

- 1 FATHER of lights !
Who kindlest up the
Wide as he spreads
His beams thy pow
- 2 Fountain of good !
In copious drops, t'
Which o'er the hills
Revives the grass,
- 3 Through the wide
Yet thousands of c
Though by thy da
Affront thy law, re

... and in barren Seasons.

- 1 **RAISE** to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous Source of every joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ:
- 2 For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield,
For the vine's exalted juice,
For the generous olive's use.
- 3 Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain,
Clouds that drop their fattening dews,
Suns that temperate warmth diffuse;
- 4 All that spring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that liberal autumn pours
From her rich, o'erflowing stores;—
- 5 These to thee, our God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow:
And for these our souls shall --
Grateful vows --

rose quickening in thy blessed ray

- 2 And now they whiten hill and vale,
And hang on every vine and tree,
Whose pensile branches, bending I
Seem bowed in thankfulness to thee
The earth, with all its purple isles,
Is answering to thy gentler smiles;
And gales of perfume breathe slow
And lift to thee their voiceless song
- 3 God of the seasons! thou hast blest
The land with sunlight and with shade
And plenty o'er its bosom smiles
To crown the sweet autumnal hour
Praise — praise to thee! Our hearts
To view these blessings of thy hand
And on the incense-breath of love
Ascend to their bright home above

497.

L. M.

Ans

Autumnal Hymn.

- 1 GREAT God! at whose all-power
At first arose this beauteous frame
By thee the seasons change, and
The changing seasons speak thy

- 2 Thy bounty bids the infant year
From winter storms recovered rise ;
When thousand grateful scenes appear,
Fresh opening to our wondering eyes.
- 3 O how delightful 'tis to see
The earth in vernal beauty drest !
While in each herb, and flower, and tree,
Thy blooming glories shine confest !
- 4 Aloft, full beaming, reigns the sun,
And light and genial heat conveys ;
And, while he leads the seasons on,
From thee derives his quickening rays.
- 5 Around us, in the teeming field,
Stands the rich grain, or purpled vine :
At thy command they rise, to yield
The strengthening bread, or cheering wine.
- 6 Indulgent God ! from every part
Thy plenteous blessings largely flow ;
We see — we taste — let every heart
With grateful love and duty glow.

498.

C. M.

WATTS.

The Seasons of the Year. Ps. 147.

- 1 WITH songs and honors sounding loud,
Address the Lord on high ;
Over the heavens he spreads his cloud,
And waters veil the sky.
- 2 He sends his showers of blessings down
To cheer the plains below ;
He makes the grass the mountains crown,
And corn in valleys grow.
- 3 His steady counsels change the face
Of the declining year ;

He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wintry days appear.

4 His hoary frost, his fleecy snow
Descend and clothe the ground ;
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.

5 He sends his word, and melts the snow,
The fields no longer mourn ;
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the spring return.

6 The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey his mighty word :
With songs and honors sounding loud,
Praise ye the sovereign Lord.

The Same.

1 ETERNAL Source of every joy !
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
To hail thee Sovereign of the year.

2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports and guides the whole ;
By thee the sun is taught to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.

3 The flowery spring, at thy command,
Perfumes the air and paints the land ;
The summer suns with vigor shine
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.

4 Thy hand, in autumn, richly pours
Through all our coasts redundant stores ;
And winters, softened by thy care,
No more the face of horror wear.

- 5 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
And be the grateful homage paid,
With morning light and evening shade.
- 6 And O may our harmonious tongues
In worlds above pursue the songs,
And in those brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more.

500.

L. M.

MRS. STEELE.

God's Goodness crowns the Year.

- 1 THE rising morn, the closing day
Repeat thy praise with grateful voice;
Both in their turns thy power display,
And laden with thy gifts rejoice.
- 2 Earth's wide-extended, varying scenes,
All smiling round, thy bounty show;
From seas or clouds, full magazines,
Thy rich, diffusive blessings flow.
- 3 Now earth receives the precious seed
Which thy indulgent hand prepares;
And nourishes the future bread,
And answers all the sower's cares.
- 4 Thy sweet, refreshing showers attend,
And through the ridges gently flow,
Soft on the springing corn descend,
And thy kind blessing makes it grow.
- 5 Thy goodness crowns the circling year;
Thy paths drop fatness all around;
E'en barren wilds thy praise declare,
And echoing hills return the sound.
- 6 Here, spreading flocks adorn the plain;
There, plenty every charm displays;
Thy bounty clothes each lovely scene,
And joyful nature shouts thy praise.

501, 502.

OCCASIONAL.

501.

C. M.

WATTS.

The Same. Ps. 65.

- 1 'Tis by thy strength the mountains stand,
God of eternal power!
The sea grows calm at thy command
And tempests cease to roar.
- 2 Thy morning light and evening shade
Successive comforts bring;
Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad,
Thy flowers adorn the spring.
- 3 Seasons and times, and moons and hours,
Heaven, earth and air are thine;
When clouds distil in fruitful showers,
The author is divine.
- 4 Those wandering cisterns in the sky,
Borne by the winds around,
With watery treasures well supply
The furrows of the ground.
- 5 The thirsty ridges drink their fill,
And ranks of corn appear;
Thy ways abound with blessings still,
Thy goodness crowns the year.

502.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Close of the Year.

- 1 REMARK, my soul, the narrow bounds
Of the revolving year;
How swift the weeks complete their rounds!
How short the months appear!
- 2 Yet like an idle tale we pass
The swift-advancing year;
And study artful ways t' increase
The speed of its career.

- 3 Waken, O God, my careless heart,
 Its great concern to see;
 That I may act the Christian part,
 And give the year to thee.
- 4 So shall their course more grateful roll,
 If future years arise;
 Or this shall bear my waiting soul
 To joys beyond the skies.

503.

S. M.

BEDDOME.

The Same.

- 1 My few revolving years,
 How swift they glide away
 How short the term of life appears,
 When past — but as a day!
- 2 A dark and cloudy day,
 Clouded by grief and sin;
 A host of enemies without,
 Distressing fears within.
- 3 Lord, through another year
 If thou permit my stay,
 With diligence may I pursue
 The true and living way.

504.

7s M.

ANONYMOUS.

The Same.

- 1 TIME by moments steals away,
 First the hour, and then the day;
 Small the daily loss appears,
 Yet it soon amounts to years.
- 2 Thus another year is flown;
 Now it is no more our own,

If it brought or promised good,
Than the years before the flood.

3 But may none of us forget
It has left us much in debt ;
Who can tell the vast amount
Placed to every one's account !

4 Favors, from the Lord received,
Sins, that have his spirit grieved,
Marked by an unerring hand,
In his book recorded stand.

5 If we see another year,
May thy blessing meet us here ;
Sun of righteousness, arise,
Warm our hearts and bless our eyes.

New Year's Day.

1 GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand,
By which, supported still, we stand ;
The opening year thy mercy shows ;
Let mercy crown it till it close.

2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God ;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.

3 With grateful hearts the past we own ;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.

4 In scenes exalted or depressed,
Be thou our joy, and thou our rest ;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.

- 5 When death shall interrupt these songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our Helper, God, in whom we trust,
In better worlds our souls shall boast.

506.

L. M.

ANONYMOUS.

God's Favor to our Nation acknowledged.

- 1 GREAT God of nations ! now to thee
Our hymn of gratitude we raise ;
With humble heart, and bending knee,
We offer thee our song of praise.
- 2 Thy name we bless, almighty God,
For all the kindness thou hast shown
To this fair land the pilgrims trod,
This land we fondly call our own.
- 3 Here Freedom spreads her banner wide,
And casts her soft and hallowed ray ;
Here thou our fathers' steps didst guide
In safety through their dangerous way.
- 4 We praise thee, that the gospel's light
Through all our land its radiance sheds ;
Dispels the shades of error's night,
And heavenly blessings round us spreads.
- 5 Great God ! preserve us in thy fear ;
In dangers still our guardian be ;
O spread thy truth's bright precepts here ;
Let all the people worship thee.

507.

L. M.

ROSCOE.

God, the Sovereign of Nations.

- 1 GREAT God ! beneath whose piercing eye
The earth's extended kingdoms lie ;

Whose favoring smile upholds them all,
Whose anger smites them, and they fall ;—

- 2 We bow before thy heavenly throne ;
Thy power we see — thy greatness own ;
Yet, cherished by thy milder voice,
Our bosoms tremble and rejoice.
- 3 Thy kindness to our fathers shown
Their children's children long shall own ;
To thee, with grateful hearts, shall raise
The tribute of exulting praise.
- 4 Led on by thine unerring aid,
Secure the paths of life we tread ;
And, freely as the vital air,
Thy first and noblest bounties share.
- 5 Great God, our guardian, guide, and friend !
O still thy sheltering arm extend ;
Preserved by thee for ages past,
For ages let thy kindness last !

508.

L. M.

ANONYMOUS

For a National Celebration.

- 1 O THOU, whose arm of power surrounds
The vast creation's utmost bounds !
This day a nation bends the knee
In grateful reverence, Lord, to thee ;—
- 2 For thou hast given it joy and rest ;
By thee its earliest years were blest ;
And in its most disastrous hour
It leaned on thy almighty power.
- 3 The martial chiefs — the patriot few [true,
Whose hands were strong, whose hearts were
The noble birthright to be free —
Great God ! we owe them all to thee.

- 4 And now another Israel stands
 Redeemed from bondage by thy hands,
 May all our hearts rejoice to know
 The source whence all our blessings flow.

509.

L. M.

*H. BALLOU.

The acceptable Fast.

- 1 THIS is the fast the Lord doth choose ;
 Each heavy burden to undo,
 The bands of wickedness to loose,
 And bid the captive freely go.
- 2 Let every vile and sinful yoke
 Of servile bondage and of fear,
 By mercy, love and truth be broke ;
 And from each eye wipe every tear.
- 3 Yes, to the hungry deal thy bread ;
 Bring to thine house the outcast poor ;
 There let the fainting soul be fed,
 Nor spurn the needy from thy door.
- 4 And when thou seest the naked, spare
 The raiment that his wants demand ;
 Since all mankind thy kindred are,
 To all, thy charity expand.
- 5 Thus did the Savior of our race :
 Himself, the Bread of life, he gave ;
 He clothed us with his righteousness,
 And broke the fetters from the slave.
- 6 He owned us brethren, — nor did hide
 Himself from us, in all our woe ;
 Be his example, then, our guide,
 And let our lives his goodness show.

510, 511.

OCCASIONAL.

510.

L. M.

DYER.

Public Humiliation.

- 1 GREAT Framer of unnumbered worlds,
And whom unnumbered worlds adore !
Whose goodness all thy creatures share,
While nature trembles at thy power, —
- 2 Thine is the hand that moves the spheres,
'That wakes the wind, and lifts the sea ;
And man, who moves the lord of earth,
Acts but the part assigned by thee.
- 3 While suppliant crowds implore thine aid,
To thee we raise the humble cry ;
Thine altar is the contrite heart,
Thine incense a repentant sigh.
- 4 This day we deeply mourn our sins,
Confess thy power, and bless thy rod ;
O let us know thy pardoning love,
And find in thee a guardian God.

511.

C. M.

*TATE & BRADY.

Continuance of National Security implored. Ps. 44.

- 1 O LORD, our fathers oft have told,
In our attentive ears,
Thy wonders in their days performed,
And in more ancient years.
- 2 'Twas not their courage, nor their sword,
To them salvation gave ;
'Twas not their number, nor their strength,
That did their country save :
- 3 But thy right hand, thy powerful arm
Whose succor they implored :
Thy providence protected th
Who thy great name ador

—gory we'll ascribe,
From whom salvation came;
In God, our shield, we will rejoice,
And ever bless thy name.

512.

Es & 7th M.

Anonymous

Pardon implored for National Sin.

1 GREAT Jehovah! God of nations!
From thy temple in the skies
Hear thy people's supplications,
Now for their deliverance rise.

2 Though our sins, our hearts confounding,
Long and loud upon thee call,
Thou hast mercy more abounding,
Jesus' blood can cleanse them all.

3 Let that love veil our transgression;
Let that blood our guilt efface;
Save thy people from oppression,
Have from spot thy holy place.

4 Let us with deep contrition

- 2 Dark judgments, from thy heavy hand,
Thy dreadful power display ;
Yet mercy spares our guilty land,
And still we live to pray.
- 3 How changed, alas ! are truths divine,
For error, guilt and shame !
What impious numbers, bold in sin,
Disgrace the Christian name !
- 4 O turn us — turn us, mighty Lord !
Convert us by thy grace ;
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
And see again thy face.
- 5 Then, should oppressing foes invade,
We will not sink in fear ;
Secure of all-sufficient aid,
When thou, O God, art near.

'Is it such a Fast that I have chosen ?'

- 1 'Is this a fast for me,' —
Thus saith the Lord our God,
'A day for man to vex his soul,
And feel affliction's rod ?
- 2 'Like bulrush low to bow
His sorrow-stricken head,
With sackcloth for his inner vest,
And ashes round him spread ;—
- 3 'Shall day like this have power
To stay th' avenging hand,
Efface transgression, or avert
My judgments from the land ?
- 4 'No — is not this alone
The sacred fast I choose,—

Oppression's yoke to burst in twain,
The bands of guilt unloose ;—

5 'To nakedness and want
Your food and raiment deal,—
To dwell your kindred race among,
And all their sufferings heal ?

6 'Then like the morning ray
Shall spring your health and light ;
Before you, righteousness shall shine ;
Behind, my glory bright !'

515.

L. M.

*MONTGOMERY.

Laying Corner-Stone ; or Dedication.

- 1 THIS stone to thee in faith we lay,—
We build the temple, Lord, to thee ;
Thine eye be open, night and day,
To guard this house from error free.
- 2 Here, when thy people seek thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live,
Hear thou in heaven, thy dwelling-place,
And when thou hearest, O forgive !
- 3 Here, when thy messengers proclaim
The blessed gospel of thy Son,
Still, by the power of his great name,
Be mighty signs and wonders done.
- 4 Hosanna ! — to their heavenly King
When children's voices raise that song,
Hosanna ! — let their angels sing,
And heaven with earth the strain prolong.
- 5 But will indeed Jehovah deign
Here to abide, no transient guest ?
Here will the world's Redeemer reign,
And here thy holy spirit rest ?

516.

OCCASIONAL.

6 That glory never hence depart !
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone ;
Thy kingdom come to every heart, —
In every bosom fix thy throne.

516.

H. M.

B. FRANCIS.

Dedication of a House of Worship.

1 IN sweet, exalted strains
The King of Glory praise ;
O'er heaven and earth he reigns,
Through everlasting days :
He with a nod the world controls,
Sustains or sinks the distant poles.

2 To earth he bends his throne,
His throne of grace divine ;
Wide is his bounty known,
And wide his glories shine :
Fair Salem, still his chosen rest,
Is with his smiles and presence blest.

3 Then, King of Glory, come,
And with thy favor crown
This temple as thy dome,
This people as thy own :
Beneath this roof, O deign to show
How God can dwell with men below !

4 Here may thine ears attend
Our interceding cries,
And grateful praise ascend,
All fragrant, to the skies :
Here may thy word melodious sound,
And spread celestial joys around !

5 Here may th' attentive throng
Imbibe thy truth and love,

And converts join the song
 Of seraphim above,
 And willing crowds surround thy board,
 With sacred joy and sweet accord!

517.

7s M.

MONTGOMERY.

The Same.

- 1 LORD of hosts! to thee we raise
 Here a house of prayer and praise;
 Thou thy people's heart prepare
 Here to meet for praise and prayer.
- 2 Let the living here be fed
 With thy word, the heavenly bread;
 Here, in hope of glory blest,
 May the dead be laid to rest.
- 3 Here to thee a temple stand,
 While the sea shall gird the land;
 Here reveal thy mercy sure,
 While the sun and moon endure.
- 4 Hallelujah! — earth and sky
 To the joyful sound reply;
 Hallelujah! — hence ascend
 Prayer and praise till time shall end.

518.

L. M.

PIERPONT.

The Same.

- 1 O BOW thine ear, Eternal One!
 On thee our heart adoring calls;
 To thee the followers of thy Son
 Have raised,— and now devote — these walls.
- 2 Here let thy holy days be kept;
 And be this place to worship given,

M.

lone.

of the earth and sky,
below !

is majesty
seraphs bow.

confined above ;
knows no bound ;
saying people meet,
at always found

he raised for thee ;
people here ,

King of saints, reside,
church appear.

walls, let holy peace,
and concord dwell ,

the troubled conscience
wounded spirit heal.

5 Here may salvation be proclaimed
Through the Redeemer's word ;
Let sinners know the joyful sound,
And own their Savior, Lord.

6 Here may a numerous crowd arise,
To bow before thy throne ;
Here may their songs salute the skies,
To ages yet unborn.

520.

L. M.

*COWPER.

The Same.

1 OUR God ! where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat ;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

2 For thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind ;
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And going, take thee to their home.

3 Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care ;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And show all heaven before our eyes.

521.**H. M.****DR. NICHOLS.***The Same.*

- 1 O THOU, our fathers' God !
 Their children seek thy face,
 To own thy guardian hand
 Where they invoke thy grace,
 And where we now awake the song
 Which lips unborn shall still prolong.
- 2 We hail thine altars, Lord,
 In every age thy care, —
 Those Zion-courts, more blest
 Than Israel's dwellings are ;
 Where praise with praise more deeply flows,
 And heart with heart more warmly glows.
- 3 God of the Bethel stone !
 Be this a Bethel too ;
 Here fill our souls with awe ;
 Here Jacob's dream renew,
 Here ope the gate, — and here arise
 Those visioned steps that reach the skies.
- 4 God of the burning bush,
 Whose unconsuming flame
 Revealed to Moses once
 Thy presence and thy name, —
 Here, blessed Lord, thy presence prove,
 And fire our souls with saving love.
- 5 O thou, whose temple stood
 'The wonder of mankind,
 Here all its types fulfil,
 For Jesus' Church designed :
 Here, oracle and mercy-seat
 And sacrifice in Jesus meet.
- 6 Here fit our souls to rise
 Where all thy love inspires,
 410

Where angels cast their crowns,
 And strike their golden lyres.
 Thus bless, O thou, most good, most great !
 The house of prayer we dedicate.

522.

L. M.

PIERPONT.

Ordination.

- 1 O THOU, who art above all height, —
 Our God, our Father, and our Friend !
 Beneath thy throne of love and light
 Let thine adoring children bend.
- 2 We kneel in praise, that here is set
 A vine that by thy culture grew ;
 We kneel in prayer that thou wouldst wet
 Its opening leaves with heavenly dew.
- 3 Since thy young servant now hath given
 Himself, his powers, his hopes, his youth,
 To the great cause of truth and heaven,
 Be thou his guide, O God of truth !
- 4 Here may his doctrines drop like rain,
 His speech like Hermon's dew distil,
 Till green fields smile, and golden grain,
 Ripe for the harvest, waits thy will.
- 5 And when he sinks in death — by care,
 Or pain, or toil, or years oppressed —
 O God ! remember thou our prayer,
 And take his spirit to thy rest.

523.

C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

The Apostles' Commission.

- 1 ' Go preach the gospel,' Jesus cries, —
 ' To you this power is given ;
 Declare salvation's glorious prize
 To all beneath the heaven.'

gospel:

heralds, in my u-
earth my grace recti-
jubilee proclaim.
em to repent and live.

al news to all impart,
h them where salvation lies;
the broken, bleeding heart,
pe the tear from weeping eyes.

rise as serpents where you go,
harmless as the peaceful dove,
let your heaven-taught conduct show
at you're commissioned from above.

Freely from me ye have received,
Freely in love to others give,

Thus shall your doctrines be believed,
And, by your labors, sinners live.

- 6 ' All power is trusted in my hands, —
I will protect you and defend ;
Whilst thus you follow my commands,
I'm with you till the world shall end.'

525.

L. M.

ANONYMOUS.

Ordination.

- 1 WITH heavenly power, O Lord ! defend
Him whom we now to thee commend ;
His person bless, his faith secure,
And make him to the end endure.
- 2 Gird him with all-sufficient grace ;
Direct his feet in paths of peace ;
Thy truth and faithfulness fulfil,
And help him to obey thy will.
- 3 Before him thy protection send ;
O love him, save him to the end !
Nor let him, as thy pilgrim, rove
Without the convoy of thy love.
- 4 Enlarge, inform, and fill his heart ;
In him thy mighty power exert ;
That thousands yet unborn may praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.

526.

S. M.

GIBBONS.

Evangelists encouraged.

- 1 YE messengers of Christ,
His sovereign voice obey :
Arise, and follow where he leads,
And peace attend your way.

OCCASIONAL.

- 2 The master whom you serve
Will needful strength bestow ;
Depending on his promised aid,
With sacred courage go.
- 3 Mountains shall sink to plains,
And hell in vain oppose ;
The cause is God's, and must prevail,
In spite of all his foes.
- 4 Go, spread a Savior's fame ;
And tell his matchless grace
To the most guilty and depraved
Of Adam's numerous race.
- 5 We wish you, in his name,
The most divine success ;
Assured that he who sends you forth
Will your endeavors bless.

527.

H. M.

Doubt

At the Forming of a Church.

- 1 GREAT Father of mankind,
We bless that wondrous grace
Which could for Gentiles find
Within thy courts a place ;
How kind the care
Our God displays, for us to raise
A house of prayer !
- 2 Though once estranged afar,
We now approach the throne ;
For Jesus brings us near,
And makes our cause his own
Strangers no more,
To thee we come, and find
And rest secure.

3 To thee our souls we join,
 And love thy sacred name ;
 No more our own, but thine, —
 We triumph in thy claim ;
 Our Father, King!
 Thy covenant grace our souls embrace,
 Thy titles sing.

4 Here in thy house we feast
 On dainties all divine ;
 And, while such sweets we taste,
 With joy our faces shine ;
 Incense shall rise
 From flames of love, and God approve
 The sacrifice.

5 May all the nations throng
 To worship in thy house ;
 And thou attend the song,
 And smile upon their vows,
 Indulgent still,
 Till earth conspire to join the choir
 On Zion's hill.

528.

L. M.

ANONYMOUS.

The Same.

1 O GOD of Zion ! from thy throne
 Look with an eye of pity down ;
 Thy church now humbly makes her prayer ; —
 Thy church, the object of thy care.

2 We need defence from all our foes,
 We need relief from all our woes ;
 If earth and hell should yet assail,
 Let neither earth nor hell prevail.

415

ay they
which others bear,
ations prove
love.

as now defend,
ndfast to the end,
they sll improve,
church above.

L. M.

WARR

n of the Supper.

ark. that doleful night,
f earth and hell arose
n of God's delight,
etrayed him to his foes,

1. Such
Who
That

2 Yes, we
Them d
Tny dy
Of loo

3 'Tis pl
Thy g
Thy l
And l

4 Best
S

Before the mournful scene began,
 He took the bread, and blessed, and brake;
 What love through all his actions ran!
 What wondrous words of grace he spake!

3 'This is my body, broke for sin;
 Receive and eat the living food;
 Then took the cup, and blessed the wine:
 'Tis the new covenant in my blood.'

4 'Do this,' he cried, 'till time shall end,
 In memory of your dying Friend;
 Meet at my table, and record
 The love of your departed Lord.'

5 Jesus! thy feast we celebrate;
 We show thy death, we sing thy name,
 Till thou return, and we shall eat
 The marriage supper of the Lamb.

531.

L. M.

ANONYMOUS.

'This do in Remembrance of Me.'

1 'THIS do in memory of your Friend.' —
 Such was the Savior's last request,
 Who all the pangs of death endured,
 That we might live forever blessed.

2 Yes, we'll record thy matchless love,
 Thou dearest, tenderest, best of friends!
 Thy dying love the noblest praise
 Of long eternity transcends.

3 'Tis pleasure more than earth can give,
 Thy goodness through these veils to see;
 Thy table food celestial yields,
 And happy they who sit with thee.

4 But O, what vast transporting joys
 Shall fill our breast, our tongues inspire,

ve, he un
e him? do you feel
affection move?
of which he demands,—
ach other love.

L. M.

STANBURY.

oration of Christ's Death.

memorate the day
r dearest Lord was slain:
r pious homage pay,
ear on earth again.

at Redeemer, open wide
ans of the parting sky;
ight cloud in triumph ride,
n the wind's swift pinions fly.

18

Joy and
Peace

535.

The

1 Jesus is
Where o
And car
To thro

2 He kn
Apt v
And
To

Come, King of kings, with thy bright train,
 Cherubs and seraphs, heavenly hosts ;
 Assume thy right, enlarge thy reign
 As far as earth extends her coasts.

- 4 Come, Lord, and where thy cross once stood,
 There plant thy banner, fix thy throne ;
 Subdue the rebels by thy word,
 And claim the nations for thy own.

534.

8s & 7s M.

ANONYMOUS.

Desiring to imitate Christ.

- 1 FROM the table now retiring,
 Which for us the Lord hath spread,
 May our souls, refreshment finding,
 Grow in all things like our Head.
- 2 His example by beholding,
 May our lives his image bear ;
 Him our Lord and Master calling,
 His commands may we revere.
- 3 Love to God and man displaying,
 Walking steadfast in his way, —
 Joy attend us in believing !
 Peace from God, through endless day !

535.

L. M.

WATTS.

The Memorial of our absent Lord.

- 1 JESUS is gone above the skies,
 Where our weak senses reach him not ;
 And carnal objects court our eyes
 To thrust our Savior from our thought.
- 2 He knows what wandering hearts we have,
 Apt to forget his lovely face ;
 And, to refresh our minds, he gave
 These kind memorials of his grace.

536, 537.

OCCASIONAL.

- 3** Let sinful sweets be all forgot,
And earth grow less in our esteem ;
Christ and his love fill every thought,
And faith and hope be fixed on him.
- 4** Whilst he is absent from our sight,
'Tis to prepare our souls a place,
That we may dwell in heavenly light,
And live forever near his face.

536.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Room at the Lord's Table.

- 1** MILLIONS of souls, in glory now,
Were fed and feasted here ;
And millions more, still on the way,
Around the board appear.
- 2** Yet is his house and heart so large
That millions more may come ;
Nor could the whole assembled world
O'erfill the spacious room.
- 3** All things are ready ; come away,
Nor weak excuses frame ;
Crowd to your places at the feast,
And bless the Founder's name.

537.

S. M.

ANONYMOUS.

Christ's Love our Example.

- 1** JESUS, the Friend of man,
Invites us to his board ;
The welcome summons we obey,
And own our gracious Lord.

2 Here we survey that love
Which spoke in every breath,
Prompted each action of his life,
And triumphed in his death.

3 Here let our powers unite
His honored name to raise ;
Let grateful joy fill every mind,
And every voice be praise.

4 One faith, one hope, one Lord,
One God alone we know ;
Brethren we are ; let every heart
With kind affections glow.

5 Warmed with our Master's love,
And thy unmeasured grace,
Lord ! let our thankful hearts expand,
And all mankind embrace.

538.

S. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Invitations to the Table.

1 OUR heavenly Father calls,
And Christ invites us near ;
With both, our friendship shall be sweet,
And our communion dear.

2 God pities all our griefs ;
He pardons every day ;
Almighty to protect our souls,
And wise to guide our way.

3 Jesus, our living Head,
We bless thy faithful care ;
Our Advocate before the throne,
And our Forerunner there !

Here wait -
Till the communion be con-
In nobler scenes above.

539.

C. M.

A Communion Hymn

1 O God! accept the sacrifice
Which we to thee have
And let this hallowed scene
To raise our souls to him

2 Still let us hold, till life
The precepts of thy Son
Nor let our thoughts be
Forget what he has done

3 His true disciples may
From all corruption
And humbly learn like
Our powers, our will

4 And oft, along life's road
To smoothe our path
... on this thy

- 2 When we thy wondrous glories hear,
And all thy sufferings trace,
What sweetly awful scenes appear!
What rich, unbounded grace!
- 3 How should our songs, like those above,
With warm devotion rise!
How should our souls, on wings of love,
Mount upward to the skies!
- 4 Dear Savior, let thy glory shine,
And fill thy dwellings here;
Till life, and love, and joy divine,
A heaven on earth appear.

541.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Children received by Christ.

- 1 BEHOLD what condescending love
Jesus on earth displays!
To babes and sucklings he extends
The riches of his grace!
- 2 He still the ancient promise keeps,
To our forefathers given;
Young children in his arms he takes,
And calls them heirs of heaven.
- 3 Forbid them not whom Jesus calls,
Nor dare the claim resist,
Since his own lips to us declare
Of such will heaven consist.
- 4 With flowing tears, and thankful hearts,
We give them up to thee;
Receive them, Lord, into thine arms;
Thine may they ever be.

20 Thus

4 Ye little flock, seek in
Ye children, seek in
And fly with transport to receive
The blessings of his grace.

5 If orphans they are left behind,
Thy guardian care we trust;
That care shall heal our bleeding
If weeping o'er their dust.

543.

8s & 7s M.

Children commended to C

1 SAVIOR! who thy flock
With the shepherd's kind
All the feeble gently lead
While the lambs thy bo

2 Now, these little ones
Fold them in thy gra
There, we know —
Only there, secure

464

- 3 Never, from thy pasture roving,
 Let them be the lion's prey ;
 Let thy tenderness, so loving,
 Keep them all life's dangerous way ;
- 4 Then within thy fold eternal
 Let them find a resting place ;
 Feed them in pastures ever vernal,
 Drink the rivers of thy grace.

544.

S. M.

ANONYMOUS

Christ calling Children to Himself.

- 1 THE Savior gently calls
 Our children to his breast ;
 He folds them in his gracious arms ;
 — Himself declares them blest.
- 2 ' Let them approach,' he cries,
 ' Nor scorn their humble claim ;
 The heirs of heaven are such as these, —
 For such as these I came.'
- 3 Gladly we bring them, Lord,
 Devoting them to thee ;
 Imploring, that, as we are thine,
 Thine may our offspring be.

545.

C. M.

WATTS.

Children included in God's Covenant.

- 1 How large the promise, how divine,
 To Abraham and his seed !
 ' I'll be a God to thee and thine,
 Supplying all their need.'
- 2 The words of his extensive love
 From age to age endure ;
 The angel of the covenant proves
 And seals the blessing sure.

Permanence of early religious

- 1 WHILE yet the youthful spirit
The image of its God with
And uneffaced that beauty
So soon to be destroyed by
- 2 Then is the time for faith and
To take in charge their power
Teach the young eye to look
Teach the young knee to bow
- 3 This work is ours — this claim
These youthful souls from sin
To lead them in thy faith divine
And teach its triumph o'er the
- 4 The world will come with evil
And tempt too many a heart
Still the seed sown in early
Will not be wholly cast away
- 5 The infant prayer, the infant
Within the darkened soul will
When age's weary eye is dim
And the grave's shadow rises
- 6 The infant hymn is heard
The infant prayer is brought
Reclaspings of a broken heart
We turn to all we love and

Lord, grant our hearts be so inclined,
Thy work to seek, thy will to do ;
And while we teach the youthful mind,
Our own be taught thy lessons too.

547.

C. M.

J. STRAPHAM

At a Contribution for Sunday School.

- 1 BLEST is the man, whose heart expands
At melting pity's call,
And the rich blessings of whose hands
Like heavenly manna fall.
- 2 Mercy, descending from above,
In softest accents pleads ;
O may each tender bosom move,
When mercy intercedes !
- 3 Be ours the bliss, in wisdom's way
To guide untutored youth,
And lead the mind that went astray,
To virtue and to truth.
- 4 Children our kind protection claim ;
And God will well approve
When infants learn to lisp his name,
And their Creator love.
- 5 Delightful work ! young souls to win,
And turn the rising race
From the deceitful paths of sin,
To seek redeeming grace.
- 6 Almighty God ! thy influence shed
To aid this good design ;
The honors of thy name be spread
And all the glory thine !

548, 549.

OCCASIONAL.

548.

8a & 7s M.

R. STANLEY.

Children's Prayer.

- 1 God of mercy and of wisdom !
Hear thy children's lisping cry ;
Let thy presence, Lord, be with them,
Teaching lessons from on high.
- 2 Here, beneath thy wing, we seat us,
Up to heaven for wisdom look ;
Lord, in mercy deign to meet us, —
Meet us in thy sacred book.
- 3 Since thy truth doth gild its pages,
May that truth, Lord, make us free ;
On the Rock of endless ages
Let our faith established be.
- 4 To our faith we'll add the graces,
Virtue, knowledge, patience, love :
When on earth we leave our places,
Raise us all to seats above.

549.

L. M.

*H. BA

At an Annual Convention.

- 1 DEAR Lord, behold thy servants here,
From various parts, together meet,
To tell their labors through the year,
And lay the harvest at thy feet.
- 2 In thy wide fields and vineyards, Lord
We've toiled and wrought with watchful
Thy wheat hath flourished by thy word
Thy love consumed the choking tare
- 3 The reapers cry, ' Thy fields are won
All ready to be gathered in,
And harvests wave, in changing
Far as the eye can trace the sun

— When we attend thy churches' care,
O grant us wisdom from above ;
With prudent thought and humble pra
May we fulfil the works of love.

550.

L. M.

B. F.

At an Association of Ministers.

- 1** BEFORE thy throne, eternal King !
Thy ministers their tribute bring, —
Their tribute of united praise
For heavenly news and peaceful days
- 2** We sing the conquests of thy sword,
And publish loud thy healing word ;
While angels sound thy glorious name
Thy saving grace our lips proclaim.
- 3** Thy various service we esteem
Our sweet employ, our bliss supreme .
And, while we serve thee

551, 552.

OCCASIONAL.

551.

C. M.

BODEN.

Alms bestowed in View of God's Mercy.

- 1 **BRIGHT** source of everlasting love !
To thee our souls we raise,
And to thy sovereign bounty rear
A monument of praise.
- 2 Thy mercy gilds the paths of life
With every cheering ray,
And still restrains the rising tear,
Or wipes that tear away.
- 3 When, sunk in guilt, our souls approached
The borders of despair,
Thy grace, through Jesus' blood, proclaimed
A free salvation near.
- 4 What shall we render, bounteous Lord !
For all the grace we see ?
Alas ! the goodness we can yield
Extendeth not to thee.
- 5 To tents of woe, to beds of pain,
We cheerfully repair ;
And, with the gift thy hand bestows,
Relieve the mourners' care.
- 6 The widow's heart shall sing for joy ;
The orphan shall be glad ;
The hungering soul with joy we'll point
To Christ, the living bread.

552.

C. M.

J. BROWN.

Charity and Instruction to the Poor.

- 1 O, HOW can they look up to heaven,
And ask for mercy there,
Who never soothed the poor man's pain
Nor dried the orphan's tear ?

- . Our Savior was the healing friend
Of poverty and pain ;
And never did imploring wretch
His garment touch in vain.
- 3 May we with humble effort take
Example from above,
And thence the active lesson learn
Of charity and love.
- 4 But chiefly be the labor ours
To shade the early plant ;
To guard from ignorance and guilt
The infancy of want ;
- 5 To graft the virtues, ere the bud
The canker-worm has gnawed,
And teach the rescued child to lisp
Its gratitude to God.

553.

C. M.

*DODDRIDGE

Charity to the Distressed.

- 1 FATHER of mercies ! send thy grace,
All powerful, from above,
To form in our obedient souls
The image of thy love.
- 2 O, may our sympathizing breasts
That generous pleasure know,
Kindly to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' woe !
- 3 When the poor helpless sons of grief
In low distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.
- 4 So Jesus looked on dying man
When throned above the skies ;

554.

L. M.

Temperance Hymn.

- 1 God of our fathers, 'tis thy hand
Hath turned the tide of death away,
That rolled in madness o'er the land,
And filled thy people with dismay.
- 2 Thy voice awaked us from our dream—
Thy spirit taught our hearts to feel;
'Twas thy own light, whose radiant beam
Came down our duty to reveal.
- 3 The work of love, in faith begun,
Hath prospered, by our Father's care,
And many a victory hath been won
The fruit of toilsomeness and prayer.
- 4 Almighty Parent! still in thee
Our spirits trust for strength divine,
Gird us with Heaven's own armoury
And o'er our paths let wisdom shine.
- 5 The work of man's destruction
The tide of fire still backward drive
Drive each delusive mist away
And every humble effort save.
- 6 God of our fathers! now
We bend the knee in prayer,
Let every heart from sin be free
And stamp thy blessing there.

555.

C. M.

MERRICK.

Intemperance reformed.

- 1 **BENEATH** God's terrors doomed to groan,
Behold the sensual band
The fruits of folly reap, and own
The justice of his hand.
- 2 Their head is sick, their fainting heart
Each joy of life foregoes ;
And life itself, worn out with woe,
Is hastening to its close.
- 3 But there is still a power to save, —
A new and living way :
His word reproves the fierce disease,
And death resigns its prey.
- 4 O then may all adore his name
Who thus his mercy prove ;
And all, from age to age, proclaim
His saving power and love.

556.

L. M.

MRS. SIGOURNEY

For a Temperance Anniversary.

- 1 **WE** praise thee, if one rescued soul,
While the past year prolonged its flight,
Turned shuddering from the poisonous bowl,
To health, and liberty, and light.
- 2 We praise thee, if one clouded home,
Where broken hearts despairing pined,
Beheld the sire and husband come
Erect and in his perfect mind,
- 3 No more a weeping wife to mock,
Till all her hopes in anguish end ;
No more the trembling child to shock,
And sink the father in the fiend.

667.

- 4 Still give us grace, almighty
Unwavering at our posts to stand,
Till grateful to thy shrine we bring
The tribute of a ransomed land ;
- 5 Which from the pestilential chain
Of foul intemperance gladly free,
Shall spread an annal, free from stain,
To all the nations, and to thee.

ARKS.

557.

L. M.

Horrors of War.

- 1 WHILE sounds of war are heard around,
And death and ruin strew the ground,
To thee we look, on thee we call,
The Parent and the Lord of all !
- 2 Thou, who hast stamped on human kind
The image of a heaven-born mind,
And in a father's wide embrace
Hast cherished all the kindred race,
- 3 O see with what insatiate rage
Thy sons their impious battles wage
How spreads destruction like a flood
And brothers shed their brothers' blood
- 4 See guilty passions spring to birth
And deeds of hell deform the earth
While righteousness and justice
And love and pity droop forlorn
- 5 Great God ! whose powerful hand
The raging waves, the furious wind
O bid the human tempest cease
And hush the maddening roar
- 6 With reverence may each heart
Hear and obey that high command
Thy Son's blest errand
My creatures, live in

558.**C. M.****ANONYMOUS.***At a Wedding.*

- 1 **SINCE** Jesus freely did appear
To grace a marriage feast,
O Lord, we ask thy presence here,
To make a wedding guest.
- 2 Upon the bridal pair look down,
Who now have plighted hands ;
Their union with thy favor crown,
And bless their nuptial bands.
- 3 With gifts of grace their hearts endow,
Of all rich dowries best !
Their substance bless, and peace bestow,
To sweeten all the rest.
- 4 In purest love their souls unite,
That they, with Christian care,
May make domestic burdens light,
By taking mutual share.
- 5 As Isaac and Rebecca give
A pattern chaste and kind,
So may this married couple live
And die in friendship joined.
- 6 On every soul assembled here
O make thy face to shine ;
Thy goodness more our hearts can cheer
Than richest food or wine.

559.**L. M.****PROUD.***The Same.*

- 1 **WITH** cheerful voices rise and sing
The praises of our God and King ;
For he alone can minds unite,
And bless with conjugal delight.

- 1 CLAY to clay, and dust to
Let them mingle — for they
Gave to earth the earthly cl
For the spirit 's fled to God
- 2 Never more shall midnight'
Darken round this mortal l
Never more shall noonday'
Search this mortal counten
- 3 Deep the pit, and cold the l
Where the spoils of death ;
Stiff the curtains, chill the
Of man's melancholy tomb
- 4 Look aloft ! The spirit's
Death cannot the soul im

'Tis in heaven that spirits dwell,
Glorious, though invisible.

5 Thither let us turn our view ;
Peace is there, and comfort too ;
There shall those we love be found,
Tracing joy's eternal round.

561.

L. M.

WATTS.

The Same.

UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb !
Take this new treasure to thy trust ;
And give these sacred relics room
To seek a slumber in the dust.

Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
Invade thy bounds. No mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch the soft repose.

So Jesus slept ; — God's dying Son
Passed through the grave, and blessed the bed ;
Rest here, blessed saint, till from his throne
The morning break, and pierce the shade.

Break from his throne, illustrious morn !
Attend, O earth ! his sovereign word ;
Restore thy trust — a glorious form —
Called to ascend and meet the Lord.

562.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

On the Death of a Pastor.

Now let our drooping hearts revive,
And all our tears be dry ;
Why should those eyes be drowned in grief
Which view a Savior nigh ?

A SONG,

ANONYMOUS.

words.

indulge
ing sigh,
l around, —
andred die
uring thought
; passions blend;
earts forget
; friend.
ain of life,
eart may fail;

Page
12

3 (D
P
M)

4 (7

Y

6

at shall our hope in thee, our God,
 Per every gloomy fear prevail.

Parent and husband, guard and guide, —
 Thou art each tender name in one ;
 On thee we cast our every care,
 And comfort seek from thee alone.

- 5 Our Father, God, to thee we look,
 Our rock, our portion, and our friend !
 And on thy covenant-love and truth
 Our sinking souls shall still depend.

564.

C. M.

STANNETT.

On the Death of Children.

- 1 Thy life I read, my dearest Lord,
 With transport all divine ;
 Thine image trace in every word, —
 Thy love in every line.

- 2 'I take these little lambs,' said he,
 'And lay them in my breast ;
 Protection they shall find in me,
 In me be ever blest.

- 3 'Death may the bands of life unloose,
 But can't dissolve my love ;
 Millions of infant souls compose
 The family above.

- 4 'Their feeble frames my power shall raise,
 And mould with heavenly skill ;
 I'll give them tongues to sing my praise,
 And hands to do my will.'

- 5 His words the happy parents hear,
 And say, with joys divine,
 'Dear Savior, all we have and are
 Shall be forever thine.'

565.

L. M.

*DODDRIEN

A Prayer at Parting.

- 1 **Thy** presence, ever-living God !
Wide through all nature spreads abroad ;
Thy watchful eyes, which never sleep,
In every place thy children keep.
- 2 While near each other we remain,
Thou dost our lives and souls sustain ;
When separate, make us still to share
Thy counsels and thy gracious care.
- 3 To thee we now commit our ways,
And here implore thy heavenly grace ;
Still cause thy face on us to shine,
And guard and guide us still as thine.
- 4 Give us within thy house to raise
Again united songs of praise ;
Or, if that joy no more be known,
O may we meet around thy throne.

566.

7s M.

H. K. WHITE

A Hymn at Parting.

- 1 **CHRISTIANS !** brethren ! ere we part,
Every voice and every heart
Join, and to our Father raise
One last hymn of grateful praise.
- 2 Though we here should meet no more,
Yet there is a brighter shore ;
There, released from toil and pain,
There we all may meet again.
- 3 Now to him who reigns in heaven
Be eternal glory given ;
Grateful for thy love divine,
O may all our hearts be thine !

Makes every region
The hoary, frozen hills it warms,
And smooths the boisterous seas.

4 'Though by the dreadful tempest tossed
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

5 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will ;
The sea, that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.

6 In midst of dangers, fears, and death,
Thy goodness we'll adore ;
And praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

568.

L. M.

WATTS.

The Mariner's Hymn. Ps. 107.

1 WOULD you behold the works of God,
His wonders in the world abroad, —
Go with the mariners, and trace
The unknown regions of the seas.

441

! as spanned
out the skies;
nd,
and rise.
an tell?
th thee lie
thy scale,
to thine eye.

5 Yet in thy Son, divinely great,
 We claim thy providential care,
 Boldly we stand before thy seat, —
 Our Advocate hath placed us there.

6 With him we are gone up on high,
 Since he is ours, and we are his;
 With him we reign above the sky,
 And walk upon the subject seas.

570.

L. M. 6l.

ANONYMOUS.

The Same.

- 1 LORD of the sea! — thy potent sway
 Old ocean's wildest waves obey;
 The gale that whistles through the shrouds,
 The storm that drives the frightened clouds, —
 If but thy whisper order peace,
 How soon their rude commotions cease!
- 2 Lord of the sea! — the seaman keep
 From all the dangers of the deep!
 When high the white-capped billows rise,
 When tempests roar along the skies,
 When foes or shoals awaken fear, —
 O! in thy mercy be thou near!
- 3 Lord of the sea! — when, safe from harm,
 The sailor rests in slumbers calm,
 May dreams of home his spirit cheer, —
 Dreams that shall never false appear;
 May thoughts of friends, and peace, and thee,
 His solid consolations be!
- 4 Lord of the sea! — a sea is life,
 Of care and sorrow, woe and strife!
 With watchful pains we steer along,
 To keep the right path, shun the wrong:
 God grant, that after every roam,
 We gain an everlasting home!

443

Who trade in roaring ships.

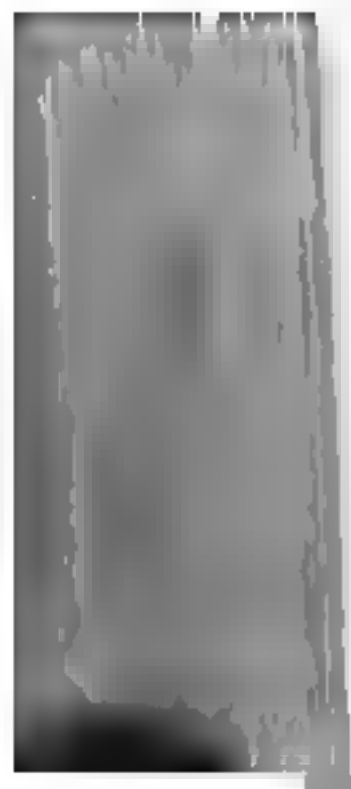
- 2 At thy command the winds arise
And swell the towering wave
The men, astonished, mount the
And sink in gaping graves.
- 3 Then to the Lord they raise the
He hears their loud request,
And orders silence through the
And lays the floods to rest.
- 4 Sailors rejoice to lose their fear
And see the storm allayed :
Now to their eyes the port appe
There let their vows be paid.
- 5 'Tis God that brings them safe
Let stupid mortals know
That waves are under his comm
And all the winds that blow.
- 6 O that the sons of men would pr
The goodness of the Lord !
And those that see thy wondro
Thy wondrous love record.

OCCASIONS IN PRIVATE AND FAMILY DEVOTION.

572. **L. M. DODDRIDGE & MERRICK.**

Family Worship. Ps. 128.

- 1 BLEST is the man who fears the Lord,
And walks by his unerring word ;
Comfort and peace his days attend,
And God will ever prove his friend.
- 2 To him who condescends to dwell
With saints in their obscurest cell,
Be our domestic altars raised,
And daily let his name be praised.
- 3 To him may each assembled house
Present their night and morning vows ;
Their servants and their rising race
Be taught his precepts and his grace.
- 4 Then shall the charms of wedded love
Still more delightful blessings prove ;
And parents' hearts shall overflow
With joy that parents only know.
- 5 When nature droops, our aged eyes
Shall see our children's children rise ;
Till pleased and thankful we remove,
And join the family above.



2 Such streams of
As no increase of
Nor honors can

3 All in their stati
And each perfo
In all the cares of
With sympathi

4 Formed for the
By one desire
One aim the zeal
To make each

5 No bliss can ex
Where such af
While mingled pe
Make their con

6 'Tis the same
The breast in
Where joy like
And all the air

Morning or Evening Hymn.

- 1 BEFORE the rosy dawn of day,
To thee, my God, I'll sing;
Awake, my soft and tuneful lyre,
Awake, each charming string.
- 2 Awake, and let thy flowing strains
Glide through the midnight air,
While high, amidst the silent orbs,
The silver moon rolls clear;
- 3 While all the glittering, starry lamps
Are lighted in the sky,
And set their Maker's greatness forth
To thy admiring eye.
- 4 Thou round the heavenly arch dost draw
A vast and sable veil,
Which all the beauties of the world
From mortal eyes conceal.
- 5 Again, the sky with golden beams
Thy skilful hands adorn;

OCCASIONS IN PRIVATE

And paint, with cheerful splendor gay,
The fair ascending morn.

6 And, as the gloomy night returns,
Or smiling day renews,
Thy constant goodness still my soul
With benefit pursues.

7 For this, I'll midnight vows to thee
With early incense bring ;
And, ere the rosy dawn of day,
Thy lofty praises sing.

576.

C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

Morning or Evening Hymn.

1 On thee, each morning, O my God !
My waking thoughts attend ;
In whom are founded all my hopes,
In whom my wishes end.

2 My soul, in pleasing wonder lost,
Thy boundless love surveys ;
And, fired with grateful zeal, prepares
Her sacrifice of praise.

3 When evening slumbers press my eyes,
With thy protection blest,
In peace and safety I commit
My weary limbs to rest.

4 My spirit, in thy hand secure,
Fears no approaching ill ;
For, whether waking or asleep,
Thou, Lord, art with me still.

5 Then will I daily to the world
Thy wondrous acts proclaim ;
Whilst all with me shall praises sing
And bless thy sacred name.

At morn, at noon, at night, I'll still
The growing work pursue ;
And thee alone will praise, to whom
Eternal praise is due.

577.

C. M.

DODDGE.

Secret Devotion.

- 1 FATHER divine ! thy piercing eye
Looks through the shades of night ;
In deep retirement thou art nigh,
With heart-discerning sight.
- 2 There shall that piercing eye survey
My duteous homage, paid
With every morning's dawning ray,
And every evening's shade.
- 3 I'll leave behind each earthly care ;
To thee my soul shall soar ;
While grateful praise and fervent prayer
Employ the silent hour.
- 4 So shall the sun in smiles arise ;
The day shall close in peace ;
So wilt thou train me for the skies,
Where joy shall never cease.

578.

L. M.

*WATTS.

Evening Hymn. Ps. 4.

- 1 THUS far the Lord has led me on,
Thus far his power prolongs my days ;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.
- 2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home ;

777.

so bounteous care
shown,
and prayer
me.

day bestowed !
O' blest !
overflowed,
my breast

ers close my eyes,
kness free ;
thoughts arise
thee.

ure day and night,
scene is o'er ;
ms of endless light
it soar.

AND FAMILY DEVOTION. 580, 581.

580.

7s M.

BOWRING.

Hymn of Gratitude.

- 1 FATHER! thy paternal care
Has my guardian been, my guide!
Every hallowed wish and prayer
Has thy hand of love supplied;
Thine is every thought of bliss,
Left by hours and days gone by,
Every hope thy offspring is,
Beaming from futurity.
- 2 Every sun of splendid ray;
Every moon that shines serene;
Every morn that welcomes day;
Every evening's twilight scene;
Every hour which wisdom brings;
Every incense at thy shrine; —
These — and all life's holiest things,
And its fairest, — all are thine.
- 3 And for all, my hymns shall rise
Daily to thy gracious throne:
Thither let my asking eyes
Turn unwearied — righteous One!
Through life's strange vicissitude
There reposing all my care,
Trusting still, through ill and good,
Fixed and cheered and counselled there.

581.

C. M.

ADDISON.

Hymn of Gratitude.

- 1 O, How shall words, with equal warmth,
The gratitude declare
That glows within my ravished heart!
But thou canst read it there.

OCCASIONS IN PRIVATE

To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,

Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learned
To form themselves in prayer.

Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently cleared my way,
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be feared than they.

4 Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
Has made my cup run o'er ;
And in a kind and faithful friend,
Has doubled all my store.

5 When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

6 Through all eternity, to thee
A joyful song I'll raise ;
For O ! eternity 's too short
To utter all thy praise.

582.

S. M.

In Sickness.

1 My Sovereign ! to thy throne,
With humble hope, I press ;
O bow thine ear, to hear the groan
Of indigent distress.

2 My life, bowed down with pain,
Mourns its decaying bloom ;
Lord, clothe these bones with flesh and
And spare me from the tomb.

3 Without one murmuring word
Thy chastening I receive ;

But with submission ask, O Lord,
A merciful reprieve.

4 Distressed and pained as now,
Thy aid I once implored ;
Thy pity heard my earnest vow,
Thy power my health restored.

5 My supplicating voice
Unwearied I will raise :
Say to thy servant's soul, ' Rejoice,'
And fill my mouth with praise.

583.

C. M.

*DODDRIDGE.

On Recovery from Sickness.

1 LORD, in thy service I would spend
The remnant of my days ;
Why was this fleeting breath renewed,
But to renew thy praise ?

2 Thy own almighty power and love
Did this weak frame sustain,
When life was hovering o'er the grave,
And nature sunk with pain.

3 And when the pains of death were felt,
Thou didst deliverance bring,
And spare my pale and quivering lips
Thy matchless grace to sing.

4 Into thy hands, my Savior God !
I did my soul resign,
In firm dependence on that truth
Which made salvation mine.

5 From the dark borders of the grave,
At thy command, I come ;
Nor would I urge a speedier flight
To my celestial home.

C. M.

Anonymous

The Widow's Prayer.

...faint and sick, and worn aw
...poverty and woe,
...wed feet are doomed to stray
...many paths below ;

O Lord ! my Savior still --
...confidence and guide ;
...that perfect is thy will,
...what'er that will decide.

...w the soul that trusts in thee
...thou never wilt forsake ;

- And though a bruised reed I be,
That reed thou wilt not break.
- 4 Then, keep me, Lord ! where'er I go —
Support me on my way,
Though, worn with poverty and woe,
My widowed footsteps stray !
- 5 To give my weakness strength, O God !
Thy staff shall yet avail ;
And though thou chasten with thy rod,
That staff shall never fail.

586.

L. M.

ANONYMOUS

On the Death of a Child.

- 1 As the sweet flower which scents the morn,
But withers in the rising day,
Thus lovely seemed the infant's dawn !
Thus swiftly fled his life away !
- 2 Ere sin could blight, or sorrow fade,
Death timely came with friendly care ;
The opening bud to heaven conveyed,
And bade it bloom forever there.
- 3 Yet the sad hour that took the boy
Perhaps has spared a heavier doom, —
Snatched him from scenes of guilty joy,
Or from the pangs of ills to come.
- 4 He died before his infant soul
Had ever burned with wrong desire,
Had ever spurned at Heaven's control,
Or ever quenched its sacred fire.
- 5 He died to sin, he died to care, —
But for a moment felt the rod,
Then, rising on the viewless air,
His happy spirit soared to God.

for more.

ere build my hopes,
his rod ;
at the world to me, -
life, my God!

MISCELLANEOUS.

588.

C. M.

Watts.

Power of Sin broken at Death.

- 1** OUR sins, alas ! how strong they be !
And, like a violent sea,
They break our duty, Lord, to thee,
And hurry us away.
- 2** The waves of trouble, how they rise !
How loud the tempests roar !
But death shall land our weary souls
Safe on the heavenly shore.
- 3** There, to fulfil his sweet commands
Our speedy feet shall move ;
No sin shall clog our winged zeal,
Or cool our burning love.
- 4** There shall we sit, and sing, and tell
The wonders of his grace ;
Till heavenly raptures fire our hearts,
And smile in every face.
- 5** Forever his dear, sacred name
Shall dwell upon our tongue ;
And Jesus and salvation be
The close of every song.

ight

and past,

my hopes,

did to me, —
ied!

Power of Sin broken at Death.

- 1 OUR sins, alas ! how strong they be !
And, like a violent sea,
They break our duty, Lord, to thee,
And hurry us away.
- 2 The waves of trouble, how they rise !
How loud the tempests roar !
But death shall land our weary souls
Safe on the heavenly shore.
- 3 There, to fulfil his sweet commands
Our speedy feet shall move ;
No sin shall clog our winged zeal,
Or cool our burning love.
- 4 There shall we sit, and sing, and tell
The wonders of his grace ;
Till heavenly raptures fire our hearts,
And smile in every face.
- 5 Forever his dear, sacred name
Shall dwell upon our tongue ;
And Jesus and salvation be
The close of every song.

the
heart of mine ;
for my God,
his loved abode.

. M.

*EATFIELD.

ty of *Pride*.

man, frail child of clay,
to the shroud,
of a day, —
man be proud ?
just appear, —
more are found ;
his pride can rear,
level with the ground.

MISCELLANEOUS.

3 By doubt perplexed, in error lost,
With trembling step he seeks his way ;
How vain of wisdom's gift the boast !
Of reason's lamp how faint the ray !

4 Follies and crimes, a countless sum,
Are crowded in life's little span :
How ill, alas ! does pride become
That erring, guilty creature, man !

5 God of our lives ! Father divine !
Give us a meek and lowly mind ;
In modest worth O let us shine,
And peace in humble virtue find.

591.

L. M.

BEDDOM

Inconstancy in Religion.

1 THE wandering star, and fleeting wind,
Both represent th' unstable mind ;
The morning cloud, and early dew,
Bring our inconstancy to view.

2 But cloud and wind, and dew and star,
Faint and imperfect emblems are ;
Nor can there aught in nature be
So fickle and so false as we.

3 Our outward walk, and inward frame,
Scarce through a single hour the same ;
We vow, and straight our vows forget,
And then these very vows repeat.

4 We sin forsake, to sin return ;
Are hot, are cold, now freeze, now burn ;
In deep distress, then raptures feel,
We soar to heaven, then sink to hell.

5 ~~Why~~
Our folly and
When shall ~~these~~ hearts more
Fixed by thy grace, and fixed

592.

L. M.

Despondency reproved

1 **WHY** sinks my weak, despo
Why heaves my heart the a
Can sovereign goodness be
Am I not safe if God is nigh

2 He holds all nature in his h
That gracious hand, on wh
Doth life, and time, and de
And has immortal joys to

3 'Tis he supports this faint
On him alone my hopes r
The wondrous glories of
How wide they spread! h

4 Infinite wisdom! boundl
Unchanging faithfulness
Must while

593.

H. M.

ANONYMOUS.

Complaining of Want of Faith.

- 1 O MY distrustful heart,
 How small thy faith appears !
 But greater, Lord, thou art
 Than all my doubts and fears :
 Did Jesus once upon me shine ?
 Then Jesus is forever mine.
- 2 Unchangeable his will,
 Though dark may be my frame ;
 His loving heart is still
 Eternally the same :
 My soul through many changes goes ;
 His love no variation knows.
- 3 Thou, Lord, wilt carry on,
 And perfectly perform,
 The work thou hast begun
 In me, a sinful worm :
 'Midst all my fears, and sin, and woe,
 Thy spirit will not let me go.
- 4 The bowels of thy grace
 At first did freely move ; —
 I still shall see thy face,
 And feel that God is love :
 Myself into thy arms I cast ;
 Lord, save, O save my soul at last.

594.

C. M.

*FAWCETT.

The Sinner admonished to turn.

- 1 SINNERS, the voice of God regard ;
 'Tis mercy speaks to-day ;
 He calls you by his sovereign word,
 From sin's destructive way.

- 3 **Way**
 Of sinners
 In pain you travel
 And all you reap is woe
- 4 **But** he that turns to God
 Through his abounding
 His mercy will the guilt
 Of those that seek him
- 5 **Bow** to the sceptre of
 Renouncing every
 Submit to him, your
 And learn his will
- 6 **His** love exceeds
 He pardons like
 He will forgive you
 Through a Re

595.

Wisdom's

*'Tis wisdom
 to know,*

‘ How long, ye fools, will you embrace
Folly’s deceiving charms ?

4 ‘ The race of men I love ;
In mercy I chastise ;
Severely faithful, I reprove ;
Hear, mortals, and be wise.

5 ‘ My doors are open wide,
My table spread within ;
Come then, ye simple, turn aside,
And leave the paths of sin.

6 ‘ My ways are ways of peace,
My pleasures never cloy ;
The bliss I give will never cease,
But lead to endless joy.’

596.

C. M.

*J. NEWTON.

State of the Wicked and Righteous compared.

1 As, parched in the barren sands
Beneath a burning sky,
The worthless bramble withering stands,
And only grows to die ;

2 Such is the sinner’s awful case,
Who makes the world his trust,
And dares his confidence to place
In vanity and dust.

3 A secret curse destroys his root,
And dries his moisture up ;
He lives awhile, but bears no fruit,
Then dies unblest by hope.

4 But happy he whose hopes depend
Upon the Lord alone ;
The soul that trusts in such a friend
Can ne’er be overthrown.

side.

n awake,
to plead ;
confess
indeed.

souls support ;
r display ;
ain shall strive
thy way.

M.

*WARN.

more just than God ?
ice of flesh and blood
r Creator, God ?
ous presume to be
e, or just than he ?

1 Thy
A th
A s
In r

2 Yet,
The
The
And

3 My
All
P
T

4 F

- 2 Behold, he puts his trust in none
Of all the spirits round his throne ;
Their natures, when compared with his,
Are neither holy, just, nor wise.
- 3 But how much meaner things are they
Who spring from dust, and dwell in clay !
Touched by the finger of thy power,
We faint and vanish in an hour.
- 4 From night to day, from day to night,
We die by thousands in thy sight ;
Buried in dust whole nations lie,
Like a forgotten vanity.
- 5 Almighty Power, to thee we bow ;
How frail are we, how glorious thou !
No more the sons of earth shall dare
With an eternal God compare.

599.

L. M.

S. THOMPSON.

Joy in Temporal and Spiritual Gifts.

- 1 THE trifling joys this world can give,
A thirsty soul can ne'er supply ;
A soul, which hopes, through grace, to live
In realms of bliss beyond the sky.
- 2 Yet, O my God ! I would not slight
The smallest of thy gifts to me ;
The least doth give me some delight,
And shows thy mercy rich and free.
- 3 My friends, my health, my daily food, —
All blessings given here below, —
Proclaim aloud that thou art good ;
Thy goodness all the world shall know.
- 4 But O, it is a greater joy,
To feel my heart is reconciled ;

eat, -
their love.
My joys elude
the pursuit;
the fancied good,
in the fruit.
The world call off my love;
I am right;
My joys above,
I know by sight.
The light of thy face
I never shall see;
I never shall see
thy forgiving grace,
I shall be divine.

601.

L. M.

SCOTT.

Absurdity and Arrogance of Persecution.

- 1 ABSURD and vain attempt! to bind
With iron chains the freeborn mind;
To force conviction, and reclaim
The wandering, by destructive flame!
- 2 Bold arrogance, to snatch from heaven
Dominion not to mortals given!
O'er conscience to usurp the throne,
Accountable to God alone.
- 3 Jesus, thy gentle law of love
Does no such cruelties approve;
Mild as thyself, thy doctrine wields
No arms but what persuasion yields.
- 4 By proofs divine and reason strong,
It draws the willing soul along;
And conquests to thy church acquires,
By eloquence which Heaven inspires.
- 5 O happy, who are thus compelled
To the rich feast by Jesus held!
May we this blessing know, and prize
The light which liberty supplies.

602.

L. M.

SCOTT.

Uncharitable Judgment among Christians.

- 1 ALL-SEEING God! 'tis thine to know
The springs whence wrong opinions flow;
To judge, from principles within,
When frailty errs, and when we sin.
- 2 Who among men, high Lord of all!
Thy servants to his bar may call?
Decide of heresy, and shake
A brother o'er the flaming lake?

603.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- 3 Who with another's eye can read ?
Or worship by another's creed ?
Revering thy command alone,
We humbly seek and use our own.
- 4 If wrong, forgive ; accept, if right,
Whilst faithful we obey our light ;
And, censuring none, are zealous still
To follow, as to learn, thy will.
- 5 When shall our happy eyes behold
Thy people fashioned in thy mould ?
And charity our lineage prove
Derived from thee, O God of love !

603.

C. M.

A

'Joy in Heaven over one Sinner that rep

- 1 **THE** 's joy in heaven, and joy
When prodigals return,
To see desponding souls rejoice,
And haughty sinners mourn.
- 2 'Come, saints, and hear what G
Is a reviving sound ;
O may it spread from sea to sea
O'er all the globe around !
- 3 Often, O sovereign Lord, rehe
The wonders of this day ;
That Jesus here may see his
And Satan lose his prey.
- 4 Great God, the work is all th
Thine be the praises too ;
Let every heart and every
Give thee the glory due

604.

C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

The Same.

- 1 **WHEN** some kind shepherd from his fold
Has lost a straying sheep,
Through vales, o'er hills, he anxious roves,
And climbs the mountain's steep.
- 2 **But O** the joy! the transport sweet!
When he the wanderer finds;
Up in his arms he takes his charge,
And to his shoulder binds.
- 3 **Homeward** he hastes, to tell his joys,
And make his bliss complete;
The neighbors hear the news, and all
The joyful shepherd greet.
- 4 **Yet** how much greater is the joy
When but one sinner turns;
When the poor wretch, with broken heart,
His sins and errors mourns!
- 5 **Pleased** with the news, the saints below
In songs their tongues employ;
Beyond the skies the tidings go,
And heaven is filled with joy.
- 6 **Well-pleased**, the Father sees and hears
The conscious sinner weep;
Jesus receives him in his arms,
And owns him for his sheep.
- 7 **Nor** angels can their joys contain,
But kindle with new fire:
'A wandering sheep's returned,' they sing,
And strike the sounding lyre.

The same.

And thy command.

2 Holy, inviolate thy fear,
Enduring as thy throne
Thy judgments — chaster
Justice and truth alone

3 Let these, O God, my song
And make thy servant
Let these be gladness to
The day-spring to me

4 By these may I be warned
Who knows the guide
Lord, save me from
Cleanse me from sin

5 So may the words mine
The thoughts that
O Lord, my strength
With thee accept

606.

— the

- 3 Struck by that light, the human heart,
A barren soil no more,
Sends the sweet smell of grace abroad,
Where serpents lurked before.
- 4 The soul, a dreary province once
Of Satan's dark domain,
Feels a new empire formed within,
And owns a heavenly reign.
- 5 The glorious orb, whose golden beams
The fruitful year control,
Since first, obedient to thy word,
He started from the goal, —
- 6 Has cheered the nations with the joys
His orient rays impart ;
But, Jesus, 'tis thy light alone
Can shine upon the heart.

607.

C. M.

COWPER.

'A Fountain opened.'

- 1 THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins ;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day ;
O may I there, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away !
- 3 Dear, dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,

2 Life's poor woe.

To-day the young,
Our Savior and his flock, ~~are~~
One Shepherd and one fold.

3 Toil, trial, suffering, still await
On earth the pilgrim's throne
Yet learn we in our low estate
The church triumphant's note

4 'Worthy the Lamb for sin
Cry the redeemed above
'Blessing and honor to ob-
And everlasting love.'

5 'Worthy the Lamb,' on
'Who died our souls'
Henceforth, O death!
Thy victory, O grave

6 Then hallelujah! pow
To God in Christ
May all who now
Renew the song

609.

C. M.

ABSTRACT

The Mortars Is Glare.

- 1 How bright these glorious spirits shine !
Whence all their white array ?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day ?
- 2 Lo ! these are they, from sufferings great,
Who came to realms of light,
And in the blood of Christ have washed
Those robes which shine so bright.
- 3 Now with triumphal palms they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love, amidst
The glories of the sky.
- 4 Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
Nor suns with scorching ray ;
God is their sun, whose cheering beams
Diffuse eternal day.
- 5 The Lamb which dwells amidst the throne
Shall o'er them still preside,
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.
- 6 "Hear ye, ye saints, the voice of God—
He calls you to his heavenly home—
To dwell with him, and see his face,
And wear his crown, and love him home."

- And scatter blessing—
- 4 Close by its banks, in order
 The blooming trees of life
 Their blossoms fragrant on
 And on their fruit the nation
- 5 Flow, wondrous stream!
 Flow on to earth's remotest
 And hear us, on thy gentle
 To him who all thy virtues

611.

C. M.

A Time of R

- 1 THE little cloud increaseth
 In heaven are signs
 We wait to feel the benefit
 And all its moisture
- 2 A rill, a stream, a to
 But pour a mighty
 O! sweep the nation
 Till all proclaim

thin the covert of thy grace,
 Lord, there is a hiding-place,
 Where, unconcerned, we hear the sound,
 Though storm and tempest rage around.

When, wandering o'er the desert bare
 Of burning sands and sultry air,
 We've sought the cheerless region through,
 But found no stream to meet our view,—
 'Tis then the rivers of thy love,
 Descending from thy throne above,
 Supply our wants, and soothe our pain,
 And raise our fainting souls again.

- 3 When in a weary land we tire,
 And our exhausted powers expire,
 With toil, and care, and heat oppressed,
 Where shall our languid spirits rest?
 O, who could bear the blasting ray,
 And all the burden of the day,
 Did not a Rock in Zion stand,
 O'ershading all this weary land!

613.

C. M.

WATTS

Preparation for Old Age. Ps. 71.

- 1 My God! my everlasting hope!
 I live upon thy truth;
 Thy hands have borne my childhood up,
 And strengthened all my youth.
- 2 My frame was fashioned by thy power,
 With all these limbs of mine;
 And since my life's first dawning hour,
 I've been entirely thine.
- 3 Still has my life new wonders seen
 Repeated every year;
 Behold, my days that yet remain,
 I trust them to thy care.

614.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- 4 Cast me not off when strength declines,
And shadows dim my eyes ;
And round me let thy glory shine
Whene'er thy servant dies.
- 5 Then, in the history of my age,
When men review my days,
They'll read thy love in every page,
In every line thy praise.

614.

C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

Old Age anticipated.

- 1 WHEN in the vale of lengthened years
My feeble feet shall tread,
And I survey the various scenes
Through which I have been led, —
- 2 How many mercies will my life
Before my view unfold !
What countless dangers will be past,
What tales of sorrow told !
- 3 But yet, my soul ! if thou canst say,
I've seen my God in all ;
In every blessing owned his hand.
In every loss his call ; —
- 4 If piety has marked my steps,
And love my actions formed,
And purity possessed my heart,
And truth my lips adorned ; —
- 5 If I an aged servant am
Of Jesus and of God,
I need not fear the closing scene,
Nor dread th' appointed road.

- 6 This scene will all my labors end ;
This road conduct on high ;
With comfort I'll review the past,
And triumph though I die.

615.

C. M.

MERRICK.

Dangers of Youth.

- 1 PLACED on the verge of youth, my mind
Life's opening scene surveyed ;
I viewed its ills of various kinds,
Afflicted and afraid.
- 2 But chief my fear the dangers moved
That Virtue's path enclose ;
My heart the wise pursuit approved,
But O, what toils oppose !
- 3 For see, while yet her unknown ways
With doubtful step I tread,
A hostile world its terrors raise,
Its snares delusive spread.
- 4 O how shall I, with heart prepared,
Those terrors learn to meet ?
How from the thousand snares to guard
My inexperienced feet ?

616.

C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

God's Word a sure Guide for Youth.

- 1 THE morn of life, how fair and gay !
How cheering and how new !
What hopes illumine each opening day,
And brighten every view !
- 2 Youth's ardent mind, with joy elate,
Elastic and sincere,
Suspects no ills that may await,
Nor yields a thought to fear.
- 3 But slippery is the path they tread
In pleasure's dangerous way ;
A thousand snares around them spread,
And oft their feet betray.
- 4 How shall they, then, their course pursue
Through life's uncertain road ?
What friendly hand will point their view
To duty and to God ?
- 5 In God's own word the way is sure,
And clear to every eye ;
It leads us in a path secure
To brighter worlds on high.
- 6 O be this word our constant guide,
Our steadfast hope and trust !
This ne'er can fail, though all beside
Shall mingle with the dust.

617.

S. M.

*FAWCETT.

'How shall a Young Man cleanse his Way?' Ps. 119.

- 1 WITH humble heart and tongue,
Great God ! to thee we pray ;
O make us learn whilst we are young,
How we may cleanse our way.

- 2 Now, in our early days,
Teach us thy will to know ;
O God, thy sanctifying grace
Be times on us bestow.
- 3 Make us, unguarded youth,
The objects of thy care ;
Help us to choose the way of truth,
And fly from every snare.
- 4 Our hearts, to folly prone,
Renew by power divine ;
Unite them to thyself alone,
And make us wholly thine.
- 5 O let the word of grace
Our warmest thoughts employ ;
Be this, through all our following days,
Our treasure and our joy.
- 6 To what thy laws impart,
Be all our souls inclined ;
O let them dwell within our heart,
And sanctify our mind.

618.

C. M.

*WATTS.

Advantages of early Piety.

- 1 HAPPY is he whose early years
Receive instruction well ;
Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
The road that leads to hell.
- 2 Our youth, devoted to the Lord,
Is pleasing in his eyes ;
A flower when offered in the bud,

- While sinners who grow old in sin,
Are hardened in their crimes.
- 4 It saves us from a thousand fears.
To mind religion young ;
With joy it crowns succeeding years,
And renders virtue strong.
- 5 To thee, almighty God ! to thee
Our hearts we now resign ;
'Twill please us to look back and see
That our whole lives were thine.
- 6 We'll do thy work, we'll speak thy praise,
Whilst we have life and breath ;
Thus we're prepared for longer days,
Or fit for early death.

619.

C. M.

ANONYMOUS

'Remember thy Creator.'

- 1 In life's gay morn, when sprightly youth
With generous ardor glows,
And shines in all the fairest charms
That beauty can disclose, —
- 2 Deep on thy soul — before its powers
Are yet by vice enslaved —
Be thy Creator's lofty name
And character engraved.
- 3 For soon the shades of grief may clo
The sunshine of thy days ;
And cares and woes, an endless row
Encompass all thy ways.
- 4 Soon may thy heart the woes of age
In mournful groans deplore,
And sadly muse on former joys
That now return no more.

True wisdom, early sought and gained,
In age will give thee rest ;
O, then, improve the morn of life,
To make its evening blest !

620.

C. M. 8l.

*HEBER.

'Forgive, and thou shalt be forgiven.'

1 O God ! my sins are manifold,
Against my life they cry,
And all my guilty deeds foregone,
Up to thy temple fly ;
Wilt thou release my trembling soul,
That to despair is driven ?
'Forgive !' a blessed voice replied,
And thou shalt be forgiven !'

2 My foemen, Lord, are fierce and fell,
They spurn me in their pride,
They render evil for my good,
My patience they deride ;
Arise, O King, and be the proud
To righteous ruin driven !
'Forgive !' an awful answer came,
'As thou wouldst be forgiven !'

3 Seven times, O Lord, I pardoned them,
Seven times they sinned again ;
They practise still to work me woe,
They triumph in my pain ;
But let them dread my vengeance now,
To just resentment driven !
'Forgive !' the voice of thunder spake,
'Or be not thou forgiven !'

rod of gray,
 day to day, from you
 warns us each, with awful sound,
 longer stand ye idle here!
 whose young cheeks are rosy-lipped,
 whose hands are strong, whose hearts are clear,
 be not of hope the morning light!
 tools, why stand ye idle here!
 if the griefs you would avenge
 that wait on life's declining year,—
 secure a blessing for your age,
 And work your Maker's business here!
 And ye, whose locks of scanty gray
 Foretell your latest travail near,—
 How swiftly fades your worthless day!
 And stand ye yet so idle here?
 O Thou, by all thy works adored,
 To whom the sinner's soul is dear,
 Recall us to thy vineyard, Lord,
 And grant us grace to please thee here

699.

L. M.

The Same.

1 COME, fellow-sinners, come
 Behold the fast-declining age
 No longer in the market stands
 'Tis time our labors were begun
 2 O be not faithless in the Lord
 Whate'er is right we shall do
 If we but hearken to his voice
 He will immortal life bestow

3 Lord, in thy vineyard we appear,
To labor in the works of love ;
O may we be thy mercy's care,
Nor from thy precepts ever rove.

4 And when thy laborers all come home,
May each, with joy, thy goodness see ;
Nor fault what boundless grace has done,
In setting man from bondage free.

623.

L. M.

H. BALLOU, 2D.

God appearing in terrible Judgments.

1 THE mighty God from Teman came —
The Holy One from Paran hill ;
His glory shone through heaven in flame,
And all the earth his name did fill.

2 Before his feet, — a baleful light,
The pestilence went forth in wrath : —
The nations sickened at the sight,
And their hosts perished from its path.

3 He stood, — and as his eye surveyed
The quaking earth and heaving main,
The hills bowed down, the mountains fled,
The streams rolled backward through the plain ;

4 Th' o'erflowing deep, by thunder riven,
Came rushing where the land had been ;
The sun and moon stood still in heaven,
And turned to sackcloth o'er the scene.

5 I saw, — and terror struck me dumb ;
My joints dissolved, my senses froze ;
I saw the God of judgment come
To cheer his saints, and crush their foes.

624.

P. M.

7

The Fall of Israel.

- 1 **FALLEN** is thy throne, O Israel !
 Silence is o'er thy plains ;
 Thy dwellings all lie desolate, —
 Thy children weep in chains !
 Where are the dews that fed thee
 On Elim's barren shore ? —
 That fire from heaven, which led
 Now lights thy path no more.
- 2 Lord, thou didst love Jerusalem, —
 Once, she was all thine own ;
 Her love thy fairest heritage, —
 Her power, thy glory's throne ;
 Till evil came, and blighted
 Thy long-loved olive-tree,
 And Salem's shrines were lighted
 To other gods than thee.
- 3 Then sunk the star of Solyma ;
 Then passed her glory's ray,
 Like heath, that in the wilderness
 The wild wind whirls away.
 Silent and waste her bowers,
 Where once the mighty trod ;
 And sunk those guilty towers
 Where Baal reigned as god.

625.

C. M.

Mon

Restoration of Israel.

- 1 **DAUGHTER** of Zion, from the dust
 Exalt thy fallen head ;
 Again in thy Redeemer's train, —
 He calls thee from the dead.

WILLIAMSON

P. M.

The 12th of Israel

I am the 12th of Israel

I am the 12th of Israel

I am the 12th of Israel

I am the 12th of Israel

I am the 12th of Israel

I am the 12th of Israel

I am the 12th of Israel

I am the 12th of Israel

I am the 12th of Israel

I am the 12th of Israel

I am the 12th of Israel

I am the 12th of Israel

I am the 12th of Israel

I am the 12th of Israel

I am the 12th of Israel

I am the 12th of Israel

I am the 12th of Israel

I am the 12th of Israel

I am the 12th of Israel

I am the 12th of Israel

I am the 12th of Israel

I am the 12th of Israel

I am the 12th of Israel

I am the 12th of Israel

I am the 12th of Israel

I am the 12th of Israel

I am the 12th of Israel

I am the 12th of Israel

I am the 12th of Israel

I am the 12th of Israel

I am the 12th of Israel

I am the 12th of Israel

I am the 12th of Israel

I am the 12th of Israel

2 A

T

3 E

4

627.

7s & 6s M.

Missionary Hymn.

- 1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains
 From India's coral strand, —
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand;
 From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain, —
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain.
- 2 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high —
 Shall we to men benighted
 The lamp of life deny?
 Salvation! — O, salvation!
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till earth's remotest nation
 Has learned Messiah's name.
- 3 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story;
 And you, ye waters, roll,
 Till, like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole;
 Till o'er our ransomed nature,
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, Renovator,
 Returns in bliss to reign.

628.

8s, 7s, & 4s M.

The Same.

- 1 O'er the realms of pagan darkness
 Let the eye of pity gaze;
 See the kindred of the people
 Lost in sin's bewildering maze
 Darkness brooding
 On the face of all the earth.

- Light of them that sit in darkness !
 Rise and shine, — thy blessings bring ;
 Light to lighten all the Gentiles !
 Rise with healing in thy wing !
 To thy brightness
 Let all kings and nations come.
- 3 May the heathen, now adoring
 Idol-gods of wood and stone,
 Come, and, worshipping before him,
 Serve the living God alone ;
 Let thy glory
 Fill the earth — as floods, the sea.
- 4 Thou to whom all power is given,
 Speak the word ; — at thy command,
 Let the company of preachers
 Spread thy name from land to land ;
 Lord, be with them
 Alway to the end of time.

629.

S. M.

WATTS.

Shall we sin because Grace abounds ?

- 1 SHALL we go on to sin,
 Because thy grace abounds ?
 Or crucify the Lord again,
 And open all his wounds ?
- 2 Forbid it, mighty God !
 Nor let it e'er be said,
 That we, whose sins are crucified,
 Should raise them from the dead.
- 3 We will be slaves no more,
 Since Christ has made us free,
 Has nailed our tyrants to his cross,
 And bought our liberty.

- 1 JESUS, the man,
A mourner all his days,—
His spirit once rejoiced alone
And turned his joy to pain
- 2 ' Father, I thank thy wonder
' That hath revealed thy secrets
To men unlearned ; and u
Hath made thy gospel plain
- 3 ' The mysteries of redemption
Are hidden from the wise
While pride and carnal passion
To swell and blind the eyes
- 4 Thus doth the Lord of glory
His great decrees fulfil
And orders all his work
By his own sovereign will

631.

C. M.

The perfect Law

- 1 BEHOLD that wise, the
Which noblest freedom
O may it all our souls
And sanctify our lives

682.

S. M.

WATTS.

Adoption, as Sons of God.

- 1 BEHOLD, what wondrous grace
The Father hath bestowed
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!
- 2 'Tis no surprising thing,
That we should be unknown;
The Jewish world knew not their King,
God's everlasting Son.
- 3 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Savior here,
We shall be like our Head.
- 4 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure,
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.
- 5 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit like a dove
To rest upon my heart.
- 6 We would no longer be

- 2 Their sins —
And make their idols —
But I'll not cease to be their God,
Nor from my truth depart.
- 3 My covenant I will ne'er revoke,
But keep my grace in mind;
And what eternal love hath spoke
Eternal truth shall bind.
- 4 Once have I sworn — (I need no
And pledged my holiness,
To seal the sacred promise sure
To David and his race.
- 5 The sun shall see his offspring
And spread from sea to sea,
Long as he travels round the sphere
To give the nations day.
- 6 Sure as the moon, that rules
His kingdom shall endure,
Till the fixed laws of shade
Shall be observed no more.

3 O happy souls ! O glorious state
Of overflowing grace ;
To dwell so near their Father's seat,
And see his lovely face !

4 Lord, I address thy heavenly throne ;
Call me a child of thine,
Send down the spirit of thy Son
To form my heart divine.

5 There shed thy choicest love abroad,
And make my comforts strong ;
Then shall I say, ' My Father God,'
With an unwavering tongue.

635.

L. M.

BLACKLOCK.

Different Ends of the Virtuous and Vicious.

1 How blest the man — how more than blest —
Whose heart no guilty thoughts employ !
God's endless sunshine fills his breast,
And conscience whispers peace and joy.

2 Pure rectitude's unerring way
His heaven-conducted steps pursue ;
While crowds in guilt and error stray,
Unstained his soul, and bright his view.

3 By God's almighty arm sustained,
True virtue soon or late shall rise ;
Enjoy her conquest, nobly gained,
And share the triumph of the skies.

4 But fools, to sacred wisdom blind,
Who vice's tempting call obey,
A different fate shall quickly find,
To every storm an easy prey.

636.

'Come unto me, and I will give you rest.'

1 How gracious the promise, how true
word
That came from the lips of our mer-
'Ye lone and ye weary, ye sad and
Come, learn of your Savior, and
rest.'

2 Ye heart-stricken sons and ye da-
For you the fresh fountains of,
Your souls to the blessed Red
His yoke it is easy, his burde

3 And ye that have sinned
astray,
Come, walk in the light, &
way;
Ye proud, from the path
For meek was your Ma

DOXOLOGIES.

I. LONG METRE.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow!
Praise him, all creatures here below!
Praise him, above, ye heavenly throng!
Praise God our Father, in your song!

II. LONG METRE.

BE thou, O God, exalted high!
And, as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till thou art here, as there, obeyed!

III. COMMON METRE.

Now, blessing, honor, glory, power,
By all in earth and heaven,
To Him that sits upon the throne
And to the Lamb be given.

IV. SHORT METRE.

To God the only wise,
The universal King,
Let all who dwell below the skies
Their noblest praises sing.

DOXOLOGIES.

V. HALLELUJAH METRE.

Now, to the God of heaven
And earth and air and seas,
Be all the glory given,
Power, majesty, and praise:
Wide as he reigns,
His name be sung by every tongue,
In endless strains.

VI. SEVENS METRE.

PRAISE to God! immortal praise
From the heavens, the earth, the seas!
All in one vast chorus join,
To extol the name divine!

VII. ELEVENS METRE.

COME, let us adore Him, come, bow at his feet;
O give him the glory, the praise that is meet;
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.

N. B. — *Many Hymns, or parts of Hymns, will also answer for Doxologies: see particularly Hymns 37—50, and 64—67, and 69—78, &c.*





BV480.B33 1844

**A collection of Psalms and hymns to
Andover-Harvard**

00000000



3 2044 077 898 484

